

A REAL SEA FIGHT BY DR WILFRED T. GRENFELL C.M.G.

April 1913

Price 6^d

The QUIVER



DULLNESS FLIES AWAY



THANKS TO

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



Rosy cheeks and plump
chubby limbs mean proper feeding.

MELLIN'S

Cows' milk
alone is not
the proper food
for a Baby.

What cows' milk lacks as
a proper food for Babies

MELLIN'S FOOD supplies.

MELLIN'S FOOD is
the ideal nutriment for the
hand rearing of healthy
vigorous Infants.

FOOD

Sample of Mellin's Food, also Mothers' Handbook,
"The Care of Infants," sent free on application.
Mention this paper.

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.
PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

Your Hat

will always look right and what is
more important will always feel
right—if you wear

**THE FITZALL
BANDEAU.**



Instantly adjustable
to any size or style of hat,
and so pliable that it readily
conforms to any shape the
Fitzall bandeau ensures a
perfect fitting hat, a feeling
of security in stormy weather,
and the most becoming
poise—always.

And for comfort,
lightness and ease,
Parisian Milliners declare
the Fitzall Bandeau
superior to all.

The
FITZALL BANDEAU
is sold and recommended
by all Milliners—everywhere

6¹/₂ D.

The most popular Bandeau in Paris.

Q.—April, 1923.]

Mark your linen with CASH'S NAMES

WOVEN on fine cambric tape.



Prices of Full Names :

3/9 for 12 doz.

2/6 for 6 doz.

Write for Complete List of
Styles to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd., COVENTRY. (Please mention
The Quiver.)

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA



is the Best Remedy for
**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
GOUT and INDIGESTION.**

Safest and most Effective Aperient
for Regular Use.

**Jam Sandwiches, Rolls and Sponge Cakes,
light as light can be—are easily made with**



Cakeoma

Delicious, easily digested and nourishing, they are excellent for children and cut into dainty bits, the very thing for afternoon tea.

A packet of Cakeoma makes two large cakes or rolls at half the cost of buying them ready made, and you know they are fresh. Children like them as well as grown-ups because they are so good and digestible.

Just try this recipe:

JAM SANDWICH (Sponge): Half a packet of Cakeoma; 3 ozs. fine Sugar; 2 Eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls Milk (or 1 Egg and 4 tablespoonfuls milk will do). Beat up the eggs with the sugar, and lightly mix them with the milk and Cakeoma, and bake in a hot oven. Requires a round sandwich tin measuring about 8 inches across.

The same recipe also makes Swiss Roll and Sponge Cakes.

Cakeoma is sold by all Grocers and Stores at 3½d. per packet of about 1-lb.

Directions are enclosed in every packet—a book containing many additional recipes and also valuable hints on baking, free on receipt of postcard to—

Latham & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.



L.B-110

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5'

"Made as well and shaves as well as any Guinea Razor."

Note how carefully it is made the perfection of every detail its beautiful finish. Look at the blade—feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

The Biggest Value in Safety Razors

**ONE OUTFIT WILL LAST A LIFETIME—NO CONSTANT EXPENSE
FOR NEW BLADES.**



Safest.

Shaves

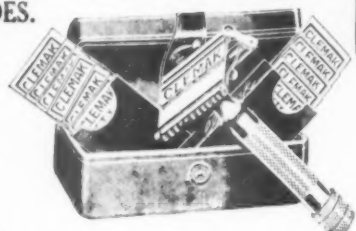
Easiest.

**OF ALL
STORES,
CUTLERS, &c.,**

or post free from

**CLEMAK RAZOR CO.,
17, Billiter Street,
London.**

ii



Clemak Razor and Seven Blades . . . 5-
New Model Set with Twelve Blades . . . 7 6
Combination Outfit, Strapping Machine,
Hole Strop, with Clemak and Twelve
Blades 10 8

The Massive Red Deer Trophy



THE above is a picture of a Magnificent Trophy presented by HENRY BUTT, Esq., C.C., of Weston-Super-Mare, to the progressive town of RED DEER, Alberta, Canada, per Mr. W. PERKINS BULL, K.C., President of the British Canadian Realty Co. The Trophy is a handsome piece of work in Silver and Crystal, and is to be competed for during the Red Deer Annual Sports.

THE WARNING MESSAGE OF YOUR MIRROR

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST DISCOVERS THE CAUSE OF HAIR POVERTY AND BALDNESS.

Munificent offer of another 10,000 Free Hair-Drill Outfits.

THE MIRROR'S MESSAGE.

Do you heed the message which your mirror speaks to-day?

Look in the glass. Are there any thin, straggling hairs? Do you notice hairs coming out when the hair is brushed? Even though your hair is strong and healthy now, look carefully for the first signs of falling hair.

Heed the message of your mirror.

Every great calamity has a small beginning—some little fault or trouble which, if discovered and remedied in time, would have prevented a catastrophe. It is so with your hair. Unless you are tending it with care—unless you are giving it a daily two-minutes' drill with Harlene—sooner or later it will commence to fall out or grow thin and weak.

There is grave danger to-day in disregarding Nature's first warnings. Heed the warning in time and the trouble is soon mended—neglect the first warnings and the hair-falling grows apace at a terribly alarming rate until the poor sufferer is threatened with total baldness.

NATURE'S WARNING.

Can you look fearlessly in your mirror and glory in your magnificent growth of hair, or do you dread the cold truth which your mirror is reminding you of?

Are you certain of the health of your hair?

Not unless you are drilling daily with "Harlene," for that is the only method known to science by which hair health and vigour can be positively assured. Mr. Edwards, the inventor of "Harlene" and "Hair-Drill," offers you to-day a free trial outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill," that you may look fearlessly in your mirror and note with growing pleasure day by day the increasing beauty of your hair.

Do not wait until outraged Nature gives you even the first warnings that you are neglecting your hair. Start your "Hair-Drill" to-day and banish for ever all thoughts of Hair Poverty and distress.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:

- Total Baldness.
- Partial or Patchy Baldness.
- Thinning of Hair over the temples.
- Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
- Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
- Hair which splits at the ends.
- Dull, dead looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
- Deposit or Scurf and Dandruff.
- Discoloured Hair.
- Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.



Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it (with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:

1. A trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic dressing, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which show you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene for the Hair" in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

This Coupon entitles you to One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit Free.

TO THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs, Please send me by return of post a Presentation Hair Outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill," including a Free Bottle of Harlene for the Hair; a Free Packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder; the Hair-Drill Manual of Rules, and Instructions for Growing Healthy and Abundant Hair. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

THE QUIVER, April, 1923

Great National Scheme of First Aid for Sweated Women and Girl Workers.

Readers' Help Greatly Needed to Save Female Workers from Shocking Conditions.

A GREAT National Scheme is now afoot to rescue the Sweated Women and Girl Workers from the darkness and misery of their present condition, and bring them into the sunshine of a happier life amid healthful surroundings.

The Committee of the BRITISH FEDERATION FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN has decided that, while immediate relief must in many cases be given, yet by that method alone nothing could be achieved in stamping out the evils of sweated labour.

It is vitally necessary that far more practical steps should be taken, and with this object the Federation has decided to first establish what may be termed a "Sanctuary Home" for the unfortunate women and girls slaving their lives away in our great Industrial Centres.

This Home will be situated in the heart of London's Sweatshop area, where these girls will be received and will be drafted to training homes that are to be established in various country and seaside centres.

The First "Sanctuary" Home.

Here they will be trained for domestic service, and their bodily health built up by good food and healthy living. The vacancies that occur in these training homes as the workers are drafted into domestic service and placed in the path of independence, will be filled up from the Receiving Home in London.

A Fund of £50,000 would be sufficient to put this beneficent plan into action. Already suitable buildings are on offer for the Sanctuary Home in the East End of London, and it is hoped that with your immediate aid this will shortly open its doors to the weary slaves of London's Sweatshops.

Here is an actual scene witnessed by a Federation Commissioner in the East End of London. A small room at the end of a dark passage in a mean street. A room in which eleven people are herded, the mother and ten children, only two of which have reached an earning age.

The mother is a trousers maker—she gets 2½d. a pair, and by working from six in the morning till nearly midnight she can earn between 7s. 6d. and 9s. a week. Her husband is out of work, and her eldest daughter contributes 5s. per week to the "home." At most, this woman has 14s. per week to feed and house twelve human beings!

To earn this "living wage" the mother must work until she is ready to drop. Here is her weekly budget:

A Sweated Mother's Budget.

	s.	d.
Coal (to heat her irons)	1	2
Gas (to work at night)	1	1
Rent (three rooms)	8	0
Thread and cotton (which she provides)	0	3

Income (own work and daughter's contribution)	11	2
	14	0

Balance for twelve persons to live on . . . 2 10

Such an existence seems hardly possible. Do you wonder, reader, in the safe shelter of your home, that the young girls in these East End dens of the sweated life seek refuge in the streets? That the White Slave Traffic finds down in these quarters a rich recruiting ground?

The Doom of the Sweatshop.

Send of your generosity to augment the Funds of Emancipation—Funds that will provide life and the means of livelihood to thousands like the family above. Remember that every girl who passes through the Homes means one less on the Market of Sweated Labour. It is for you and us to so reduce the supply of this labour that the sweater will be forced into paying higher wages to those remaining—the mothers and the wives who cannot leave their homes.

The Training Homes mean to the Sweated Labourers the salvation of the young girls, the relief of the bread-winners by reducing the number of mouths to feed, and the enforcement of a higher wage—to be followed by legislation setting a standard wage for all out-workers.

We Need Your Immediate Help.

Help then, in swelling the Funds, to carry the Federation's Great National Scheme of Emancipation into full working effect, and know that in giving your aid you are dealing a blow to the sweater from which he can never recover.

This great National Crusade is under the distinguished patronage of ALICE, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD, and many other titled families of Great Britain.

The President of the Federation is DR. BEALE COLLINS (Kingston), the Vice-Presidents are CAPTAIN A. M. COCKSHOTT, A.S.G., and Surgeon-General G. J. H. EVATT, C.B., while the Founder and Director is MR. WILLIAM BELCHER ("Marken," Surbiton). The Council comprises other well-known social workers. The London Commissioner is the REV. W. THORNTON BURKE, the Special Commissioner MR. JOHN LINDSAY, and the International Commissioner MR. ARDEN FOSTER, London.

They Look to You.

Send your help to-day—your P.O. or cheque to aid the Federation Scheme. Do not delay to help in saving the thousands of Sweated Women and Girls of this country who are waiting and looking to you for help.

Every contribution will be promptly acknowledged by the Secretary of the Federation, who will at the same time forward fuller particulars of the Great National Scheme to Aid the Sweated Female Workers.

Forward this Form with your Donation now.

"THE QUIVER" DONATION FORM.

To the Secretary (Mr. H. Bodbrook),

The British Federation for the Emancipation of Women,
95 New Bond Street, London W.

DEAR SIR,

I have read the Appeal in THE QUIVER, on behalf of Sweated Women and Girl Workers, and send you a cheque or P.O. for . . . towards the Fund that is being raised by the Federation.

NAME
(State if Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS

HAIR-HEALTH AND HAIR-WEALTH INSURED!!

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' wonderful Hair-Grower Tatcho—"Genuine," "Good," "True"—has changed despair into joy in a hundred thousand homes. Tatcho arrests decay and disaster and promotes a fullness of glorious Hair-Health and Hair-Wealth. Let Tatcho do the work for your hair.

The splendid significance of the Romany word "Tatcho," which Mr. Geo. R. Sims tells us means "Genuine," "Good," "True," is fully lived up to in the wonderful Hair-Grower he has given to the world under that name—worthy inheritor of a worthy name.

"Genuine," "Good," "True."

And Tatcho the Hair-Grower is all this.

Tatcho is the one reliable means of cultivating a rich and gloriously lustrous head of hair in place of thin, straggling, decaying locks.

Day by day you watch with grateful interest the returning health-flush and sheen to your rapidly rejuvenating hair. The improvement is wonderful.

Grey hairs rapidly lose their whiteness, as the hair roots and pigment cells are nourished with the richness of the Hair-Grower. Ill-health in the hair soon becomes nothing but an unpleasant memory.

Tatcho

THE TRUE HAIR-GROWER.

The maddening irritation of scalp wanes noticeably; the comb and brush are no longer choked with weak-rooted, displaced hair.

Instead, the lustre of perfect hair-health, the suffusing glow of Nature's own vitality, marks a rapid and glorious recovery.

Daily, letters of glowing, grateful thanks are being received at the Tatcho Laboratories from users of Tatcho who have averted the hideous tragedy of baldness by a proper use of the one true, tried, trusty Hair-Grower. Will you try it?

TATCHO'S STURDY ALLY: THE TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH.

There is no hair brush like the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. For proof of this, examine an ordinary hair brush that has been used. Its tufts of bristles are thickly beset with impurities and that indescribable mass of decayed hair, the sight of which makes you shudder and then throw down the brush in disgust. That brush is fatal to hair health. It is the sure way to most hair troubles. Use the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. It is the only hair brush that is self-cleaning, the only one that can adjust its pressure to the hair and scalp. And this remarkable brush is offered to you free if you are a user of Tatcho. If you want to go in for a course of treatment with Tatcho, send 2s. 9d. to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5 Great Queen Street, London, W.C., for your supply, adding 5d. for postage and packing. By returning mail you will receive your supply of Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

THIS BRUSH
IS
FREE
To Users of
TATCHO

Mr. Geo. R.
Sims'
True Hair-
Grower.



"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulae recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

"Genuine," "Good," "True" Hair-Grower, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush being included free of charge.

Used in conjunction with the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, Tatcho will make your hair what you would like it always to be—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Every application for the Hair-Grower should be accompanied by the coupon appearing underneath. Every coupon received will be treated in strict rotation. No favours will be extended to anyone. As the coupons come in so will the brushes go out.

FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the true Hair-Grower to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the April issue of *The Quiver*.

The Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co

Name of Applicant.....
Address.....

Tatcho is sold by Chemists and Stores, 1-, 2/6, and 4/6, the two latter being double strength.

The change from
wall paper to the refined
simplicity and brightness of Hall's
Distemper decoration has the refreshing
effect of a change to a newly-built house.

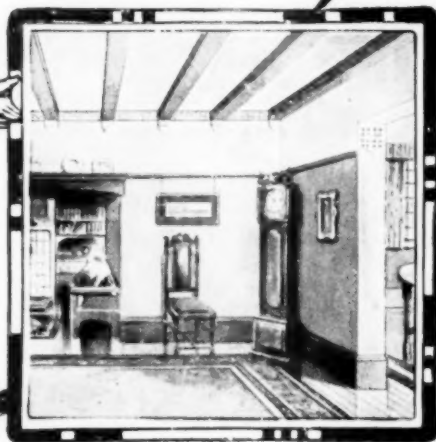
HALL'S DISTEMPER

is entirely free from the colour-fading and dust-collecting drawbacks of wallpaper. It retains its freshness and beauty unimpaired for years, and may be "spring cleaned" by lightly sponging with warm water. It is made in 70 colours, including rich dark as well as light shades.

Be particular to specify **HALL'S Distemper**, as imitations do not possess its unique advantages.

"How to Decorate your Home." A booklet that will interest and help you. Post Free. Illustrates in colours, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, hall, and staircase, bedrooms, kitchen and sanitary, etc., with useful hints on decorating, and full information about Hall's Distemper.

SESSONS BROTHERS & CO. LTD., HULL.
London Office: 199 Borough High Street, S.E.
Liverpool: 65 Mount Pleasant. Glasgow: 113 Bath Street. Reading: 6 Gun Street.



The "SILKRITE" Regd. SELF-FILLING
FOUNTAIN PEN.



SILKRITE (Regd.)

M. G. Powell, Esq., writes: "Delighted with 'Silkrite'. It equals any make at 10/-"

post free 1/6
EACH

5 Years' Guarantee.

The Counties of Winchester and Southampton. The 'Silkrite' pen would be cheap at five times the price." The LEEDS BARGAIN CO., Dept. 20, 5 Richmond Rd., Leeds.

Rich. E. Brown, Esq., writes: "I have just used 14,000 of your gold-plated nibs. Fills well in two seconds." Delightfully SILKY Writer. Testimonials and Catalogue, 100, Regent St., Jewellers, Cutlers, Electric Plate, London, Post free 1/-

Cheerful Children

(A NATURAL
CONDITION)

There would be far more cheerful children than there are, if Mothers and Nurses took care never to allow a child's skin to be touched with common soaps that are injurious. Many children are rendered cross and uncomfortable by the coarse ingredients contained in low-grade soaps. To be absolutely protected against these evils and thereby to add indisputably to the happiness of the young folks, **PEARS' SOAP** should always be used. The undeniable absolute purity of its components, and its dainty emollient quality, constitute an influence that comforts, protects, and beautifies the skin of young or old in a greater degree than any other known substance.

The skin is completely
cleansed and softened
and the complexion
kept always beautiful
by the daily use of

The word "Pears" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script. A thick, dark horizontal line is drawn beneath the word, starting from the left and extending past the end of the word.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL
OF ALL TOILET SOAPS



Always Carry
L. & C. Hardtmuth's
"KOH-I-NOOR"
PENCIL

Judged by every pencil standard, it is easily the best. Its smooth, silken touch is inimitable, while its extraordinary durability makes it by far the most economical pencil you can buy. One "Koh-i-noor" easily outlasts six ordinary pencils.

MADE IN 17 DEGREES AND COPYING.
 4d. each; 3 6 a dozen.

Of Stationers, &c., everywhere. List from
L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd.,
 Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London.

ALEX. LEFEVER (Est. 1842) **226-230 OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.**
 (OPPOSITE TUBE STATION.)

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

FURNISH FOR CASH—DIRECT FROM MAKERS—AND SAVE 25%.

Send for Complete Catalogue and Guide, "HOW TO FURNISH," post free.



DINING ROOM IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE.

For full particulars see 1913 Catalogue, sent post free upon mentioning "The Quiver."

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.

Cheerful Children


(A NATURAL
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There would be far more cheerful children than there are, if Mothers and Nurses took care never to allow a child's skin to be touched with common soaps that are injurious. Many children are rendered cross and uncomfortable by the coarse ingredients contained in low-grade soaps. To be absolutely protected against these evils and thereby to add indisputably to the happiness of the young folks, **PEARS' SOAP** should always be used. The undeniable absolute purity of its components, and its dainty emollient quality, constitute an influence that comforts, protects, and beautifies the skin of young or old in a greater degree than any other known substance.

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PENCIL

Judged by every pencil standard, it is easily the best. Its smooth, silken touch is inimitable, while its extraordinary durability makes it by far the most economical pencil you can buy. One "Koh-i-noor" easily outlasts six ordinary pencils.

MADE IN 17 DEGREES AND COPYING.
4d. each; 3 6 a dozen.
Of Stationers, &c., everywhere. List from
L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd.,
Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London.

ALEX. LEFEVER (Est. 1842) **226-230 OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.**
(OPPOSITE TUBE STATION.)

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

FURNISH FOR CASH—DIRECT FROM MAKERS—AND SAVE 25%.

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DINING ROOM IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE.

For full particulars see 1913 Catalogue, sent post free upon mentioning "The Quiver."

COUNTRY ORDERS CARRIAGE PAID.



Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

**"SAFETY" Type—No matter how
carried IT WILL NOT LEAK.**

Upside down in pocket or bag—doesn't matter a bit.
The Pen can't leak—it's sealed when open and sealed
when closed. As a pen—absolutely efficient. Writes
smoothly, without spurting or faltering;
lasts a lifetime. Nibs to suit every hand.

Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere,
Booklet free from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd.,
Koh-i-noor House, KINGSWAY, LONDON.
(New York: 173, Broadway.)



GLOSSY LINEN

MOST housewives have at some time or other experienced a keen feeling of envy when comparing the collars and starched linen that have been laundered at home with those that come from the professional laundry-man. Time after time they have tried to secure that glossy finish on collars and shirts, and have at last given up in despair, regarding it as something only attainable with machine ironing. Yet, after all, it is one of those things that are very simple "when you know how"—it is merely a question of using the right thing. "Redford's Gloss 'Pigtail' Brand" is what you want. By simply rubbing it into the linen before ironing, it imparts to the linen that beautiful "gloss like china" finish which every well-groomed man considers a necessity. "Redford's 'Pigtail' Brand" enables you to secure just as good, if not better, results than the laundry-man can give. And besides imparting this beautiful gloss, it makes the ironing easier, as it prevents the iron sticking, often in itself the cause of faulty finished linen. "Redford's 'Pigtail' Brand" is quite inexpensive, being obtainable in 6d. and 1s. boxes (post free for postal order); and so confident are the makers of the satisfaction it will give you, that they will send any of our readers a free sample on receipt of post card. Send for this to-day, addressing your request to Redford's, Liverpool, E.D., and try it the next time you are ironing.

THE MISSES TRITTON'S HOME-SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

A Personal Recommendation

PARENTS or guardians who are desirous of placing their daughters or wards in a thoroughly up-to-date and efficient home-school cannot do better than make inquiries of the Misses Tritton, whose establishments, Broadwater Hall, near Worthing, and "Le Plein Air," at Dieppe, are home-schools in the truest sense of the word, providing for the health, comfort, and happiness of each pupil.

A girl who has passed through these two establishments, first receiving the groundwork of an excellent general education at Broadwater Hall, and afterwards "finishing" at "Le Plein Air," leaves school with the feeling that, however pleasant the future may be, there will be much of genuine regret at the breaking away from the altogether congenial and exhilarating school routine of these two well-known establishments.

Broadwater Hall has its playing field, tennis court, and croquet lawn, and affords every opportunity for the enjoyment of healthy outdoor sports.

"Le Plein Air" is the finishing branch of the home-schools, and teaches both dressmaking and cooking as well as the so-called "fine arts."

The staff at "Le Plein Air" is entirely French, and the educational advantages are those obtainable in only the highest-class Continental schools.

The third branch of the Misses Tritton's schools is called The Field House. This is a really delightful home for little children, providing the most comfortable nursery accommodation, and kindergarten instruction for quite little tots. The Field House adjoins the grounds of Broadwater Hall.



THE humiliating disfigurement caused by **Superfluous Hair** is one of the horrors that ladies of all ages have to endure. Thousands of so-called cures have come and gone, but it is left to the Tensfeldt Process, now universally known, to completely eradicate this terrible scourge without leaving any marks or disfigurement. The Tensfeldt process completely destroys the hair root. Ladies can now operate in the **privacy of their own homes** with results as positive as can be obtained by skilled specialists, at a great saving of expense.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

I want to place a copy of my book, "**The Face Perfect**," in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. **It is Free to you** for the mere trouble of asking for it. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of this disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write to-day. I give all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.

MADAME TENSFELDT, Specialist for Hair and Skin,
122nd Princes Street, **EDINBURGH.**

A STUBBORN ENEMY

OVER-FATNESS is one of the cruellest enemies to physical beauty, as it is to health and vigour after a time. Fat persons of past generations were at the mercy of this stubborn enemy, for beyond having recourse to certain pernicious drug-remedies and absurd dietary treatments, sweating, and other weakening abuses, they had nothing they could point to as a cure for obesity. Antipon has changed all that, and within a calculable period we shall hear no more of those pernicious methods of fat-reduction, which, in point of fact, were far from being really curative. Whatever they did in the way of decreasing body bulk was only temporary, and at the expense of health and vitality.

Antipon is a liquid compound of pure and harmless vegetable substances of a valuable nature, and contains nothing else.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.

FITS CURED

Over 1,000 unsolicited Testimonials in one year. Pamphlet containing proof and full particulars post free from

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd.,
303 South Frederick Street, Dublin,
and 167 St. James' Chambers, Toronto, Canada.

"Stop One of Life's Little Worries!"

TANURA HAIR COLOUR RESTORER,

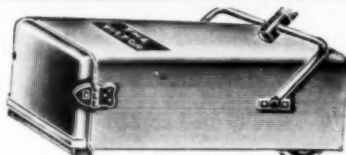
with its REPUTATION established for RELIABILITY, is prepared for all shades, 2/- per bottle, post free, when you can get immediate results?

WHY WAIT

TRIAL BOTTLE, 3d. stamps. Say colour required.

L. CHAPINS, COLEBROOKE WORKS, ISLINGTON (C), LONDON, N.

The "VICTOR" VACUUM CLEANER



Works like an ordinary Carpet Sweeper, and sucks out the dust and dirt with no more labour.

NO NEED TO TAKE UP CARPETS FOR SPRING CLEANING.

Handsomely finished, in Polished Wood Case, each £2.

Write for List and names of Nearest Agent to
W. B. FORDHAM & SONS, Ltd., 36-40 York Rd.,
King's Cross, London, N. Established 1850.

THE 5/6 JEWEL

is our Speciality. It supplies the demand for a pen that is at once cheap and efficient. If you haven't got one a trial will at once convince you of the truth of our statement. We, the

JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. 102)
102 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

challenge the world with our 5/6 Fountain Pen (with its gold nib, iridium tipped, with your favourite point), and emphatically say that, at the price, it

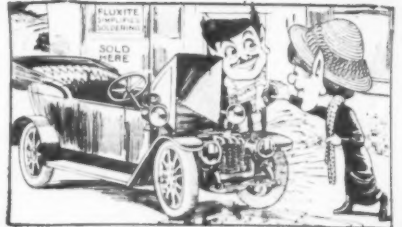
CAN'T BE BEATEN

SEEGER'S SEEGER'OL FOR GREY HAIR.



Trial Bottle.
6d.

SEEGER'S this GREY or faded hair any natural shade desired. BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT THOUSAND USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. SEEGER'S is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle 9/-, post free 2/2. Trial bottle 6d., post free 7d. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere.
HINDS (WARRS) LTD.,
Finsbury, London.



Mary had a little mo-car,
Its tricks were not polite;
It would not go very far
Without using Fluxite.
Everyone is using

FLUXITE

the paste that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

It is found wherever metal articles are used, made or repaired.

Of Ironmongers, in 6d., 1/-, and 2/- tins.

THE "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

is a useful outfit for the motor car or home. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Price 4/6. Post paid United Kingdom.
Auto-Controller Co., 226 Vienna Rd., Wermoadsey, England.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

When you feel low spirited, weak and listless, when the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys are not acting with natural regularity, when the tongue is furred, the appetite poor and the digestive powers feeble, you require a gentle but reliable and thorough corrective.

For this purpose nothing has been found to equal

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,

which promptly rid the system of all impurities and have a lastingly beneficial effect in strengthening and stimulating the organs of digestion. They tone up the entire system, purify the blood, and bring back health and energy with **complete freedom from Headaches, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dizziness and Depression.**

THE ALMOST MAGICAL EFFICACY OF

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

in cases of **Obstinate Wounds, Sores, and Skin Affections** has made it famous the world over. Its cleansing and soothing effect on the inflamed and broken parts is followed by perfect healing, leaving the skin clear and healthy. For **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in the Joints, Backache**—the Ointment is unrivalled, while for **Throat and Chest Affections, Bronchitis, Asthma, Quinsy, Hoarseness, &c.**, its use brings immediate relief and a speedy cure.

11½ AND 29 PER BOX OR POT, OF ALL CHEMISTS.

THE QUIVER



Watch the Little Ones' eyes
sparkle when they get

Golden Shred Marmalade

The clean palates of children never mistake flavour. "Golden Shred" retains all the natural flavour of the rich, ripe orange, and makes a dietary tonic of unsurpassed purity. Made solely from finest selected fruit and the best sugar—nothing else.

Produced under perfect hygienic conditions
in Model Factories by willing, well-cared-for
workers.

ROBERTSON—Only Maker.
LONDON. PAISLEY. MANCHESTER.

'Golden Shred'—the Marmalade
that made the Bitter Orange famous.



DON'T HOPE FOR THE BEST
BUY A BOTTLE OF



Tomato Catsup
AND YOU'VE GOT IT.

*New Process—Rather Hot.
Sweet Spiced—Sweeter and Spicy.*
Everywhere at 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. per Bottle.

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

All goods sent direct from Factory to Home.

Do you know that practically **ALL** Bedsteads are made in Birmingham? Why not then buy one direct from the workman's hands in a perfectly new condition? I also supply **BEDROOM SUITES, SITTING-ROOM SUITES, SIDEBORDS, OVERMANTELS, &c.,** at very **LOW PRICES**, payable in any way that will suit you. My lists contain a very large assortment of most recent designs.

Prompt despatch. Packed free. Carriage Paid.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH, OR PAYMENTS TO SUIT BUYERS' CONVENIENCE.

Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price Lists (POST FREE).

CHAS. RILEY, Desk 17, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.



Show Rooms:
62 MOOR ST.

Established
24 years.

Special Attention given
to Export Orders.

PLASMON COCOA ALONE

has THE RIGHT TO USE
this authoritative statement of

"THE LANCET":—

"PLASMON COCOA

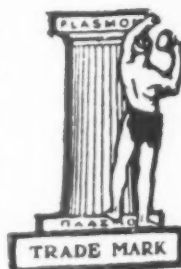
contains ALL the constituents able
to support life. The admixture
of Plasmon makes Cocoa a
very nourishing article, an ad-
vantage which in its natural state
it lacks."

No Alkali. A Complete and Perfect Food.

Tins 9d. and 1s. 4d.

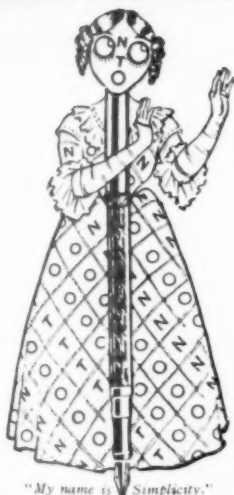
SPECIAL OFFER

ART METAL BOX, con-
taining a packet of Plasmon,
Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon
Biscuits, Plasmon Oats,
Plasmon Custard, Plasmon
Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with
an **Illustrated Cookery Book with Hints
on Carving**, 1/- post free. Plasmon, Ltd.
(Dept. 222), Farringdon Street, London.



"Plasmon makes Bone, Muscle, Brain."

DAVID F —, M.D.



"My name is Simplicity."

"I never blot"

"My writings, pieced together, would fill the letter-boxes of the world. My blots would not cover a halfpenny stamp. Ink is my servant, never my master, for I am the Onoto Pen."

The Onoto is the one really satisfactory self-filling pen. It fills itself instantly from any ink supply. It cannot blot the paper or leak in the pocket, for the ink supply is shut off completely when not required. Get one to-day and have done with your pen worries.

Onoto

the pen to rely on.

GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a life-time; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right, free of cost.

Price 10/6 and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1½ 2½ & 4½.

"Dirt is bad but Dust is deadly."

BISSELL

Common sense demands clean sweeping — sanitary sweeping. BISSELL sweeping is the cleanest sweeping. Raises no dust. Use the Swift - running, Clean-sweeping BISSELL. A touch propels it. A child can use it.



Of all Ironmongers and Furnishers. Prices from 10/6. MARKT & CO. (London). Ltd., 98 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

People used to say "Safe as the Bank of England."

They now say

"You are safe in
dealing with

CASH
Boots
CHEMISTS LTD
COPYRIGHT

Branches
everywhere.



TAKEN AFTER MEALS

You cannot look well, be well, or feel well if food remains undigested in your stomach. In that condition it generates poisonous acids which taint your blood and cause constipation, biliousness, headaches, sleeplessness, languor, and depression. Mother Seigel's Syrup tones and strengthens the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restores energy, strength, and the vigour and glow of health. By regulating the system, too, it is the best friend woman can have. Try it yourself to-day!

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"Until I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup food of any kind lay like a load on my stomach, and I suffered greatly from constipation. I had pains at my chest and between my shoulders, and was very weak, often feeling as though I should faint. Various treatments and medicines were tried; but I got no relief until I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Ten small bottles of that remedy cured me." (Mrs.) AMY PAYNE, Upper Cock Street, Delling Hill, Maidstone.

ENSURES GOOD DIGESTION

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/4 size. Sold also in tablet form, price 2/6.

WOOD-MILNE Rubber Heels

offer you the best and longest service of any rubber heels. They save your boot-leather, they save your nerves, they wear evenly, do not split or break, do not skid or come off, and you can buy them in Black, Brown, or Grey rubber—in many shapes and sizes.



"WOOD-MILNE SPECIAL."

For ladies 1/- per pair. For gents 1/3. The finest quality rubber heels made; will outlast three ordinary leather soles.



There's nothing like "Wood-Milnes" for elasticity of step.

New Perfected
model
now ready.



DEAFNESS CONQUERED!!!

MARVELLOUS NEW INVENTION.
Don't rest another day till you've tried it—you
may do so **FREE**.

A new era has dawned for the deaf with the invention of the
AURIPHONE, a tiny pocket telephone of wonderful power which mag-
nifies the slightest sound and makes it quite audible to the deaf. The

"AURIPHONE"

is simply made with no complicated part to get out of order.
Weighing only a few ounces, it is perfectly comfortable to wear and
almost invisible. This instrument is **not** "just the same" as other
devices, and we believe it will succeed where others have failed.
Full particulars are found in our booklet, post free on application.
Send for it **to-day**, or call any time at our offices for a

FREE DEMONSTRATION.

AURIPHONES, LTD., 157b WALTER HOUSE, 418-422 STRAND, LONDON.



MR. E. A. NEALE

**The New Manager of The Great Southern
Railway**

ONE of the most interesting of recent events in the
railway world is the appointment of Mr. E. A.
Neale to the position of general manager of the
Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland,
an advancement which will be noted with great
pleasure not only by the officials and employees of
the Great Southern, but also by the large body of
commercial men whose business brings them into
touch with the affairs of this important railway.

Mr. Neale is a Dublin man, whose introduction
to railway life began many years ago at the Kings-
bridge terminus of the Great Southern Railway,
where he gradually acquired a stock of up-to-date
knowledge founded on personal experience and
observation—knowledge which has served him to
excellent purpose during subsequent years.

His record has been one of continual advance-
ment, for, after "graduating" at Kingsbridge, he
afterwards held the position of secretary and
general manager to the Waterford and Central
Ireland Railway, until the Waterford line was
amalgamated with the Great Southern and
Western.

This union opened the way for Mr. Neale's re-
turn to the main line, and he has since achieved
distinction as traffic manager of the Great Southern
and Western, rendering excellent service in that
direction, and also distinguishing himself by the
acumen and tact he displayed in connection with
the Railway Commissions appointed to investigate
the concerns of the various Irish railways.

Mr. Neale's appointment will certainly conduce
to the advantage both of the Great Southern Com-
pany and of the commercial community served by
this railway's extensive system.

REFINED AND RELIABLE

Summer Dress Fabrics and Suitings

Egerton Burnett Ltd.'s Ranges comprise a choice variety of Costume
Tissues, Habits, Cheviots, Whipcords, Corduroys, Alpacaes, Poplins,
Outings, Delaines, Cotton Foulards, Voiles, Casement Cloths, Zephyrs,
Linen, Gingham, etc., in fashionable colours and effective designs; also
Tweed Suitings, Trouserings, Covert Suitings, etc., refined in tone
and character.

LIGHT WEIGHT FABRICS
for Warm Climates.

Egerton Burnett's
Royal Serge

Are Ideal Clothing Fabrics

which have won the admiration of Ladies and Gentlemen for their
Evidences of Quality, Good Appearance, and Enduring Wear.

Costumes, Suits, Overcoats, &c., made to order.

Patterns, Price Lists, Styles, Measure Forms, etc., sent post paid.

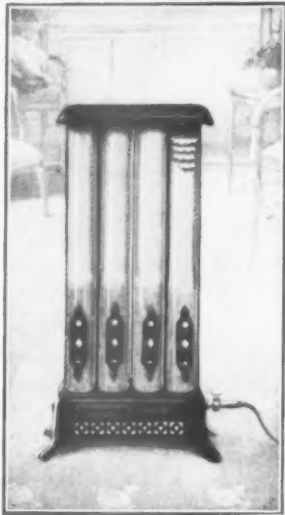
Address: **EGERTON BURNETT LTD.,**
5, Factors, Wellington, Somerset, England.

A Hint for Mothers.



The very idea is objectionable that
children should be liable to have
nits and other forms of vermin in
their hair, but such is the case, and,
unfortunately, one child so affected
may pass the trouble on to others
in a remarkably short time. Though
it is, of course, always wise for a mother to see that her
children's heads are kept quite clean, merely washing
is not sufficient to prevent these little pests from
attaching themselves to the hair. The only perfectly
safe and sure way to guard against the trouble is to
periodically rub into the hair a little of **RANKIN'S NIT**
OINTMENT. Any chemist will supply it for 3d., 6d.,
or 1s., or it may be obtained direct from Rankin & Co.,
Kilmarnock, N.B. This ointment should be rubbed
well into the hair. It will kill all nits, etc., very quickly.

Q.—April, 1913.]



The DUPLEX. A Perfect Gas Radiator.

HERE is the BEST Gas Radiator!

THE dainty, effective, and wonderfully economical DUPLEX GAS RADIATOR offers you complete comfort on the coldest, dreariest days. Just think how nice it would be to have this cosy, cheery DUPLEX in your bedroom or dining room on chilly nights and dark, cold mornings! Think of the coughs and colds and other illnesses it would prevent!

The DUPLEX needs no flue, for it produces neither smell nor fumes, and its patent construction ensures that *every particle of gas is burnt*. This, of course, is one reason for its wonderful economy.

Being light and strong, the DUPLEX can easily be carried about the house and used in any room.

There is no trouble about tubing, for four feet of the finest flexible tubing is given with every radiator.

Prices from 47s. 6d. to 70s., according to finish and size.

Hundreds of famous firms have tested the DUPLEX GAS RADIATOR, and find it superior in every way to its competitors.

Amongst other well-known users are Messrs. Jay's, Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Dickins & Jones, The Prudential Insurance Co., Swan & Edgar, and many others.

Dr. Claude Wockes, of Harley Street, London, W., writes: "I have had much experience with gas radiators, and have found yours the *best in every way*—no fumes, no smell, no trouble. It should have a great sale."

NEW BOOKLETS FREE.

We have just prepared an elaborate and interesting booklet about the DUPLEX RADIATOR. It is full of useful information on gas heating; it gives full details about our radiator, and contains many striking testimonials from physicians, heating experts, and well known people. Will you write for your copy, please? Ask for No. 8.

THE DUPLEX RADIATOR COMPANY,
—16 BOAR LANE, LEEDS.—



A MARVELLOUS Invention for THE DEAF.

Write to-day for Booklet
Explaining how the Deaf can now hear.

It does not matter what the cause of your Deafness (unless you were born deaf), you can hear with this wonderful appliance as well as others. Age is no barrier, nor the length of time you have been deaf. Mr. R. G. Smith, of Tottenham, was deaf for 24 years, and can now hear as well as anybody. We can give positive proof of hundreds of similar cases.

"The Murray Ear Drum" makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Thousands sold.

People affected with this distressing complaint are invited to write for valuable Booklet, fully descriptive of this wonderful and yet simple invention, which enables the deaf to hear, and also contains convincing proof of its efficacy from users in all stations of life. If you are deaf or know anybody who is deaf, write for this Booklet. It costs nothing, we send it free to anyone on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

THE MURRAY CO., 195, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

COUPON.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

Name (Mr., Mrs.,
or Miss)

Address

A Coupon must be sent with every entry.

Address: The Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Vapo-Cresolene

"Used while you sleep."

Asthma, Catarrh, Whooping Cough,

Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds.

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without doing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapour inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective, and antiseptic. Of your chemist or direct, post free, 9d. per box.

Send postcard for descriptive Booklet to—Selling Agents:

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.,
58, Lombard St., London, E.C.



FACIAL CHARM

DR. HARLAN'S
BEAUTY-CUP
MASSAGE.

You cannot see or feel one of the most young and healthy if your complexion is not fresh and clear.

Therefore, if you are troubled with wrinkles, blackheads, or other impurities, remove them by the most natural and direct method of massage.

Dr. Harlan's system of self-applied massage is unexcelled for both sexes, and is quick to achieve the desired results. Acting on the circulation, it

stimulates the nerves and tissues, and causes a healthy stream of fresh blood to flow continuously wherever required. Blackheads disappear in a few minutes, the flesh becomes firm and the skin smooth and satiny.

The massage, by generally toning up the circulation, quickly cures all poison places in the cheeks, neck, face, etc., to be filled out; a wonderful developer, and its effect upon the eyes is most beneficial, making them bright and clear, and keeping them free from strain.

The Beauty-Cup is posted in plain wrapper, together with a most helpful book, entitled "Beauty and Health Secrets," which contains much valuable information on the care of the skin, and is sold generally. The regular price of the Beauty-Cup is 2s., but to introduce the Massage to you we will forward it for 1s. 6d. postage 1d., abroad 6d. if the

you will forward it with your order. Call or write: Y. Harlan, Neu Vita Health Assoc. (Incl. 1901), 50-106, Exchange Bldg., Southwark, London, Eng. (Reg. Trade Mark, New-Idea.)

*None left!
what will he say?*

—and he enjoys H.P. Sauce so much because it tempts the appetite.

If you only knew the delicious flavour of this much-talked-of Sauce you would know why it is so welcome at every meal—every day.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle of the one and only

**H.P.
SAUCE**

Grocers sell H.P. Sauce in large 6d. bottles.

The Midland Vinegar Co., Ltd., Birmingham.



Peach's LARGE FREE CATALOGUE OF CURTAINS

650 examples from the Actual MAKERS. IMPERIAL PATENT HEM Curtains, new straight edges. LACE CURTAINS, CASEMENT FABRICS, MUSLINS, CRETONNES, LINENS, LACES. Write today for free Book etc. S. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

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The leading British House of Carpet and General Floor Covering experts offer under the registered name of

**SEAMLESS
LUDCORD
CARPETS**

the cheapest reliable, hard-wearing Carpets for sitting room, bedroom, hall or passage.

**A ROOM COMFORTABLY
CARPETED FOR 10'6**

Write today for free Illustrated Catalogue List of sizes and prices and sample patterns to

**TRELOAR & SONS,
68 & 70 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.**



*I've found
out where
Mother hides
the*

*Laitova
Lemon Cheese*

The daily spread for children's bread.
It saves the butter bill.

Make some delicious Laitova sandwiches to-day.

Your grocer sells it.
In Glass Jars: 6½d., 3½d., and 2d.

**SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
3 Cornbrook, Manchester.**



M 24



The Misses Tritton's Home Schools for Girls

At Dieppe.—Le Plein Air.

Finishing Branch. Staff entirely French. Dressmaking, Cooking, etc.

At Worthing.—Broadwater Hall.

General English Education. Grounds of 8 acres, including playing field, tennis and croquet lawns. Equable climate. Special arrangements for pupils from abroad.

The Field House.—A Home for Little Children, adjoining the Grounds, with Nursery Accommodation and Kindergarten Classes.

BENSON'S



GOLD from £5 5s.

SET WITH
GEMS from £20

"All women of fashion wear them."

FINE GEM RINGS.



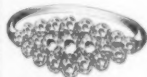
Diamond Half-Hoops
from £7.



Ruby, Sapphire,
or Pearl
and Diamond,
from £10.



Ruby and Diamonds,
£15.
All Diamonds, £18.



Diamonds, £30.



Diamonds and Ruby.
£10.

Sent Post Free all
the world over.

62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

"PERFECT SAFETY"

SELF-FITTING

GOLD WATCH BRACELETS.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

The finest quality, with lever move-
ments, from £5 5s.

With London made movements,
from £18.

In Silver Cases with Leather Strap
from £2 2s.

The Economical and Equitable
"Times" system of MONTHLY
PAYMENTS is available.

Selections sent on approval to intending
buyers at our risk and expense.

Illustrated Books (post free):—No. 1, of
Watches of all kinds, Self-fitting Watch
Bracelets, Rings (with size card), &c.;
No. 2, of Clocks, "Empire" Plate, &c.;
No. 3, of Inexpensive Silver Goods for
Presents, Bags, &c.

Mention THE QUIVER.

A WONDERFUL

Medical men are agreed that there is no more valuable, stimulating, and nourishing food beverage than real Turtle Soup; and epicures are equally unanimous in testifying to its holding premier place as the most delicious and delightful of all soups.

At the most *recherché* banquets it takes the place of honour as "first course"; to those who can afford it, it is one of the first things prescribed by the physician where a stimulating tonic is required.

The researches, investigations, and experiments of Freeman & Hildyard the well-known food specialists, have now put this nourishing delicacy within the reach of the slenderest purse, and in a form which bids fair to make it the most popular food beverage on the market.

Freeman's Real Turtle Soup is made from Real Turtle.

It is supplied in the form of concentrated squares, and requires only the addition of boiling water to immediately dissolve into a cup or plate of rich, delicious, clear Turtle Soup Consommé. It is therefore eminently adapted for the thousand and one purposes which readily suggest themselves.

The doctor, responding to a hurried call, can, in less than two minutes, have this excellent refreshment. The family, returning from the theatre or ball, will find it an excellent retiring beverage; the invalid will find it appetising when other beverages and foods pall on the appetite and, moreover, give him renewed strength and energy; the hostess, at the expense of a few pence, with one tablet to the soup plate of each guest, can provide a "first course" worthy of an Aldermanic banquet.

The cost of each portion is **2d.**, and it is put up in neat boxes containing three or six portions at a cost of **6d.** and **1s.** respectively.

Its advantages over meat and other extracts are:—

First: It is much more delicious to the taste, more palatable and appetising.

Second: It is infinitely more stimulating and more nourishing.

FOOD-STIMULANT

Third: It is much more easily and more quickly made. Boiling water only is required. You simply put the portion in a breakfast cup or soup plate, pour on boiling water, and stir for about half a minute with a spoon, when it is completely dissolved.

Fourth: It is more economical. There is absolutely no waste. There is no guessing at the quantity required, no sticky spoon, no rinsing out of a bottle, no sediment. The price is only **2d.** per portion.

To those who have not tasted real Turtle Soup a cup of Freeman's Real Turtle Soup is a revelation of the possibilities of gastronomic science.

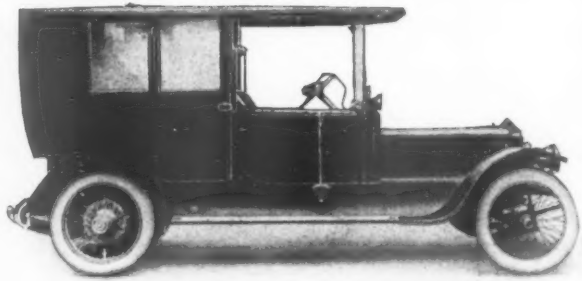
Freeman's Real Turtle Soup is already in constant use by many leading physicians, barristers, and other professional men; as well as by many of the aristocracy and members of Society, and is supplied as ordinary clear Turtle Soup by some of the most exclusive restaurants.

Many of the leading grocers and chemists are now stocking it; and in most cases where they do not already have it, they readily procure it for their customers. Should, however, there be any difficulty in obtaining it, a **1s.** box of six portions will be sent (post free) on receipt of a postal order for the amount addressed to **FREEMAN & HILDYARD, 12 Henry Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.**

In connection with this new introduction to the public, it is desired to give this wonderful beverage some distinctive name which can be registered, and the proprietors offer a fee of **25 Guineas** for any name or title submitted which they may eventually use. Entries can be sent in any time between now and the end of May. In case of the name to be selected being sent in by two or more persons, the 25 guineas will be divided. The decision of the proprietors will be final, and suggestions can only be sent in on this understanding. It is not necessary to buy a box in order to compete, but those who have tried it and know its merits will naturally be best able to select a suitable title.

Envelopes should be marked "Title" on the upper left-hand corner, and addressed to

**FREEMAN & HILDYARD (Dept. Q.),
12 Henry Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.**



SPECIAL DAIMLER SIX-CYLINDER.

Press Opinions.

"The design all through has been carefully thought out, and the result is a car which could not be surpassed for power, smoothness of running, and all-round luxuriousness."—*Motor World*.

"A really exquisite piece of work . . . being designed with a view to obtaining the smoothest possible running and the most luxurious possible suspension."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

"The best practice of the Daimler Company is embodied in the new model, which is indeed a triumph of modern engineering, and this, combined with magnificent coachwork luxuriously finished throughout, provides a road carriage of the first order."—*The Scotsman*.

"The springing is a portion of the design which has been very thoroughly tested, and this special Daimler car marks the last word in luxurious suspension."—*Indian Motor Trader*.

Daimler

The Daimler Company, Ltd.,
Coventry.

Great Sale of Chemists' Goods!

EARLY every year, in order to make room in our stores and warehouses for large purchases of Spring and Summer goods, we are compelled to have a Sale and clear off our ordinary stock at bargain prices.

YOU should certainly take advantage of this Sale, for it is really a splendid annual opportunity to obtain high-class drugs and medicines at practically wholesale prices.

Taylor's Drug Company Ltd.

Why not Send us an Order?

Antiseptic Tooth Powder (L. & P. P. Co.'s), 1/- tins 9d.
Barker's Liver Salt, invaluable for all liver complaints. 6d. tins 4d.; 1/- tins 7½d.

Blaud's Iron Tonic Pills, gelatine coated, 1 gross in bottle 10d.

Chemical Food (Parrish's), No. 1, 8d. and 1/3 per bottle; No. 2, 1-lb. bottle 8d.

Chest Expanding Braces, with or without plates, from 3/3 per pair.

Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, "The Palatable," 1/- bottle 9d.; 2/6 bottle 1/6; 4/6 bottle 3/-

Confection of Senna in 4-oz. jars, 5½d. each.

Cotton Wool, absorbent white, 4-oz. packets 5½d.; per lb. 1/6

Disinfectant Sanitary Fluid (non-poisonous), 1/- size 4½d.; 1/6 size 8d.; quart tins 1/4

Eau de Cologne (London and Paris Perfumery Co.'s), 1/- bottle 11d.; 2/6 bottle 1/7; reputed 4-pint wickered bottle 2/9; reputed 1-pint wickered bottle 5/-.

A most refreshing and invigorating perfume.

Elastic Hosiery, Kneecaps, Anklets, &c. All sizes and varieties stocked. Please ask for measurement form.

Embrocation (for human use), Mason's, 1/1½ bottle 10½d.; 2/9 bottle 2/1

Enemas, Seamless, complete in box, 2/3, 2/9, 3/6, and 4/6

Extract of Malt, Prepared from the finest selected Barley; highly rich in Phosphates; a nutritious food; aids digestion. In jars, 1-lb. 10d.; 2-lb. 1/6; 4-lb. 2/10

Extract of Malt and Cod Liver Oil. This elegant preparation is rich in Diastase, Malt Sugar, Phosphate of Lime, and Magnesia. A valuable nutritious and reliable food for children or invalids. In jars, 1-lb. 10d.; 2-lb. 1/6; 4-lb. 2/10

Ferguson's Glycerine Balm. Soft, cooling, and altogether delightful. Ferguson's Glycerine Balm is a wonderful skin comfort. 1/- bottle 10½d.; 2/6 bottle 2/-

Hamamelis Cerate, Barker's, for Piles, Boils, Burns, Chubblains, &c. 1/4 tin 1/-; 2/9 tin 2/3

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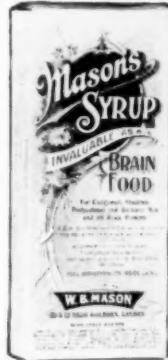
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THE QUIVER

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They afford the greatest EASE, with ELASTICITY and less fatigue. **SPLENDID** for sufferers with tender feet, corns, bunions, etc.

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THE QUIVER

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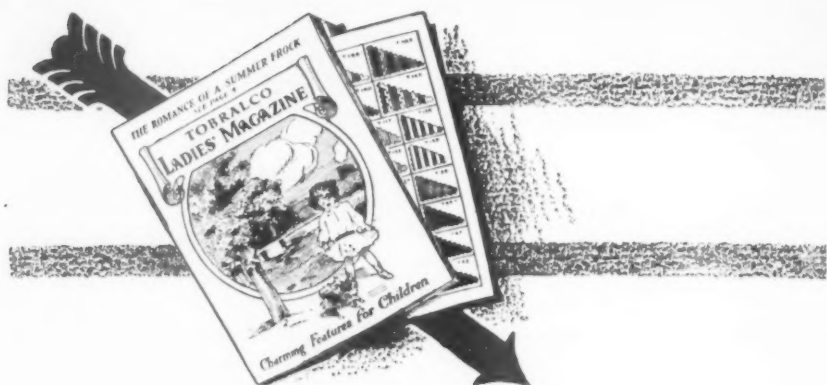
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THE QUIVER

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Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

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WHAT THINGS ARE COMING TO

An Article that will Appeal to All who are Watching the Trend of the Times

AMONG the many aimless questions thrust upon us by a progressive and hustling age, none is more wearisome than the insistent cry of the man or woman who demands to know what "things are coming to."

The answer is really not far to seek; but it must be premised that the people who are so busily asking the question are the very ones who will not be able to understand the true answer, however patiently one may try to explain it to them.

"Things" are coming right for the men and women who are preparing themselves, and their children, to meet future conditions of life and work.

The methods of such preparation must of necessity be modern—must move with the times. Fifty years ago—thirty years, even—the father who had insured his life for a good round sum comforted himself that he had made ample provision for his children. Every year of his life, by paying the stipulated premium, he conspired against himself, and tacitly painted the advantage of his own death.

Nowadays, with equal generosity and much lesser business acumen, he insures, not against his own death, but for his children's life.

He provides for them in a most sane and healthy manner, arranging, by insurance, for their education in the best schools and colleges, or endowing them at a given age—say twenty-one or twenty-three—with a lump sum that is to be paid down in solid cash at the psychological moment when it is needed for the start in life.

It is his privilege to remember that, according to the usual course of nature, this auspicious moment is, happily, a score or more years in advance of the time when the insurer himself will cease to play his part in the big game of life.

This happy idea that wise insurance is a proposition affecting life, not death, is taking firm hold of keen business men and far-seeing women; and it is certainly a cheerful thought that insurance premiums in these days have much more to do with schools, colleges, universities, and chambers of commerce than with probate duties and the doleful charges of the undertaker.

When a son or daughter is born into the family, one of the earliest thoughts is, "What can we afford to do for this child?" Can we pay down a single premium of £44 4s., and thus secure to him or her a cash endowment of £100 when he or she attains the age of twenty-three years? Or must we be content to go more slowly, and purchase the same endowment with yearly payments of £2 18s.?

Or, again, shall we decide upon an Educational Endowment, and, by paying a premium of £18 per year for sixteen years, secure to the child an income of £100 per annum for four successive years from age sixteen to age twenty?

Such questions are thoroughly well worth the earnest consideration of every thoughtful and shrewd parent, and it is safe to affirm that, given such consideration, the parent will become keenly interested in the subject of educational and business endowments for the children.

Our figures are taken direct from the propositions of the Norwich Union Life Office, and fullest particulars of these and many other equally sane insurances will gladly be supplied to all who write inquiring of the Secretary, Department C, Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.

Is typewriting displacing handwriting?

The almost universal use of typewriters to-day raises the interesting question as to whether the world's handwriting is deteriorating; and to put this query to the test

The Proprietors of

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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1st Prize ... £3 3 0
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Wright's Coal Tar Soap is better still
because it keeps you healthy."

At the top left-hand corner place name and address and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and, in the case of children, age.

Competitors may send as many attempts as they like, but each one must be accompanied by an outside wrapper of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap. Sold everywhere, 4d. per tablet. Competitors sending any other wrapper than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified.

No correspondence can be entertained. The decision of the Managing Director will be final.

Last day for receiving replies, May 31st. The result will be announced in the "DAILY MAIL," on June 30th.

Address, "Handwriting," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 66-68 Park St. Southwark, S.E.

Be on Your Guard Against ANÆMIA and WEAKNESS Watch Your Own Symptoms.

Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote :—

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Be on your guard against Anæmia and Weakness. Watch your own symptoms. Lassitude of body and mind, distaste for active exertion, flagging appetite, general bodily upset—are you quite sure you have none of these symptoms? Is your digestion good? Do you suffer from any functional irregularity, breathlessness, etc.? Such symptoms indicate Anæmia, and should not be neglected.

Iron 'Jelloids'

The Reliable Tonic Treatment

will remove the causes and symptoms of Anæmia. Its success has been extraordinary. And what it has done for thousands of other people of all ages and either sex it will do for you. Iron is what your system requires. By taking it in the form of Iron 'Jelloids' the not uncommon disadvantages of other Iron Tonics are avoided. No ill effects are set up. No constipation. No "rust" in the stomach. No danger of non-absorption. No fear of injury to the teeth.

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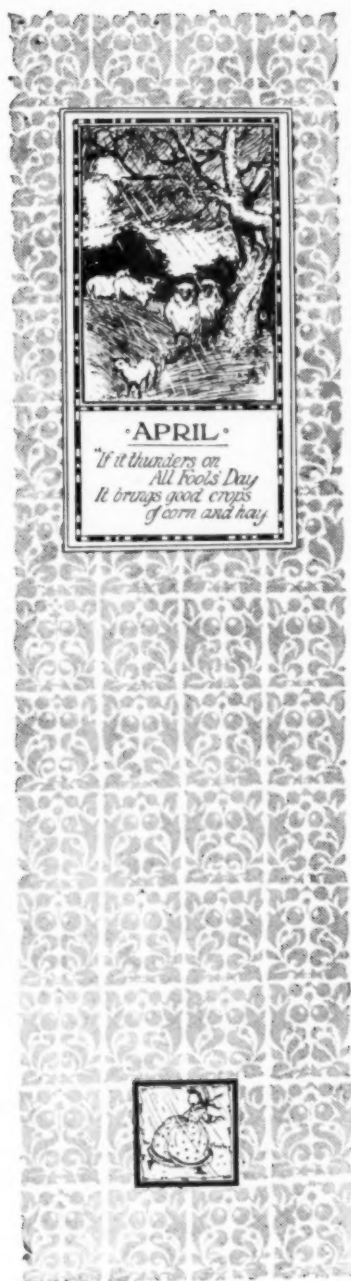
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•APRIL•

*"If it thunders on
All Fools Day
It brings good crops
of corn and hay"*



" 'No Covenanter here!' she smiled. 'Ah, sir! Think you I would have the courage to hide rebels in my father's absence?' " —p. 550.

Drawn
by
H. M. Brock



THE QUIVER



VOL. XLVIII., No. 6

APRIL, 1913

A STANDING STONE

A Story of the Troubled Days of the Covenanters

By M. H. BLACK

MISS CHRISTIAN DUNSMUIR, sitting alone in her restful old drawing-room, looked placidly about her. She had lived all her days in the old grey house, half farm, half mansion-house, among the Pentland Hills. Her forefathers had in their turn passed their lives there too, for many a generation, in quiet, undisturbed contentment; within a mile or two of the town of Edinburgh, but in many ways very remote from it.

Christian, already growing middle-aged, was the last of the long line that had, from father to son, held the old grey House of Dunsmuir through the passing of history. She mixed little with her neighbours, preferring to go her way in quiet content, working in her garden, and looking after the old house. It was filled with such a deep sense of restful calm, such gentle shadows. Each room held its share of the possessions collected and cared for by many a dead and gone Dunsmuir, who had lived there for their little span of life, and had at the end been laid to rest in the old kirkyard two miles away, in a sheltered nook of the valley, where nothing disturbed their slumber.

It was later than Miss Dunsmuir's usual hour for going to bed, but she still sat there dreaming before the dying fire, her needlework fallen from her hand. Long since the maids had gone to their rooms, and a deep quiet wrapped about the old house.

At last she rose from her chair, and carefully folded away her embroidery, trying as she did so to explain to herself the new, strange feeling that held her in thrall. She, Christian Dunsmuir, whose quiet life was never ruffled by the faintest ripple of change, seemed in her own mind that evening almost expectant of something she could not define.

With a smile she shook her head. "This comes of sitting up so late," she told herself, and closing the drawer of her work table, commenced to put out the lamps. The first stood in a distant corner before a picture, and as she crossed the room to it her eyes were raised to the face of the portrait. It was an ancestress, like herself a Christian Dunsmuir. She had been named after it, and, oddly enough, she had grown up very like the long-dead and gone woman. Later years had changed Miss Dunsmuir, though, somewhat, and she smiled a little ruefully even, as she stretched out her hand to extinguish the light, at how little like the portrait she was in those present days. "One seems to grow old here so easily," she thought; "I don't suppose anyone would think me like the old Christian Dunsmuir now!"

It was a fair face that smiled down to her from the portrait, and there was a charm of youth about the soft eyes, the tender lips, that the artist had succeeded in catching admirably. She had lived, so

THE QUIVER

the Christian of the present times knew, in the troubled days of the Covenanters. It was always rather a source of regret to Miss Dunsmuir that the Dunsmuirs of that day had sided with the King's party, and had entertained but little sympathy with the martyrs. The girl of the portrait had seen bloodshed and fighting; sorrow too, for all her smiling mouth and bright eyes. What it was that had failed her in later years, after a youth of such promise, the Christian of later days did not know; but she knew from a handed-down tradition that she had not been so happy after all, in spite of her beauty, and she had died quite young and unwed.

Miss Dunsmuir crossed the room to the other lamp, put it out also with care, and then leaving the room, lit her candle that stood ready on an old oak table in the dim hall, and mounted up slowly to her bedroom.

Her thoughts were full of old, forgotten times, and in particular of her young ancestress, whose life had been so unhappy in the end. She felt an unusual disinclination to go to bed, and loitered about in the warm firelight of her room.

She opened a cupboard in a corner and looked in thoughtfully; a new thought had somehow come to her. On the top shelves were many old, dusty volumes, stored there long ago by her mother, who had told her that among them were old journals and day-books kept by past generations of Dunsmuirs which no one had cared to destroy. She wondered if among them there might not be some written record of the old Christian Dunsmuir whose portrait hung in the drawing-room, and whom tradition had said had died young, unhappy, and unmarried.

"To-morrow I shall hunt through them," she told herself. "I may come on a journal of her own, it may be." And she wondered vaguely why it was that this strange new interest for the long-dead woman was filling her mind that night. She closed the cupboard door, and even as she did so she was startled by a sudden, sharp sound outside her window. What could it be? It was very late. No one ever disturbed the house at so late an hour. She listened intently, and it came again. And as it came she knew what it was; someone outside was flinging up small gravel at her window. Her heart beat furiously. What

should she do? Call the maids? An unreasoning fear seized her; then of a sudden an inborn courage came to her aid. Not for nothing was she descended from a long line of steady, quiet hillmen.

"I will see for myself," she said aloud resolutely, "and disturb no one."

She walked to the window, and drawing aside the light curtain, flung open the window wide. Looking out into the chill dark of the November night, she called clearly, in a voice that never quivered: "Who is there?"

A figure, at first unobserved by her, bending as if to gather a fresh handful of pebbles, drew itself upright. At that same moment the moon sailed out from behind a bank of heavy cloud, and revealed to Christian a man standing down below her on the sweep of gravel before the house. The moonlight was very clear, and Miss Dunsmuir saw that he was wrapped in some dark cloak; she saw, too, his face very distinctly as he raised it to her window. It was white and strained. He had no hat upon his head, and his forehead was bound about with some linen cloth.

"There's been an accident on the road," was her first thought, "some motor on its way to Edinburgh."

"Madam, have pity upon me! Show mercy, for I am in your hands."

Miss Dunsmuir at first thought that she could not possibly have heard correctly. The man did not talk as men of the present day. Was he some stranded play-actor, trying to impress her? She stared down speechlessly. But the look on the white upturned face touched her with a strange thrill of pity. Pity, and something else she could not understand, filled her thoughts—her heart. All thought of a motor accident had passed from her—passed as did the mere thought of the strangeness as she gazed down into the dark, tragic eyes turned upwards to hers.

"Hush! do not make a sound. Stand there, I beseech of you, sir, in the shadow, and I will descend."

And she never paused to consider that she, too, spoke in a way that was not according to the usual custom of her day.

"I will come to you, but make no sound till I reach you, and remember even the shadows have eyes in these days."

Then she drew in her head, and before

A STANDING STONE

she left the room she looked round upon the familiar things with dazed eyes.

"I can't think what is wrong with me. I seem to know the man out there quite well, and as if I knew all this must happen. I am not a bit afraid, anyway, and I will not rouse the maids."

She hurried downstairs, and with quick fingers unfastened the big door. No; it was no dream that had come to her. The man in the dark cloak with the cloth about his head, stained with what she now saw was blood, was standing in the shadow, and as she opened the door and looked out he stepped forward.

"Have no fear," he smiled faintly, "I am known to you, though it may be you have little thought in your heart for the poor preacher whom you have met in Edinburgh in happier times."

"You are welcome, sir; but you choose a strange hour to visit me," she said.

"I come to fling myself upon your mercy." His voice was low and sad. "I am a fugitive, fleeing from those who would encompass my death. I saw a light here, in the House of Dunsmuir, and I came to ask for pity. God in His grace sent me you."

"Here at the House of Dunsmuir you are truly safe. None will look for you here. Enter, I implore you, and let me attend to your wound."

"My wound! Ah, yes!" He raised a hand towards his brow, then flinging back his cloak, pointed to his shoulder, and Christian's pitiful eyes saw that it was deeply stained with blood, and the arm hung useless by his side.

"You are, indeed, in sore distress. Oh, I am glad—glad Heaven turned your steps to me," she cried. "These are sad times for Scotland. There has been fighting among the hills?" she asked, then added hastily, before he could reply, "I know—I know only too well, for did I not hear the sound of guns in the twilight, faint and far off."

"At Rullion Green," he said hoarsely, "and we have been cruelly defeated. At first it would seem as if truly the Lord was on our side; but as the evening closed in the tide turned full against us. Dalzell's men have cut us down without mercy, as if we were the grass of the field, and the morning light will look down on many a stark corpse out on the hill-sides."

"Dwell not on it, I ask of you, rather enter the house that I may help you, for sorely do you stand in need of aid," she continued hastily; "but silently, remember, for my father is no friend of the Covenanters."

Soon she had him safe within the house, and listening fearfully for the least sound, hurried to and fro to find soft linen to bind his wounds and water with which to lave them.

She had lit the old silver candlesticks in the dining-room into which she had led him, and took one in her hand as she left the room. On the wide staircase up which she had to mount to find that which she required, there hung half way a big mirror, and as Christian passed before it she stopped and glanced into it for a moment.

What she saw startled her, and she gave a little gasp of surprise. Gone was the soft grey hair, the gentle face that spoke to those few who knew it of a youth vanished, of a beauty that had once been. Instead, the hair was brown and curling, lit to burnished gold where the candle-light shone upon it. The eyes were clear and sparkling, gleaming with excitement, pity, a thousand other conflicting emotions. The very gown she wore was brighter, gayer than anything she ever thought in those present times of buying for herself. Just for a moment was she amazed; then she accepted the extraordinary change placidly.

"I am more like what I used to be," she said aloud, nodding to her reflection, and it never came to her mind that, standing there with the candle-light shining on her fair face, she was an exact copy of her ancestress Christian, whose picture hung in the drawing-room.

How it had come about she knew not, nor did she pause to question; but she knew that time had turned backward, that she was in very truth that other Christian, the younger, fairer woman, and she meant, down at the bottom of her brave young heart, to shield and save this man who had sought her help in his hour of need and weakness.

With flying feet, yet very noiselessly, lest she should rouse anyone in the sleeping house, she hastened in search of all she required, and returned to the room where she had left him.

In a very short time she had, with deft,

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quick fingers, dressed and bound his wounds, and in spite of his protests, had made him take a little food and drink.

She had, indeed, decided he should rest a while in the comfortable dining-room where she had refreshed him; by morning light she would herself come to rouse him and speed him on his way long before anyone was stirring. But of a sudden a sound without the house startled her, and she saw, too, that he had heard it.

"It is the soldiers!" he muttered, and staggered to his feet. "Then truly has the God of Jacob forsaken me, and I am lost indeed."

"Lost! Nay, not so," Christian cried clearly. "I will save you. Do as I bid you—follow me." She paused for a second, lost in thought; then her face lightened. "There are many nooks and corners in the House of Dunsmuir where a man may hide in safety, and I have the very place in my mind."

Already loud upon the highway rang out the sound of horses' hoofs. An instant later—even as Christian, opening a cupboard with swift fingers, concealed within all signs of his recent meal—the sounds drew nearer and echoed from the long avenue that led to the house.

"Hasten!" she cried, "upstairs. Have no fear."

Without a second's hesitation, trusting her implicitly, he followed her from the room.

"My life is in your hands, Mistress Christian," he whispered as he ascended the staircase behind her.

"Then is it truly in safe keeping," she smiled back bravely, and turning, flashed back to him one brilliant glance as she blew out the candle she carried in her hand.

On the wide middle landing of the staircase there stood across one corner a big grandfather clock; behind it, though it did not seem possible, there was space for a man to crouch, and just sufficient room at the side of it for a man to squeeze himself into the sheltering corner. It was there that Christian proposed to hide this man who seemed to be so deep an interest in her life.

"Will they not search such a corner at once?" he faltered.

"Leave all to me. I know what I will do, and I know, too, that I shall save you."

Without another word he obeyed her.

The moonlight shone full on the staircase through the high, unshuttered window; but the nook behind the clock, the clock itself, was wrapped in a cloak of inky shadow.

"Not a word, not a movement. No matter what happens, trust to me," she whispered, and sped with flying feet to her own room. As she reached it she heard a loud clanging on the house door, and with cool deliberation she flung open her window and looked out.

"Who knocks?" she called down and waited.

In the splash of vivid moonlight before the house a crowd of mounted soldiers was drawn up, and one, their leader apparently, was so close to the door that by leaning forward in his saddle he could hammer on it with the butt end of a pistol he carried in his hand.

As Christian looked down he stopped his imperative knocking and called to her sharply.

"Open the door, mistress, in the King's name."

"Sir!" Her voice was quite steady, no note of surprise in it that she, grey, staid, elderly, should stand at her open window bandying words with a troop of soldiers drawn up on her tidy sweep of neatly raked gravel. "Sir, what do you wish here at this hour? Disturbing a quiet house with your clamour."

"We are hunting a wounded rebel and have tracked him here."

"A wounded rebel! A rebel? That is, I take it, one of these Covenanters. And you come to hunt him at the House of Dunsmuir?"

"Rebels, madam, in special those sorely wounded, such as the one we pursue, have before now been found hidden in the houses of they who call themselves staunch Royalists. Therefore I ask of you to open the door, lest we break it down. I would speak with whoever is master here."

"My father did only this very day in the early morning ride for Edinburgh; there is no one here save myself and the maids."

"Then, madam, you must yourself descend and open the door, rouse your household, and consent that I search the house. It may be for mere form's sake,

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"It was a fair face that smiled down
to her from the portrait"—p. 545

Drawn by
H. M. Brock.

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but such is my command. My men meanwhile shall search the stables, the grounds about the house, and the outhouses. It may be that we may yet come upon the fellow lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood." He spoke firmly, and Christian turned away from her window and obeyed his command in silence.

As she hastened down the staircase she paused in the shadow beside the big clock for a moment. "They come to search the house," she whispered, "and all that lies about it; but have no fear, trust in me, I shall save you." And back from the darkness came a faint, low reply:

"My life is in your hands. I trust it truly in your keeping."

A few moments later and Christian had unbarred the great door. The captain of the troop flung himself from his horse, and tossing the reins to a trooper, bade him keep watch at the door. The rest dispersed in the moonlight to hunt—vainly she knew with a thankful heart—for their prey.

In the dim light of the old stone hall, lit only by the moon, she faced the officer who thus dared to disturb the peace and doubt the loyalty of the House of Dunsmuir.

"The maids slumber through all this clamour," she smiled, with a brave show of indifference, "and therefore I ask you, is there any need to rouse them? They would run from you and your men like a flock of frightened hens. If you will accept it I will myself be your escort on your tour of inspection." She curtsied, and the soldier bowed low.

Lighting a candle, she escorted him through all the lower rooms of the house, talking, beguiling, smiling, charming him, bracing herself—did he but guess it—for that dreaded moment when he must first put a foot upon the staircase.

"No Covenanter here!" she smiled. "Ah, sir! think you for a second I would have the courage to hide rebels in my father's absence? I am too fearful of them. They are said to be a wild, fierce lot," she shuddered.

"They have this evening got that meted out to them which will keep them quiet for many a day, I trust," he said grimly, adding: "There has been a battle, madam, at Rullion Green; as the crow flies no such great distance from here; you may even have heard the guns?"

"Guns firing!" Christian clasped her hands. "Methought I did hear that which sounded as guns upon the evening air; but I took it to be thunder, and marvelled at such a thing on a November night."

"Guns, truly, madam, and fierce, desperate fighting."

"Fighting!" She repeated the word after him and shivered; the candlestick trembled in her hand. "And I alone, save for the maids! Sir, I am truly glad you are here. No wandering rebel will dare approach the house when you are in it."

He drew himself up proudly.

"No harm from any blood-thirsty Covenantanting rebel shall befall you whilst I am near you." He bowed low to her in the dancing candle-light. "Would that I could remain! but this search ended I must ride on with haste to rejoin the army."

"Then it may be I do but waste your time," she said regretfully, "and we must hurry to an end. It is but my selfish fear that would detain you." She smiled again, and had there been half the defeated army of the Covenant concealed amid the shadowy corners of the old drawing-room of Dunsmuir they were like to have escaped unnoticed, for the young soldier had but eyes for the girl who held the light and smiled to him across its flickering flame.

At last all of the ground floor was searched, no room was left unentered. Of a truth it is doubtful if the hunt for the rebel was as thorough as it should by rights have been. But the searcher had decided within his own mind that whatever else the old house held, it held no Covenanter escaping from the disastrous fight upon the green Pentland slope.

"And now, sir, you will mount to the second storey?" Her voice was gay and unconcerned, her eyes full on his admiring face.

"If it is your desire," he answered carelessly, and she, noting the change in him since she had first spoken to him from her open window, congratulated herself.

"You demanded to search the whole house," she replied; "what if you remembered more keenly the second storey after you had ridden hence, and deemed it wisest to return? 'Twill but save your time to search it now, and I—I am here to obey your command."

Bravely, though with leaping heart and

A STANDING STONE

pulses, she led the way forward through the wide arch that divided the staircase from the outer hall. Would he observe the clock ere she had time to play the card which from the first she had resolved to play? Her mind was full of tumult. The veil was torn from before her eyes. How he had come into her life she knew not; there seemed a cloud between her and that knowledge; but she knew that the man for whose life she strove was all the world to her.

She flashed another brilliant smile on the soldier at her side.

"Unless your men prove more fortunate 'tis an empty hunt I fear me you have ridden to at Dunsmuir, and I laugh, yes, laugh"—and her gay laughter rang clear as any child's—"at my father's face on the morrow, when I tell him of this night, and paint for him a picture of me, alone and unafraid"—how tender was the smile she shot across her shoulder at the word—"leading you, a soldier of the King, through all the house hunting for rebels by the light of a candle." She mounted the stair even as she spoke, and he, his eyes full on her, followed closely.

"Unafraid?" he whispered softly, and Christian acting, or it might be a little in good faith alarmed at the meaning of his voice, the ardour of its tone, hastened her steps, accomplishing more easily than she had dreamt of, what she had intended all along. She caught her foot against a step, stumbled, and fell forward, the silver candlestick dropping from her hand upon the stair, where the light guttered for a moment and then flickered out.

In an instant the young soldier was at her side. "Allow me, madam, to assist you." His voice was full of concern.

Christian's confusion was splendidly played. "My foot—I have caught it under me. It hurts—ah, sir—forgive me. And the light—it has gone out. Upstairs we will find another candle if you will help me, and we can continue—" Her voice choked and died away in a smothered sob.

"Madam, you are in pain. A plague upon all these psalm-singing sons of the Covenant," he cried, remorse and anger in his voice. "I am, for this night, done with them, and the search here goes unfinished for me. Let me help you to rise, and escort you to where we may waken one of your women."

"But the rooms of the floor above?" Christian tested her courage. "Had you not better hunt through them too?"

For answer he assisted her to rise, and she, leaning heavily on the arm he held out for her, waited breathless for his answer.

"This has been but a game between us from the start, madam. Outside my men may be more fortunate in their hunt; here I knew I had no chance of success."

And she felt a faint twinge of remorse, even though there shot through her a thrill of gladness that she had played her part so well.

They stood there, almost within touch of the clock that hid so strange and unaccustomed a guest in the shadowy corner behind it, and as she thought of the sad, white face, the wounds, the tragedy of the man she strove to shield, her remorse for this other faded.

"You are indeed good. If you will assist me to the floor above I will be most grateful. I will there call one of the women."

Without a word he half carried her up the long stair, and to Christian, hating the touch of his strong arms and the part she played, the old staircase had never seemed so long.

Above, on the broad landing, still leaning on him for support, she opened slightly the door of what she knew to be an empty room, and called aloud into the blackness on some maid she would have him believe lay sleeping within. Then hastily, lest he should guess her purpose, she closed it, turning to him again.

"And you, sir? What will you do? When the girl rouses—and rouse she will, she must have heard my voice—may I not bid her prepare a room for you? Your men can be quartered at the stables."

How she trembled for his answer.

"Would that it were possible; but I must be on my way at once. Even now, hark! my men have returned, and I fear no sound comes to me that suggests they have met with success."

Through the open window of her room, the door being ajar, and not far from where they stood in the dim light of the passage, they could hear the sound of horses trampling on the gravel before the house, and champing impatiently at their bridles.

"Madam, I must leave you." In the moonlight that drifted down through the

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high windows she caught a glimpse of his regretful face. "The pain of your foot, I trust——"

"It is already passing," she smiled brightly. "If I try, I believe I could light you to the hall below." She turned as if with intention to seek a light within the room behind them, and she did not forget to limp and utter a little gasp of pain.

"You shall not descend the stair again for me; if you will but stand on the landing and speak to me as I go," he said courteously, "I seek no other light."

With a bow, a kiss upon her hand, he left her side, and Christian, turning at his request, stumbled forward and stood watching him as he walked downstairs.

"Farewell, sir," she called, her voice rang out bravely, "better fortune to you when next you come a-hunting rebels at the House of Dunsmuir."

"When next I come to the House of Dunsmuir it will not be in quest of rebels," he answered back, spoke the words even as with upturned face, tender in the moonlight, and with spurs jingling, sword trailing at his side, he crossed the little square landing of stair where stood the big clock.

Christian shuddered. "May you rejoin the army soon, and gain the rest you deserve," she cried, then gave a little gasping sigh. He had passed the clock!

"When I do find rest—Heaven alone knows when it may be—I shall dream of Dunsmuir, and its mistress." With that he had come to the last step of the long flight; he paused, looked upward. "Farewell, madam."

"Farewell! Farewell!" she cried down to him from the shadows overhead. Then he was gone, jingling across the stone flags of the big hall. The woman above ran lightly, all thought of her injured foot gone, to the window of her room. She was in time to see him mount. He looked up, saw her standing there, and waved his hat. Another moment he had ridden up the long avenue at the head of his men.

She waited until the tread of the horses' feet rang out clear from the highway, and by that she knew the man she had shielded was indeed safe.

Lighting a candle, she hurried to the staircase.

"All danger is over. The soldiers are gone," she said softly, and out from the

corner of black shadow he came to her side.

"You have saved me." That was all; but a lifetime of thanks, a lifetime of devotion, was in the voice.

"I did but do my best," she answered, and all the gay indifference that she had meted out to the young soldier was gone. "I did but do my best for you, for you," she repeated softly. "And now there can be no delay. Any moment these men could, if they thought of it, return to search the rooms here that were left unsearched. You must go to some safer spot."

"I have no words with which to thank you." He spoke low, and suddenly Christian knew that he was kneeling at her side. "Best and dearest," he raised her hand to his lips, "you have saved me this night from a cruel and bloody death. Death awaits me, I know too well. What chance have I, wounded, hunted, and homeless among these hills? But for all the days yet left to me I shall think upon you—bless your name; and in my grave itself I shall not forget you."

Christian set aside her candle on the wide ledge of the window. She bent down and laid her hand upon his dark head.

"These are sad times for such as we," she whispered. "How shall I know what befalls you? How know if truly you are gone to the rest of that grave you speak of?" The quiet tears were running down her cheeks.

"There will come some sign of me—something that you will understand, believe me." He rose, drew her into the embrace of his unwounded arm. She turned her face to his. "Through all the years to come I shall remember you, none other face shall blot yours from my thoughts."

His lips touched hers, hopelessly, passionately. Then it seemed to Christian as if a sudden mist arose and shut him from her sight; she no longer felt the clasp of his arm about her. The mist cleared, and as it cleared she looked about her in amazement.

She sat in the big chair in her own bedroom. On the dressing-table the candles flickered in the faint, chill breeze that came in through the open window. Was he gone? Was he safe? The wounded man, whom she knew was the man in all the world most dear to her.



"In a very short time she had, with deft, quick fingers, dressed and bound his wounds"—p. 548.

Drawn by
H. M. Brock.

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She sprang to her feet, and as she did so, found herself standing before her mirror. She gave a little choking cry; the past had indeed faded. The lovely young Christian Dunsmuir of those older days was gone, gone as the passing of a dream; before her stood reflected the one she knew, elderly, staid, grey-haired. Had it all then been but a dream? And yet how very real had it all seemed. "If I could but know the ending; if I, as I was in those days of my dream, ever again met with the man I hid in the shadow of the stair. I wonder." So she mused to herself, and at last sought her rest, hoping it might be that once again those same strange visions would return to her; but instead she slept as quietly, as undisturbed by any passing dream as usual. When she woke it was to ponder, again and again, on that first vivid dream, that had not seemed as a mere dream, which had come to her so suddenly the evening before.

The day glided as quietly past as did most of Miss Dunsmuir's days, and she thought again many times of her vision. At last she felt impelled to search among the old, dusty volumes in her cupboard to see if by any chance she might stumble on any word of what had happened in the end to that girl whom she grew to believe had been herself. And she did not search in vain, for after some time she opened a little book closely written within in fading ink.

It was a written day-book—very precious, very private—belonging to that other Christian Dunsmuir, whose portrait hung on the drawing-room wall.

It was filled with all sorts of little odd scraps, and girlish news, very tender and pitiful to the woman who read them so many generations later.

The first entry that seemed to her more carefully written was one that was dated the 29th of November, and the date of the year on the first page of the little book was 1666. Miss Dunsmuir gave a quick little exclamation and turned hastily to a calendar that hung by her side. Yes! that day was November 29th, "and last night," she said aloud softly, "was the night of the 28th." She paused for a moment lost in thought, the diary fallen in her lap. Then she nodded wisely. "Of course, how stupid of me; there was a battle in the Pentlands on the 28th of November, 1666; the battle of Rullion Green." She repeated

the name slowly, "Rullion Green." Had she not heard of it last from those two men—in her dream? "It was no dream," she said defiantly, "I became my old self again, lived once more through those vivid burning moments." Then with shining eyes she read:

"None shall ever, can ever, know what befell me yester eve. I would fain write it all down here, so that I myself may read and re-read it. My father had ridden to Edinburgh; I did not expect his return till this day. I was not altogether at rest to be thus left alone save for the maids. Strange rumours came to us even here at the House of Dunsmuir. I knew that the Covenanter host were up in arms, and that the King's soldiers, under General Dalzell, were waiting to do battle with them. In the evening I thought I heard a sound that was like to guns far away, and at times it might have been but the rattle of thunder, but who ever heard of thunder on a chill November night? I had sought my room, and was already there for the night, when a sound upon my window startled me. I looked out and beheld a man, muffled in a big cloak and with a cloth bound about his head. He called to me, and as he called, the moon, shining of a sudden from behind a cloud, revealed his face. It was none other than the young minister whom I have met more than once at the house of my Aunt Jean in Edinburgh. He besought my aid, and I descended to the door and let him into the house."

Miss Dunsmuir as she paused looked about her with wide, puzzled eyes. All she read there was what had happened to her in her strange experience the night before. "I did not remember, though, that I had met him at my Aunt Jean's," she thought with a sad little smile. She continued to read, and it was an accurate account of all that she already knew. The story told in faded ink, the thin, pointed writing, was what had happened to her, word for word, action by action.

"If I could but know the end?" she said. "Did he return, or did I, as I then was, never see or hear of him again?" She recalled the legend that the Christian of the picture had had but a sad life, and not a very long one; that she had never married; and she felt that indeed he had returned no more to the House of Dunsmuir.

A STANDING STONE

She turned over the pages of the little book, and there, on a page that closed it with these words, "My heart is truly broken," she found the ending to the story.

"He said that night when he left me, 'And in my grave itself I shall not forget you,' and I know he spoke truly, for I believe that he is at rest, and the sign he spoke of that should come to me, has come.

"Yester morning there came to the house old Bruce, the shepherd, from the Spittal Rig. He demanded speech with my father, but in his absence I saw him. He had a tale of some Covenantanter who had crept to his cottage for shelter within a day or two of that bloody fight at Rullion Green—now some two weeks past. Many have been taken, many found wounded and dead; but this one seems to have crawled wearily to old Bruce's cottage in safety. He was dying from his wounds—from loss of blood and starvation—ere the old shepherd and his wife, touched by his sorry plight, took pity on him, and he quickly sank. He hardly spoke, gave no name; muttered over of the fight at Rullion Green. But as he died he spoke at the last with some clearness. These, according to old Bruce, are the words he uttered: 'I go to the rest denied me here in Scotland. Bury me, I beseech of you, on the hill-side, with my face turned towards that direction where lies the House of Dunsmuir.' That was all. He spoke no more, gave no clue as to his name, his history; but the good shepherd obeyed his last request. He buried him up on the ridge of hill beyond his cottage, from where one may look down upon this house. And because he had spoken only that one name, Dunsmuir, given but that one slender clue, Bruce had come to tell us of it. He had thought that we might know something of the poor young man. And do I not know who it is who lies buried

there upon the Spittal Rig? His sign has truly come to me. In his nameless grave, with but the stone above it that old Bruce set there in pity, he watches over me, I know, and in the peace of Paradise yet remembers me. My heart is truly broken."

And with those words the record ended. Miss Dunsmuir set the book aside and wept.

Later she recalled having heard how many a cairn upon the bare hill-sides marked the nameless grave of some dead Covenantanter, and she resolved in the spring days to climb to the summit of Spittal Rig, and look for just such a cairn. If so be she could find one that lay within a distant view of the old grey House of Dunsmuir then would she know who slept beneath.

And at no distant date did Miss Dunsmuir keep her promise to herself. She found the ruin of some ancient cottage, and she wondered sadly if it had been the home of that old shepherd Bruce, who had taken pity on the hunted, dying man. A little farther on up on the bleak, bare line of hill, she spied a big grey stone standing sentinel upon the moor. Quickly she reached it, and looking downward into the valley she spied her own dwelling. "This is then his resting-place, and I pray he sleeps sweetly after hard warfare, dreaming, if such things may be, of Christian Dunsmuir."

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she stood there—tears for the sorrow, and the wounds, and heartache of two who had lived, and loved, and died over two hundred years before; and there came to her mind two lines of a poem that had never seemed so appropriate as when she said them aloud up there upon a ridge of the Pentland Hills, by the stone that she knew marked the grave of the nameless Covenantanter:

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor."



THE PRICE OF COCOA AND RUBBER

In Hard Cash and Human Suffering

By JOHN H. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

It should be generally realised that the Rubber Atrocities are by no means at an end. Quite recently the attention of the civilised world has been called to another scandalous ill-usage of a native population—that connected with the *serviçaes* in the Portuguese "Cocoa" islands off West Africa. I have asked the Rev. J. H. Harris to let my readers know exactly how these two questions stand at the present time, and what is our responsibility in the matter. Mr. Harris has investigated matters for himself on the spot, and is one of the foremost authorities on the questions he deals with.

COCOA, ready for the table, costs half-a-crown a pound, and rubber for our motor-cars can be bought for anything from three shillings to seven and sixpence per pound, but the cost of certain qualities of both products cannot be measured in pounds sterling, for they are procured through the blood and tears of suffering humanity! For this civilisation has a definite responsibility which cannot be shirked. To Great Britain belongs at once the privilege and the solemn duty of stepping forth as the champion of the oppressed.

The Price of Cocoa

Is there any sweet-meat so delightful as chocolate? Is there any beverage so gratefully refreshing and so health-giving as a cup of fragrant cocoa? What wonder Carl Linnaeus gave to it the name "Theobroma"—the food of the gods, or that Montezuma, that tragic figure in Mexican history, had a daily

supply of 2,000 jars brought into his palace! But to its production to-day tragedy attaches, which for over thirty years has spelled broken hearts and premature death to thousands of African men, women and children.

The Portuguese cocoa islands of San Thomé

and Principe are situated in the Gulf of Guinea, some two days' steam from the "Black Republic" of Liberia. The combined area of the two islands is less than that of the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Man, yet from their 400 square miles the world obtains its largest consignment of cocoa beans, which, by reason of their uniform quality, are specially attractive to cocoa and chocolate manufacturers.

These Portuguese islands, so highly productive, provided by a bountiful Providence with crystal streams, luxuriant vegetation, and a soil which needs only to be tickled to give forth abundant harvests of tropical produce, are



Cocoa Pods Growing: St. Thomé.

THE PRICE OF COCOA AND RUBBER



Entrance to a Cocoa Roça on the Island of Principe.

under a curse—for man is not fruitful, does not replenish or multiply himself. Since Portugal has possessed the islands, no thriving population has existed and for five centuries the lack has been met by the shipment of slaves.

On the 10th of December, 1836, a royal decree was issued from Portugal, forbidding slave traffic in Portuguese Colonies, but like most regulations issued to the Colonies of the Latin Republic, it was, and is, persistently violated. The Portuguese are a very ingenious race, and by calling the slaves shipped to the islands, *serviçaes*, they cheat their easy consciences, and their still more easy officials, into the belief that by changing the word, the system of slave owning, and slave trading, was thereby abolished; the one thing they have yet to learn is that in the long run civilisation cannot be defeated by a change of words.

A Veritable Slave Trade

In a White Book* recently issued by the British Government, Mr. Consul Mackie tells us that since 1888 no less than 67,614 of these *serviçaes* have been brought from

Central Africa and shipped to the cocoa islands. This able British representative boldly brushes aside the subterfuge of the word *serviçal*, which implies contract labourer, in the following sentence: "It would obviously be useless to argue that the '*serviçal*' is not a slave merely because he is provided with a legal contract, renewable at the option of his employer, in which he is officially proclaimed to be free."

Sir Edward Grey, who never uses the English language lightly, says* that information he had "received from private sources placed *beyond doubt* the fact that it had been the custom for natives to be captured in the interior by people who were really slave dealers; the captured natives were then brought down to the coast and sent to work in the Portuguese islands."

These words, incorporated in an official dispatch, be it remembered, apply to the majority of those 67,000 slaves, and also to the many who have been smuggled across to the islands in the numerous little sailing craft which run to and fro from the African coast.

To understand something of the cost of this cocoa, the reader must bear in mind

* Code 6322.

* Code 6322.

THE QUIVER

that before the year 1888 there were not less than 15,000 slaves on the islands, for the shipment of which we have no records; these, coupled with the smuggling, should give a total slave population of the two islands to-day as something over 85,000, even if the death rate were only balanced by the birth

always able to obtain arms and ammunition with which to raid hostile tribes, with, of course, the paramount object of capturing men and women whom they might in turn sell to the planters of the mainland or the islands. Thus it comes about that the whole of the Angolan regions are to-day permeated with slavery.



Section of Slave Quarter in Rear of Old Slave Trader's House, Catumbela, Angola.

rate. What has happened to these 85,000? By vigorous agitation some 2,000 have been liberated and returned to the mainland, and about 35,000 remain in slavery, giving a discrepancy of 28,000—which means that the cocoa obtained from these islands during the last twenty-five years has caused the untimely death of nearly 30,000 men, women and children: it means more.

From whence came this stream of enslaved humanity? The majority of them were raided in Central Africa, and nothing is more pathetic than the story the wretched slaves tell to-day of the tragedy of their capture, and that long march of years ago to the coast. The purchase or capture of the slaves is based upon a prevailing system of native slave owning in the Angola and Belgian Congo territories. The Belgians have done nothing to abolish this scandal in their territory, whilst the Portuguese have fostered it. Throughout the vast hinterland of these territories the purchase of slaves is always possible, and with Portuguese slave traders traversing the regions the native tribes were

A Fatal March

From these territories are derived the men, women and even children who people the cocoa farms, or roças, of San Thomé and Príncipe, driven along in gangs, chained by day and shackled by night, spending sometimes a whole year traversing that road from Central Africa to the coast. Pen can never portray, tongue can never tell, the daily horrors of that march, along the scorching plains, with sometimes never a drop of water to drink, until the tongues of the wretched slaves, swollen and hard, protrude from their mouths. The forests and marshes, though sheltering them from the burning sun, exacted a terrible toll of human life, and the slaves, plunging into those fetid swamps, oft-times sleeping in them, quickly fell victims to pulmonary troubles and speedy death.

The Last Fortnight

It was, however, the last fortnight which always proved the most fatal of the whole march. From the Cuanza River to Moshika is a tract of desert country some 250 miles in extent, over which we are told whitening bones of dead slaves are everywhere scattered. Mr. Nevinson, after his memorable journey in 1905, wrote:

"That path is strewn with dead men's bones. You see the white thigh bones lying in front of your feet, and at one side, among the undergrowth, you find the skull. These are the skeletons of slaves who have been unable to keep up with the march, and so were murdered or left to die."

Mr. Burt, the commissioner of the cocoa

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THE PRICE OF COCOA AND RUBBER

firms, met a Portuguese slave trader in 1905 who admitted that if he could get five out of ten slaves in a saleable condition to the coast he thought himself fortunate, but that very often he could not manage to get more than two out of every ten to the ports of embarkation. Thus, to the 70,000 shipped to the cocoa islands since 1888 we must add a "wastage" of at least another 70,000, which, coupled with those 30,000 who have died prematurely on the islands, give the cost of cocoa production on those two islands during a quarter of a century at over 100,000, including men, women and children.

This is no story of a bygone day. The slaves are to-day on the islands denied liberty to return to their homes, whilst on the mainland slave trading, and more particularly slave owning, is a crime of the moment.

Only a few months ago, whilst walking along the Atlantic shore, near Novo Redondo, I met a woman who had just arrived from the interior, and upon opening conversation with her, found that she had been brought with others by slave dealers all the way from the Congo territory, that for twelve months she had been on the march, during which time she had passed through the hands of three middlemen, just as an ox or a cow, until, at last, here she was ready for sale to the highest bidder. A few weeks later I had crossed the sea to the cocoa islands, and met numbers of slaves whose incessant cry was: "Give us liberty"; "Set us free that we may go home."

Kidnapped Children

Many of these slaves had been taken from their homes when quite little children; some were kidnapped when fishing or hunting, others, having strayed from their village, had been seized and carried off by the slave

traders hidden in the village gardens; one young man had been made drunk in Benguela, and then carried off; another was charged with killing a white man's duck, and his person claimed to pay for it in life-long slavery! Such are the accounts, replete with the fullest detail, which these slaves tell of the manner in which they became enslaved, but as they tell their story they frequently break out impatiently with the appeal: "Why talk of the past? Give us, oh, give us liberty!"

British responsibility towards these people is indeed a grave one. In 1885 the European Powers signed the following declaration:

"Seeing that trading in slaves is forbidden in conformity with the principles of international law, as recognised by the Signatory Powers, and seeing also that the operations which, by sea or land, furnish slaves to trade ought likewise to be regarded as forbidden,



Angola Slaves on San Thomé.

the Powers which do or shall exercise sovereign rights or influence in the territories forming the Conventional basin of the Congo, declare that these territories may not serve as a market or means of transit for the trade in slaves, of whatever race they may be. Each of the Powers binds itself to employ all the means at its disposal for putting an end to this trade and for punishing those who engage in it."

This Article applied primarily to the

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Conventional basin of the Congo, the very area from which the Portuguese drew most of the slaves now in their territories. It will, of course, be argued—and logically argued—that the foregoing Article is no more binding upon Great Britain than upon Italy, Germany, France or Denmark. But the damning fact is that no single one of the fourteen signatories to that Article can insist upon carrying out the obligations imposed by the General Act of Berlin, without being confronted with the maritime and land forces of Great Britain, for by the Treaty of London, made in 1373, confirmed by Charles I. in

playing ball with lumps of coagulated rubber, little dreamed that the rubber they tossed to and fro so playfully would one day spell murder for countless thousands of their fellow countrymen in South America and Central Africa. Yet the loss of native life in the extortion of wild rubber finds its only parallel in the destruction of humanity caused by fifty years of slave-raiding in the Dark Continent.

The great boom in rubber began about 1885, although it was apparently not until five years later that the astute King Leopold realised the "possibilities" of the Congo product. In 1830, Great Britain imported less than twenty-five tons, last year her total consumption was something like 50,000 tons. Until recent years the bulk of the rubber used by civilisation has been obtained from the wild trees of the forest—the *Funtumia* tree and *Landolphia* vines of West Africa, and the quick-growing *Hevea* of South America. It is estimated that West Africa alone has within the last twenty-five years exported no less than 250,000 tons of rubber at a cash value, in Europe, of something like seventy million pounds sterling.



Lulua Men pounding Rubber: Kasai District.

1642, and again by Oliver Cromwell in 1654, and more recently by Mr. Balfour's Ministry, a firm alliance was made between the two nations by which Great Britain is pledged "to defend and protect all conquest of Colonies belonging to the Crown of Portugal against all its enemies as well future as present."

Thus the Union Jack of Old England is made to cast its protecting folds over Portuguese Colonies maintained by slave labour. It behoves British public opinion to wake up with some alacrity to the menace which this alliance constitutes against all that is noblest and best in British history.

The Price of Rubber

The simple Indians discovered by the lieutenants of Columbus four hundred years ago,

The amount received by the tribes of South America and Africa for this rubber during the last quarter of a century would probably be less than thirty millions, whereas the total imports of rubber to Europe and North America have been considerably over £300,000,000. It must also be borne in mind that the natives both in South America and Africa seldom received cash in return for their produce, but in the vast majority of cases trumpery articles of little intrinsic value. Sir Roger Casement recently laid some of these before the Select Committee of the House of Commons now inquiring into the Putumayo atrocities. One parcel exhibited to the Committee contained a dozen articles, including an old shirt, a rug strap, a knife, a felt hat, a muzzle-loading gun, and a few trinkets, the whole lot

THE PRICE OF COCOA AND RUBBER



Mr. Harris conversing with Three Rubber Workers in the Baringa Lopari District, Upper Congo.

probably unsaleable in Europe at any price, worth at the most a few shillings, yet the wretched Indians in Peru were compelled to bring in for this parcel of trash no less than £350 worth of rubber!

In the Putumayo, as in the Congo, the systems of rubber collection had much in common, both were deliberately planned, both extorted wild rubber by force of arms, both were frightfully destructive of human life, and both systems rested upon the same vicious claims that the indigenous rubber was not the property of the inhabitants, but of the white concessionaires.

The *modus operandi*, however, differed in certain important respects. In South America, the Indian was and is invited to purchase "on credit" some trumpery article—it might be a cup, knife, or an old hat. Once he has done so, the "merchant" claims him as "my debtor," "my Indian," or "my peon," and forthwith sets him to work to redeem the debt, which by a diabolical system of imposing interest and additional "credit" becomes inflated beyond possibility of liquidation. By this time the unfortunate Indian has become body and soul the property of the "merchant." The law recognises the system, permits imprisonment without trial, permits "hunts" for runaway Indians, and has made provision for the inheritance and sale of these debtors. In short, the whole system of slavery and

the slave trade has been revived under new titles.

In the Congo territories, the concessionaire companies extorted the wild rubber by claiming it in lieu of a taxation, which, by the way, had no existence in law. As in South America, the whites profited by the amount of rubber they extorted from the native tribes. The lever used to force the rubber was that of taking as hostages men and women, with the object of compelling their relatives to bring quantities of rubber

the limits of which were only the avarice of the degenerate whites.



Native of Kasai District with his Loads of Rubber for Sale.

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The atrocities of Peru and the Congo were, and in Peru still are, committed in the main in capturing "runaway" natives. In the Congo a brutal and often cannibal soldiery, organised and paid by the companies, would raid village and forest to capture, with the aid of rifles and bullets, men and women to serve as hostages. King Leopold's own Commission of Enquiry admitted that these raids were often "very murderous"; not infrequently the village streets of the Congo after such a raid would be covered with scores of dead and dying men, women, and even little children. To the death roll so caused must be added the larger one composed of those who died in the hostage houses, and to these again the still larger one of those who perished in the forests from exposure and starvation.

Henry Stanley estimated the Congo population at 40,000,000; that is at the rate of only forty persons per square mile, but the intrepid explorer undoubtedly somewhat over-estimated the population, although it must be admitted that all existing data tends to confirm Stanley's estimate. If, however, we allow that the Congo originally possessed only 20,000,000, and accept the latest official estimate and census, it shows that the price paid for Congo rubber in the loss of human life under the regime of King Leopold was about 12,000,000 of people. During the palmy days of rubber production a total of 70,000 tons of rubber was extorted by violence from the Congo basin, which gives the appalling figure of over 171 lives for every ton of rubber produced.

In Peru the extraction of rubber has in the aggregate been less murderous, but in detail the crimes have in many cases been more horrible than anything ever committed in Central Africa. The charges are no longer in dispute, the truth is admitted even by the directors of the Peruvian Amazon Company. It is admitted that the natives have been burned alive with kerosene, hacked in pieces, or beheaded, and that the "sports" of the holiday seasons, such as Good Friday and

the Saints' Days, included "practice" upon Indian boys and girls with pistols at short range, the writhings and tortures of the sufferers being met with guffaws and drinking as further bullets were poured into the bleeding bodies of the victims.

It is estimated that by these means the population of the Putumayo alone had been reduced* from 50,000 in 1900 to less than 10,000 people in 1910. During that period of ten years 4,000 tons of rubber, valued at about £1,200,000, were extorted from the Putumayo, or £300 per ton in cash value. But, according to the foregoing figures, every ton of Putumayo rubber costs something like ten human lives.

Great Britain's Responsibility

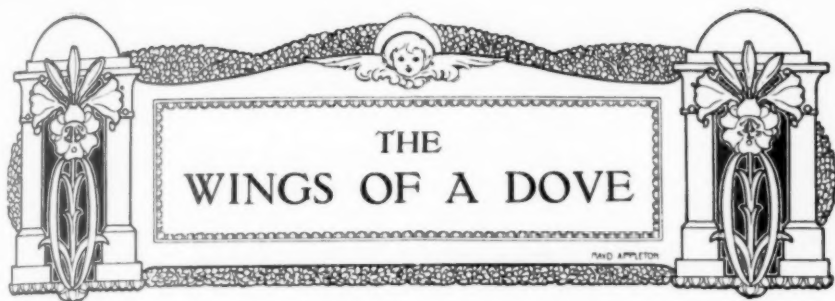
Upon Great Britain rests no light responsibility for the situation in the Putumayo. The company was largely financed by British shareholders, the system was maintained, and many of the atrocities committed, whilst British directors were in control of the operations. The rubber was, and is to-day, being brought to Liverpool in the bottoms of British ships, and, finally, many of the worst crimes were committed by coloured British subjects recruited by the Peruvian directors from Barbados. To the lasting honour of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey it must be recognised that everything possible has been done to expose this crime, a Select Committee of the House of Commons is now sitting, not only to inquire into the questions of responsibility, but also to ascertain by what means British law can be strengthened to prevent any repetition of atrocities in connection with British capital and labour. Other means are being taken to alleviate the condition of the Putumayo Indians, but the most powerful means of all rests with public opinion—an alert and sustained exposure and criticism of Peruvian methods will arrest the flow of British and American capital to Peru, and that spells ruin to Peruvian industries.

* Code 6269.



MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS NUMBER

The May issue of "The Quiver" will be a special Mothers and Daughters Number. Please tell your friends about this.



By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

THE sun streamed through the stained-glass windows of the cathedral in a flood of rainbow-coloured light; it fell on the old grey walls; it fell on the stone-flagged aisle where half-obliterated letters marked the resting-places of the dead; it fell on the close-packed lines of human faces, where young and old, plain and beautiful, strong and sickly, wore for the moment a common likeness, by virtue of the look of rapt attention that rested upon one and all.

"Oh! for the wings—for the wings of a dove!
Far away—far away would I rove;
In the wilderness build me, build me a nest,
And remain there for ever, for ever at rest!"

Up and up went the boy's voice, soaring away to the highest pitch of the vaulted roof, wafted hither and thither as on the wings of a wild desire, falling back to earth again with a sigh of unutterable longing. It was little wonder that people held their breath as they listened, for in that exquisite anthem Mendelssohn seized the cry of the human heart and set it to immortal music, and this was an ideal place in which to hear it, and an ideal voice was interpreting it in their ears.

It was Commemoration Week, and Oxford was crowded to its utmost capacity. Troops of mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts filled every hotel and boarding-house in the city, gay talk and merry laughter were to be heard in the streets, boats thronged the river, and all the windows of the grey old colleges were blazing with boxes of bright-lit flowers. A week of delight—that was the opinion expressed on all sides—and not the least of the delights was the sight of the cathedral on Show Sunday, packed with worshippers, and the strains of this delicious

music that seemed to float down from the very heaven itself.

Yet there was one among that multitude of eager listeners who had no thought of delight in his heart. Basil Wyndham sat with bowed head in the shadow of a great pillar, his elbow resting on his knee, one hand propping his forehead, while the other was clenched as if some mortal anguish possessed his frame.

There seemed to be no reason why he should not rejoice with the rest of the gay holiday crowd. His examinations had been brilliantly passed, at the coming Encenia he was to read his prize poem and to receive the well-earned applause of all his friends and acquaintances; a post in one of the great public schools was waiting for him when September came. Surely he, of all people, ought to be at the acme of happiness!

So Basil himself would have said yesterday afternoon, but between his feelings now and his feelings only twenty-four hours ago a gulf was fixed—a gulf deep, dark and impassable.

An orphan since his childhood, brotherless and sisterless, Basil had always stood alone in the world; but, happily for him, he had a gift for making friends, and since his father had left a sufficient sum of money for his education, he had little anxiety about his future. That he should work hard was, of course, a necessity, but this was a pleasure to him rather than otherwise; he loved work for its own sake, and if at times he felt weary, he spurred himself on again with the reflection that college terms swept by only too swiftly, and that his chance of distinguishing himself would soon be gone by for ever. If he had had a mother to look

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after him during the vacations he would no doubt have been warned in time that the headaches that worried him so perpetually must not be ignored as if they were of no importance; but, as it was, he went on his way unheeding, conscious of nothing but the over-mastering ambition that devoured him as with a flame.

And then a day came when quite suddenly, as he was crossing his room to get a book, the power of vision deserted him; it was not that his sight became dim, it was that for a few moments he saw nothing, while a horrible pain tore at the back of his eyeballs and made him absolutely faint and sick.

It was over immediately, and looking round his familiar room again, he asked himself whether he had not been under the power of some strange and dreadful dream; it was not real, it could not be real, for now that it had passed by he saw as well as ever, and the terrific pain which made him shudder even in remembrance, had disappeared so completely that he could not believe that it had ever existed.

So he shrugged his shoulders and put the whole thing out of his mind, and a day went by, two days, three days, a week—and then on the Saturday before Commemoration began he hurried downstairs to breakfast, intent on the interests and pleasures that lay before him, and as he did so the crushing, grinding pain had hold of his eyes once more, and he sank back in his chair, ashen pale and trembling from head to foot.

It was longer this time before the attack passed over, and even after it was gone he could not recover his nerve. What was this deadly enemy that lay in waiting for him at every turn? He could not rest without knowing, and that same afternoon he went round to the house of a doctor whose skill as an oculist he happened to have heard commented on.

The pain had quite gone now, and he was ready to laugh at his own fears and let himself be put down in a chair in the dark room while a blinding light poured into his eyes. The examination was a long one, and it was followed by a searching inquiry as to his ways of life, hours of work, general health and family history.

"Well, you must come back to me in a day or two," said Dr. Fergusson at last. "I will give you a prescription, and we must

try and build you up a little. You have been working too hard, and I dare say you have not——"

But Basil stopped him with a nervous clasp on his arm.

"I would rather know the truth," he said. "You mean it kindly, I am sure; but you are keeping something back, and suspense will only drive me distracted."

He was determined to have an answer, and Dr. Fergusson recognised the fact.

"You have a right to know if you wish it," he said, "but I would rather that you had given me time to strengthen you up a little first. You have a disease of the nerves at the back of the eye, and I fear that there is nothing to be done for it."

"That means that I shall go blind?" said Basil in a low voice.

"I wish that I could tell you anything else," said the doctor compassionately; "but you say that you would rather know the truth."

"Yes, it is better to know the worst. How much longer shall I be able to see? Can you tell me that?"

"No, I cannot tell you that," said the doctor, looking with infinite pity at the white, set face before him—so young in its outlines, so old in its expression of misery. "You may go on for some time yet, or, on the other hand, your powers of vision may suddenly desert you. You must do everything to keep up your strength; eat well, sleep well, don't worry about anything——"

He paused abruptly, struck with the futility of his own advice; but Basil answered him without any sign of emotion.

"I will do my best. I have to read my prize poem in the Sheldonian on Wednesday; but after that I will go and stay with some friends in the country and see what quiet and fresh air will do for me."

"He shows splendid pluck!" said the doctor to himself, but aloud he only remarked: "That will be a good plan; but you must come in and see me again before you leave Oxford, and in the meantime you must take the medicine for which I will give you a prescription."

A curious sense of unreality oppressed Basil as he descended the steps of the doctor's house and walked slowly along the street that led to his lodgings; he felt as if he had received a death-warrant, yet he could not bring himself to believe that the

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doom would actually descend upon him—there was some ghastly mistake somewhere—and with a sudden effort he threw his fears aside and told himself that he would think no more about it until the day was over on which so much depended.

For much did indeed depend upon that day, although the poems had already been judged and the prize awarded. For some months past a love, deep, strong and tender, had been growing up in his heart, and now that he had secured an excellent post he had persuaded himself that he had the right to

speak of it. Erica Trent was a star far above him, but after she had heard him read his poem, might it not be possible that she would vouchsafe to listen to him? Her brother Robert had been his chief friend at St. Theobald's College, and on more than one occasion he had gone home with him to spend part of the vacation. Robert Trent was far less clever than Basil Wyndham, but he had all the things that Basil lacked—fond parents, a loving sister, a beautiful home, and ample means at his disposal. General Trent was a distinguished soldier—a bit of a martinet, but respected by all with whom he had to do. Basil wondered, sometimes, how he could ever have had the audacity to think of falling in love with his daughter; but all the same he had thought of it, and the thought was

with him night and day, not lulling him into idleness, but spurring him to activity; his college successes were not enough; he must strain every nerve to rise in his profession—form-master, house-master, head-master—his imagination ran through all the steps and landed him at last at Eton itself, monarch of the premier school in the land.

If Dr. Fergusson's verdict was a correct one, that day-dream was at an end for ever. But it could not be correct—it should not be—and putting it resolutely away from him he gave himself up once more to the delights



“That means that I shall go blind?”
said Basil in a low voice.”

Drawn by
Gallio Salmon.

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of anticipation. They were to arrive on Tuesday, and there were only two days more to live through before he should see her, before the tones of her voice fell like music on his ear. His heart beat fast at the prospect, and he began once more to rehearse the lines of his poem in preparation for the moment when he should stand up to read it in the presence of her whom he loved.

His dreams were sweet that night, in spite of the doom that had been pronounced upon him, and when he went down to breakfast next morning, with all the bells of Oxford ringing, and the sunlight streaming down upon her spires and towers, he told himself that it had been a mere delusion, and laughed at the folly of his fears.

That happy conviction lasted all through the morning, and when some friends called in during the afternoon and asked him to go with them into Christ Church meadows, he acquiesced directly. He was chatting away with them in the most light-hearted way as they passed in under Tom Tower and crossed the great quadrangle, and then as they turned towards the archway that leads to the cloisters the words died suddenly on his lips and he stood ashen-hued, great drops upon his forehead.

"Hallo, Wyndham, what's the matter?" was the general cry, but in a minute or two he recovered himself and refused all their kindly meant offers.

"It must have been the sun," he said. "I am all right now, but I will go into the cathedral and sit down, it might come on again if I went to the river."

He would not let any of them stay with him, and turning in at the door close to which they stood, he crept into the most secluded corner he could find and let the waves of misery go over his head. It was true, after all; he had only been deceiving himself when he had declared that it was all a mistake and a delusion. What was the use of struggling and striving since he was bound to be defeated in the end?

The bells had begun to ring for the five-o'clock service, and, too wretched to move, he shrank closer into the shadow while the people streamed into the cathedral and filled up every available seat in aisle, transept and nave. The bells ceased at length, the organ pealed out, and the white-robed procession filed in from the vestry. The

service began, but prayer and praise alike passed over him and made no impression on his mind. It was only when the anthem began, and those wonderful strains of human sorrow and human desire for rest swept through the breathless hush that lay upon the congregation, that he came back from his trance of despair and realised his surroundings.

"In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest!"

Rest! That was what he longed for. His ambition was dead; there was no chance of success for one disabled as he was, in the cruel competition of this world, the rivalry, the stress and struggle of modern life—all that he could hope for was that he might be allowed some hiding-place in which he could shelter from the blasts of an adverse fate.

There were tears in many eyes as the boy's pure voice soared up again and again in eager flight, and again and again sank back like a wearied bird; but Basil had no wish to weep, his mood was wild and despairing, and when the service was over he sat on unmoved, his face hidden in his hands, a flood of bitter thoughts surging through his brain.

The cathedral was empty of all but a few stragglers when he looked up at last; the organist had finished his voluntary and the vergers were beginning to cast looks in his direction, as if to hint that he had sat there long enough. Dragging himself up from his seat, he passed slowly down the aisle, and made his way out again into the warm, sunlit air. He felt dazed, stupid, half-dead, but there was the true stuff of manhood within him, and even in face of this corroboration of the dread sentence that had been passed upon him, he told himself that he would not give in.

The next day passed uneventfully, and when Tuesday came he had so fully recovered his composure that he set out for the Mitre Hotel with scarcely a tremor. Robert had told him that his people were to arrive during the afternoon, and how eagerly he had looked to meeting them no one would ever know, since the story of his love must now remain for ever untold; but at least he would play his part well, and Erica should never guess that his heart was torn with anguish at the sight of her.

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A sound of gay voices greeted him as he entered the room. Robert had gathered together as many of his friends as he could to do honour to the occasion, and to Basil, in the worn state of his nerves, it seemed a confusing throng. Yet in reality he saw only one figure in the group, and it was only one voice that reached his ear. He had told himself that Erica was to be nothing to him from henceforward, but the first sight of her was more than enough to break down the barriers which he had striven so hard to erect. But this inward weakness only made him more guarded outwardly, and if he had not kept his eyes resolutely turned away from her face, he would have seen a look of surprise there when he greeted her with studied coldness.

"Here comes our hero!" cried Robert jovially, as he clapped his friend upon the shoulder. "You will hear him to-morrow, Erica, and you will see the St. Theobald's men applauding him to the echo! I have got tickets for you, but you had better be early at the theatre, for I hear that there is going to be a record crowd."

What she answered Basil did not clearly hear; it was all a bewilderment to him, and he made his escape as quickly as he could, with some vague excuse of preparations still to be made for the morrow.

"You ought to have made all your preparations before this," said Robert. "But never mind, we shall see you at the concert to-night."

They did not see him at the concert, for Basil spent the evening in the solitude of his own rooms. How could he face Erica, when the mere sight of her roused such a passion of longing within him that all his efforts hardly availed to keep back the words that rushed to his lips? No sleep came to his eyes that night, and when he set out for the great event next morning, his face was white and his look strained and tense.

The Sheldonian Theatre was a brilliant scene when Basil entered—ladies clad in all the hues of the rainbow were packed close upon the raised seats; members of the university in black gowns and red hoods filled the arena, while the upper gallery was crowded with vociferous undergraduates. Somewhere, amidst the throng, Erica was sitting. He did not wish to see her, the mere knowledge that she was there thrilled him with a painful rapture, but as chance

would have it, his eye fell upon her as he glanced up at the rostrum that he was soon to occupy; her golden hair and her white dress were lit up by a ray of sunlight from the opposite window, and he told himself sadly that it was like looking up at an angelic vision, throned far beyond his reach.

The opening of the great doors roused him from his thoughts, and the procession filed in—the mace-bearers, the Vice-Chancellor, the heads of houses in their scarlet robes—he watched them all with interest, and yet these picturesque, old-world figures were to him no more than shadows. It was Erica alone whose presence meant anything to him.

And now the Vice-Chancellor opened the proceedings with his Latin speech, the mace-bearers marched out again and returned with those who were to be presented with honorary degrees—a celebrated politician, an illustrious soldier, a learned historian, a foreign savant—the undergraduates had an appropriate greeting for each, and a subdued ripple of merriment ran round the ladies' gallery in answer to their sallies. The Public Orator finished his speeches, the Vice-Chancellor welcomed the newly-made doctors to their places on the benches near him, the winners of the Greek and Latin prizes read their compositions, and now the turn of the prize poem had come.

Basil stepped up into the rostrum and began to read, but it was well for him that he knew his lines by heart, for the words danced before his eyes, and he would have found it impossible to see them. His subject was the meeting of Milton and Galileo, and printed copies had already been distributed, read, and admired. The descriptions of the city of Florence were exquisite, and the portrayal of the young poet's emotions at sight of the aged astronomer was vivid and forceful; but as the poem neared its end more than one of those present looked up with a start of surprise—the parting speech of the youthful Milton was full of beauty as they had read it, but these lines of boding premonition, this promise that if the blindness that had fallen upon the astronomer should in the future darken the eyes of the poet, he would take courage from his example and still strive dauntlessly to fulfil his task in the world! This was something new, and as the verses flowed from the orator's lips their poignant pathos seemed to tell, not of

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Milton, but of his own personal experience. There was a breathless hush as he finished, and without waiting for the inevitable applause, Basil stepped down from the rostrum and disappeared from sight.

"What makes him look so ill?" asked Erica of her brother, under cover of the clapping hands and acclaiming voices.

"He is not ill," returned Robert; "it is enough to make a man look pasty to have to stand up and spout away in such a crowd as this. We had better wait a little before we try to get out; there is no hurry, for the luncheon at St. Theobald's does not begin until two o'clock. We can look round a little first, if you like."

Erica did like, for Oxford was new ground to her, and each one of its lovely buildings filled her with delight. The crowd had thinned off before they left the theatre, and as they turned into the cloister outside the Divinity School, Robert proposed that they should go up and look at the Bodleian Library.

"There would be just time to see it before lunch," he said to his father, who was walking with the other ladies of their party, and they passed out into the quadrangle without noticing that Erica was left behind.

It was no ancient inscription nor delicate stone tracery that had arrested her; it was the sight of Basil Wyndham, who leaned against the wall in the far corner, his eyes closed, his face drawn and white. The tension of the past days had reached its height when he stood up to recite his poem, and scarcely knowing what he did, his thoughts had rushed to his lips in words of burning eloquence; he did not feel as if he were uttering those wonderful improvised lines, it was rather that he listened to them as if they were being uttered by a power outside himself, and as they ended something seemed to fall before him like a curtain of crape, and groping his way down the stairs he went out into the air, intending to return to his rooms, but he had only taken a few steps when the dimness became absolute darkness, and he knew that the doom had descended upon him at last. To call for help was a humiliation that he could not face for the moment, and feeling his way along by the wall, he shrank into a corner and waited until the hurrying steps should have passed away and he should be alone.

"Oh! for the wings—for the wings of a dove!"

The words floated through his brain with a wild wave of longing, and at the same moment a touch fell upon his hand, a touch soft and light as the underside of a dove's wing. He started and trembled, then opened his eyes and gazed eagerly, but vainly, into the surrounding blackness.

"Basil, what is it?"

He knew that pleading voice, and with a sudden effort after self-control he drew his hand away and straightened himself up.

"It is nothing; I am all right," he began, but Erica interrupted him.

"Tell me the truth," she said, "directly I saw you yesterday I knew that there was something the matter. You will not try to deceive me?"

There was a sound of keen pain in her voice and Basil's heart throbbed wildly at the sound. Why should she be hurt if she did not love him, and how could he help rejoicing in that thought, even though he had told himself that her love was the last thing that he ought to desire? But his joy was speedily quenched again in the remembrance of what he had to tell her, and steadying himself with one hand on the wall, he spoke in a tone as cold and hard as he could make it.

"You must not worry about me," he said. "I have known for some time that my eyes were affected, and I have gone blind rather sooner than I expected—that is all."

There was silence when he had spoken, and he stood there in his helplessness, wondering what the effect of his announcement had been, wondering whether she had stolen away and left him to his fate. And then, in the midst of his misery, that soft, fluttering touch fell once more upon his hand, and her sweet voice sounded in his ear.

"Why do you try to hide yourself away from your friends?" she said. "Why do you speak to me in that tone? When you wrote to tell me about your poem you said that what you cared for most was that I should hear you read it. Are you sorry that you said that?"

And at those words a great storm of feeling gathered and broke in his breast. Vow himself to silence as he might, how could he refrain from speaking when the one being whom he loved above all others asked him if he regretted that half-veiled expression of his love?



"At the same moment a touch fell upon his hand. He started and trembled, then opened his eyes and gazed eagerly, but vainly, into the surrounding blackness."

Drawn
by
Basil Salmon.

THE QUIVER

"I am not sorry!" he cried passionately. "I am glad I said it—yes, glad, though I must never utter such words again as long as I live. I love you with all my heart, all my strength, and I would have worked for you, built up a career for your sake, made a home for you that should not have been altogether unworthy of you, if only you could have loved me in return. But all hope of that is over now, I am a useless log. There is nothing to be done for my eyes, and I must try to learn some way of earning just enough to keep me from being a burden on others."

His tone was bitter, but who could blame him for that? Not Erica, certainly; the shock of the news was overwhelming to her, but, true woman as she was, her thoughts were for him, and not for herself.

"You are not a useless log," she said, "you are a genius. I heard people saying so on all sides in the theatre, but I did not need anyone to tell me what I knew already. Even if it is true that nothing can be done for your eyes, you will never be a burden, for you have a great future before you, and"—her voice trembled and she paused a moment, then going a step nearer to him she whispered in his ear—"and I am going to share that future with you."

That old, dim cloister leading into the quadrangle of the Bodleian had doubtless heard many strange things in its time, but perhaps it was the first avowal of love that had been uttered under its arched and vaulted roof. To Erica, however, it seemed an ideal setting for a love story, and to the end of her life she thought of it as a gateway of Paradise.

What General Trent would say to his audacious request, Basil did not dare to think; but it was his courage under the staggering blow that had befallen him that appealed to the old soldier, and he did not refuse his consent.

"Erica has money of her own," he said, "and therefore I am not letting her run too great a risk. But I know that you will not wish to be idle, and you must turn your energies from teaching to writing; there is no doubt that you have a gift for it, and blindness need be no bar to success in literature."

It was no bar; it seemed, indeed, to Basil that the darkness that obscured his bodily sight had been allowed to fall upon him that his mental vision might be made the clearer, and when once Erica was his own, with him always to aid him in his work, and to save him from the countless worries and humiliations that blindness entails, his thoughts flowed with a freedom and a power that he had never dared to expect.

"I must dedicate it to you, because it is all yours," he said, when his first book of poems was ready for publication, and she sat beside him, putting the final touches to the proofs. "'To my wife, without whom this book would never have been written.' Have you set that down?"

"Yes," said Erica, laying her pen aside, "but there is one thing I want to ask you. I don't quite understand why you have called it 'The Wings of a Dove'—there is nothing about a dove in the book."

He stretched out his hand to her and she laid hers within it—the little soft hand that he loved so dearly, and as he held it in his he told her of that Sunday evening a year ago, and of the terrible despair that had flooded his soul as he listened to the words of the anthem.

"I longed to escape into the wilderness," he said, "to flee away from the pain and sorrow that overwhelmed me; and then you came to me, my darling, sent to me from Heaven like a dove winging its way through the flood and the storm, to find your home in my heart, and to make it for ever at rest."



THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT HYMN-SINGING

By VINCENT C. FEESEY

Other times, other controversies. There are still one or two Churches which ban the use of an organ, but Mr. Feesey takes us back to the times when to sing or not to sing was a burning question of the day to certain religious folk.

IT seems almost incredible to us with our wealth of hymnody, trained choirs, and special musical services, that there could ever be a time when the Church was vexed with a controversy as to whether or not singing was lawful. To sing or not to sing, that was the question.

Beginning of the Controversy

We can trace its beginnings in the doings of the ancient Church at Amsterdam. For the use of this Church, composed wholly of Nonconformists who had fled thither from England, Henry Ainsworth, the most learned man among them, published "The Book of Psalms, Englished in Prose and Metre," 1612, a copy of which may be seen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This direct incitement to sing in church, for the book had musical notes, stirred John Smyth, who later became the founder of the English Baptists, to indignation. He argued that the worship of the Church being spiritual, such adventitious aids as printed words, being signs, and, therefore, in the nature of ceremony, were wrong, pointing out that our Lord closed the book before he began to speak at Nazareth.

"We hold," he says, "that, seeing singing a Psalm is part of spiritual worship, it is unlawful to have the book before the eye in time of singing." Ainsworth replied to this in "A Defence." The question was taken up in England, and in 1673, Richard Baxter, of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" fame, referred to it in his "Ecclesiastics." He declares that he would not be associated with any Church where he would be shut out of this "noble work of praise," and he sums up in a pithy sentence:

"As it is lawful to use the comfortable help of spectacles in reading the Bible, so it is of music to exhilarate the soul towards God."

In a little collection of pamphlets in the

British Museum we can fight the battle over again, and realise how strongly those on both sides felt about the matter. The protagonists were Benjamin Keach and Isaac Marlow. Keach was pastor of the Baptist Church at Horsleydown, on the south side of the Thames (near Tower Bridge), from 1668 onwards. He believed with all his heart in singing, but being somewhat of a diplomat, he first induced his people to sing a hymn after the Lord's Supper, which they did for six years. Then they took to singing on public thanksgiving days as well. Some years later, the Church, with a few dissentients only, resolved to sing a hymn after the sermon, and then the controversy began. Isaac Marlow, one of the dissentient members, published a tract, "A Discourse against Singing," followed in a little while by the inevitable "Appendix." To this Keach replied in "The Breach Repaired in God's Worship, or the Singing of Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, proved to be an Holy Ordinance of Jesus Christ." A second edition, with Keach's portrait as frontispiece, appeared in 1700, with one or two other tracts appended.

A Memorable Church Meeting

In his "Epistle Dedicatory," Keach says:

"And on that Solemn Day when the Church would have it put up, to see how the Members stood affected about singing, almost everyones Hand was up for it, for to give Liberty to the Church at such times to sing. And when put up in the Negative, but 5 or 6 at most (as I remember) were against it. Did any one of you, at that time, say if we did proceed to sing at such times, you could not have communion with us? which if you had, I perceive the Church, nay, every one of us who had born our Burden for many Years would have born

THE QUIVER



"And on that Solemn Day when the Church would have it put up, almost everyones Hand was up for it"—p. 571.

Drawn
by
W. E. Webster

it a little longer. Besides, did not the Church agree to sing only after Sermon, and when Prayer was ended? And if those few Brethren and Sisters who were not satisfied could not stay while we sung, they might freely go forth, and we could not be offended with them; so far was the Church from imposing on the Consciences of any."

Keach is full of plain common sense.

Here is a bit of his argument in favour of the service of praise:

"When any Man is naturally filled with Joy and Gladness or sees extraordinary cause of rejoicing, he by a natural instinct falls into singing. All the world knows this is so. Now who is he on such occasions bound to rejoice in, sing to, but the Lord only, who gave him those good things he promiseth, or delivered him from those evil things he feared? and so upon the one account or the other filled his Soul with Joy and Gladness."

Marlow's answer is entitled "Truth Soberly Defended, a serious reply to Benjamin Keach's 'The Breach Repaired,' etc.," 1692. He seems to have been a melancholy soul, admirably fitted, in the phrase of the elder Weller, to "keep a pike," as witness the following extract:

"And therefore if particular souls, or the Church of

Christ in general, be in a State of Trouble and Affliction, they are so far incapable of the constant service of the Grace of Joy and consequently of continual spiritual Singing in the publick Worship of God, as their Troubles and Sorrows must needs exceed their Joys, and then the Graces and Duties suitable to that State should be in exercise as, Longsuffering, Patience, Faith of Reliance, Meekness, Watching, Praying,

THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT HYMN-SINGING

etc., which are more strongly enjoined and oftener pressed on us in the New Testament for our Constant Practice, than Singing is, and that because our Troubles and Sorrows are more constant than our Spiritual Raptures."

This being the case, he proceeds to sum up the arguments that are to pulverise Keach.

"So that . . . we are not able to sing with the Spirit and with the Understanding also, in the constant and publick worship of God, and to press it beyond the Understanding, proportion of Faith, and measure of the gracious Gift of the Holy Spirit when the other Graces should be in exercise, is a Sin . . . and therefore the Mode of artificial singing the Praises of God must be rejected."

Votes and Truth

Then nine members of the Horsleydown Church, presumably all the dissentients,

entered into the fray with a tract called "Truth Cleared of Calumnies, etc." They particularly resented Keach's statement regarding the Church vote quoted above:

"And whereas he says almost every ones hand was up for it, for to give Liberty to the Church at such times to sing: we say and own, they had the Majority, but we also say that we cannot understand that a major Vote is any proof of Truth; and if the Church of Christ must alter the Worship of God maintained by her, and bring in fresh pieces of Worship by major Votes, instead of Scripture and ground arguments from it, then the Church of Christ may in a little time become Antichristian."

A Songless Church

The nine whose names are appended to the tract then withdrew from the fellowship at Horsleydown, and formed a Church at the house of one of their number, Mr. Luke



"Allowing a little space for those brethren and sisters who are not for singing to go out of the meeting" — p. 573.

Drawn by
W. E. Webster.

THE QUIVER

Leader, on February 9th, 1693. This was the genesis of Maze Pond Chapel, Old Kent Road. Songless it remained until March, 1735, when in order to secure the settlement of a pastor who made singing a condition of his acceptance of the pastorate, they agreed to sing one Psalm at each service. Eighteen years later, in April, 1753, they "agreed that henceforward singing should be practised after as well as before sermon, and on all proper occasions."

It was probably this tract which inspired some of Keach's friends to publish "Truth Vindicated, or Mr. Keach's sober appeal answered, Wherein he is cleared (in respect of what he has wrote in his treatise intituled, 'The Breach Repaired') from the unjust accusation of Mr. Isaac Marlow. For the information and satisfaction of all, by S. W. J. C. and J. C., Lovers of Truth and Peace." There were several other tracts such as Joseph Wright's "Folly Detected," and "An Appendix, or a brief answer to Mr. Marlow's notion of the essence of singing by T. W., pastor of a Baptized Congregation," to mention only two of them.

Ordinary and Extraordinary

Marlow's final word was "The Controversie of Singing brought to an end," 1696. Two quotations from his "Author's epistle" very clearly define his attitude. "The controversy lyes herein, viz. 1. Whether the Saints were moved to the exercise of it in the Apostle's time, only as an extraordinary Spiritual gift, depending on Divine Inspiration, as some other gifts did, or that it was appointed as a constant Gospel-ordinance in the Church in an ordinary Administration. 2. In What External manner it was then exercised. Whether in a prestinted form of words made in Artificial Rhimes, or as the Spirit by his more immediate Dictates gave them utterance; and 3. Who was it that sang: whether the minister sang alone, or, with him a promiscuous Assembly of Professors and profane Men and Women, with united voices together."

He makes much of the difference between "the authority of God's Word" and "Men's Traditions" and then writes: "And therefore seeing this Practice can neither be justified by the Scriptures, nor as the simple Gift of Nature (as you will find it clearly manifested in the following Treatise), it has nothing else to support it but Humane Art, for it's

neither Scriptural, Spiritual, nor simply Natural, but Artificial Worship, that pleaseth Nature and not God: and if our People will have it right or wrong, they must answer for it at the Judgment seat of Christ, where I shall expect to stand the tryal of these Controversies with our Brethren.

"London August the 4th, 1676. I. M."

"A Feast of Fat Things"

Keach published, in 1691, a special book of his own hymns for the use of his people. There is nothing very striking about the hymns in "Spiritual Melody," as the first book was called; the doctrine is more to the author than the poetry. But in 1696 Keach published the last of his hymn-books, "A Feast of Fat Things Full of Marrow; containing several Scripture Songs, together with one hundred of Divine hymns, being the first century"—a use of the word which we now confine to cricket. Number thirty-seven is a revival hymn, of which two stanzas will be of interest.

*The harmless Turtle's pleasant voice
is heard Lord, in this place;
Let Figtrees put forth their green Figs,
young converts deck with grace.*

*Arouse! the Summer soon will pass,
your day of grace will end;
O come to Christ, whilst he doth call
and does his love commend.*

I give three stanzas of hymn number ninety-two:

"THE ROSE OF SHARON"

3. O Blessed Jesus, dost thou say,
Who'll have a Rose so sweet?
Who will refuse our Sharon's Rose
That knows its fragrant scent?

4. Upon the Cross thou wast Distill'd,
we taste in distillation,
The sweetness of the absent Rose,
by Faith and Acceptation.

5. Thou art a Rose, my soul's repose,
O let me never be,
My dearest Lord, a Thorn to thee
Who art so sweet to me.

Echoes of this controversy were heard up and down the land for years after, and as late as 1786, two Baptist ministers, the Revs. Daniel Taylor and Gilbert Boyce, fell to arguing the matter. Their disputation was notable for the latter's scornful question why sermons should not be sung, if words gained so much by being set to music?

Faded Records

One of the most interesting records of the controversy, which I have seen, is in an old

THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT HYMN-SINGING

record book of Devonshire Square Baptist Church, now at Stoke Newington. It is in the modern safe of this historic church, written in old-fashioned writing, in ink so faded as to be difficult to decipher. Two entries I have transcribed are typical of others to be found in old churches all over the country.

May 1, 1700. "The brethren met to consider a paper delivered unto the Church by some Brethren concerning singing and the

every Lord's day as followeth, that is to say, every Lord's day in the morning, and likewise in the afternoon after our public exercise of preaching and prayer is ended, allowing a little space for those brethren and sisters who are not for singing to go out of the meeting, and also for making the collection in the afternoon, provided that if there be any business which cannot be conveniently put off till our monthly day, that the same be managed and done before the brethren



Two Pages from
"A Feast of Fat Things."

bringing of it to be practised in the Church, and after long discourse, two questions were agreed upon. The first whether in order those to ye pastor be desired to discuss personally with those who were dissatisfied about singing in order to their conviction and satisfaction, and it was carried in the affirmative; the Second whether the pastor should be desired to preach up singing, and it was carried in the negative."

December 15, 1701. "It was solemnly agreed by the Congregation that those brethren and sisters that are for singing the praises of God should have liberty to do so

and sisters who are for singing do begin in the afternoon. Provided also that there be no singing on the day of breaking of bread in the afternoon, till that ordinance be administered and the collection made."

Another crop of pamphlets concern the question of the proper attitude for singing, whether sitting or standing, and there is a whole literature on the great organ controversy.

David, the sweet singer of Israel, appears to have been happier in his day than some of those who strove to emulate him in after centuries.



"Laying one of his hands on his shoulder,
he twisted him round like a child"—p. 581.

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.

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A REAL SEA FIGHT

The Story of a Stirring Voyage to the Dogger Bank

By Dr. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

IT was on my second voyage to the great fishing banks that I first met Jack. It had been impossible for me to leave for sea with the hospital vessel when she departed this time to join her fleet. So there was no alternative but to go down to the fish market at Billingsgate and try to get a passage on board one of the small steam carriers as she returned to sea for another cargo, after discharging her three hundred tons of haddock, plaice, and cod.

To the special senses of a man who has been somewhat tenderly reared, even if he has been inured to rough experiences, Billingsgate at six o'clock on a cold, foggy February morning is a rather discouraging adventure. The noises, the smells, the remains of the fish, and the loud-voiced familiarities of specialised repartee, which have made the language of the market world-famous, added to certain forebodings of coming events during a passage on a fish carrier, found me a little dispirited, as, dragging my own sea-kit, I picked my way between puddles, jumped over unattractive remnants of the morning's sales, and finally climbed down an unspeakably dirty gang-plank on to the deck of what was apparently a deserted coal barge.

The only means of identifying her as the vessel of which I was in search was a chequered flag of blue and red quarterings, which was painted on her smoke stack, and showed dimly through the caking of salt left from her last trip. This indicated that she was attached to the Great Northern fishing fleet, and was one of the marvellous little boats that all the year round, in all weathers, in the night and in the day, drive, drive through the fog and sea and storm, racing with their perishable cargoes from the floating fishing villages at sea to the insatiable markets on the land.

It is only by the courtesy of the captain that one can obtain a passage on one of these pariahs of the sea, and, as the kind of man who alone can survive that environment must be devoid of imagination and fearless

of everything, including any conventionalities, I confess I felt somewhat diffident as to the success of my quest.

Not a soul was moving as I dragged my kit along the narrow fairway between the rail and houses, which constituted all her deck room, realising as I did so that for a stranger to intrude upon the beauty sleep of a lion would be to imperil any chance of a cordial reception and of his granting any request which could be refused. So humbly sitting on the hatch, I waited the turn of events.

The first sign of life was the appearance of an exceedingly dirty face through the galley door, and the cook, who had evidently been asleep, rubbing his eyes, demanded what I wanted.

"To see the skipper," I replied.

"The old man always sleeps till we drops down to the coal hulk, and that won't be for an hour yet," and the tousy head once more disappeared. My prospects did not seem to be improving.

But soon smoke issuing from the crazy funnel suggested something hot, and as it was a February morning it did not take me long to make fresh overtures to the occupant of the galley. His heart, like that of every good north-countryman, proved softer than his outward appearance suggested, and we were soon so intently discussing a hot fluid which by courtesy was called coffee that we failed to notice the advent of the skipper. Having discovered my luggage on deck he had surprised us at our "alfresco" meal in his search for the owner. The introduction seemed to please him.

"There ain't no accommodation for nobby kind o' folk aboard this craft," he replied to my petition for a passage to the fleet. "But it looks as if you're the kind that can make yourself at home, so you can suit yourself about coming. But there's no spare berth, and the floor is the only safe place to stretch out on. It don't do to trust a locker this time o' year."

Without wasting time to wait for an

THE QUIVER

answer he went off to the bridge to take the boat down the river to get coal and ice at the hulk, apparently absolutely indifferent as to what might happen to his possible passenger.

On these boats the coal is allowed to flow well over the deck, as only the heavens above can foretell how far one might have to travel before finding the fleet of which one was in search. For these little craft exemplify perpetual motion as well as anything I know of. The ice was intended for preserving the fish which the boat hoped to carry home.

If we were unsavoury and unattractive before, there is no question that after the coal hulk was done with us we were unspeakably so. For, as the skipper pithily put it, "What is the good of doing work twice? She'll wash herself down all right after she passes the Outer Dousing Sands." The only preparations necessary, therefore, were to clew everything up watertight, and these were made with an elaborateness of ritual that was ominous enough to suggest a submarine preparing for total immersion.

It was late before we were clear of the river, and in spite of the skipper's admonition, for the first night I had preferred to risk the dangers of the locker, which were by no means inconsiderable, but were not immediate, to those of the floor, which were both. It was not long, however, before my mistake was pointed out to me by my being suddenly shot off my perch, and in the process the edge of the non-detachable fiddles which kept the plates from falling off the table caught me exactly in the ribs, with the result that the whole thing broke adrift from its moorings, and together we crashed noisily into the lee scuppers. I neither received nor expected any sympathy. The watch below, whose slumbers were disturbed, merely growled at me in terms of unwarrantable familiarity for my clumsiness in not having selected the floor at first. I gathered that his estimate of the value of a landsman's education was not a flattering one.

As fortune would have it, day after day we ran into wild and foggy weather—wind and fog only gave way to fog and wind. No one on earth but the captain of a fish carrier would have dreamed of driving a small, low-waisted vessel into the steep seas which we experienced day after day.

For hours together we were literally so buried that the watches were unable to get back for'ard from the bridge to the fo'c'sle along the deck, when their trick at the wheel was over; and the cook's patience was nearly taxed to the limit with dripping seamen affecting the warmth of his galley. To all of these things the captain was as indifferent as a modern Gallio.

No signs of the fleet being visible on the fifth day, the skipper decided that we must have overrun the rendezvous, and without a moment's warning, and with just as much energy and speed, we dashed off into the watery wastes in an entirely new direction, suggesting to me nothing so strongly as a sea edition of "Alice in Wonderland."

It was with infinite satisfaction that I learned that the sixth night was so inky dark with driving sleet that even a North Sea watch could not be expected to see lights and rockets. As we were entirely dependent upon such things—we had been showing flares and rockets continually ourselves—and as "the haven where we would be" had evidently changed its whereabouts without our knowing in which direction, the captain reluctantly consented to "heave-to" until morning.

The locker having proved undesirable as a bedstead, and the floor having turned out impossible, owing to a stormy sea or two lopping into the cabin, I had been forced into coming to terms with one of the bunk owners, by which agreement I was permitted to occupy it while he was on deck. It was his first watch that night, and the bliss of six hours' sleep undisturbed by the interminable rattle of the screw, or the fear of finding oneself on one's head, still lingers in my mind.

On the seventh day we sighted a stray fishing vessel, and on speaking to her found that she was looking for the same fleet as we were ourselves, and was herself five days out from Hull. Our chin-chin was so soon over that we hardly had time for question and answer before we were both rushing off again in feverish haste in exactly opposite directions to look for the same object. That night we sighted the Holland coast near the Texel, where Nelson won his famous victory, and thence we skirted all along to Camperdown, for often enough our Admiral would bring his fleet on to the rising ground near the shore, as in the spring the more valu-

A REAL SEA FIGHT

able flat fish moved in toward it, apparently to breed. But no fleet was to be found, and by the eighth day the skipper was not only anxious lest the fleet should be short of carriers for their catch, but his own bunker coal was getting dangerously low, and his ice beginning to look short—to say nothing of his temper.

Exactly what happened on the ninth day is somewhat hazy in my mind. The usual jolly of each other by the crew was noticeably absent, and the skipper was even more out of temper. Early in the morning we passed near the island of Heligoland; at night we were once more near the tail end of the Dogger Bank. The second watch had just tumbled out after midnight. As I had had also to vacate my bunk for the night to its rightful owner, I heard a deck hand telling the skipper that there were rockets showing on the port bow, so I climbed the narrow ladder to the deck.

"Bear away and make them out," the skipper shouted, and the ship fell off before the sea. Half an hour later brought us the

disappointing information that this was the Red Cross fleet, and not the one for which we were searching. In spite of the darkness and the sea, however, the skipper manoeuvred through the vessels, and eventually ranged up so close along the lee side of the Admiral's boat that he was able to speak through a megaphone, and learn that they had seen our Admiral's rockets ordering his vessels to shoot their nets to the north-east, just after sundown, about twenty miles away.

"Jack's short of cutters" also came back to us over the noise of the waters, and we knew then that the old *Seamew* would have to get there, or, as the skipper expressively put it, go to a place where cold water is not supposed to be any longer a source of trouble. As I had no hankering for being washed overboard in the process I went below to try to finish my sleep. But it was only owing to the fact that the cook had himself relashed the table, and to a trick that I had learned of fixing my knees against it, with my back against the lockers, that saved my bones more than once that night.



"It was not long, however, before I was suddenly shot off my perch."

Drawn by
E. S. Holman

THE QUIVER

On waking the next morning I realised at once that the propellers were not going, and weird bumps, as of many battering rams, apprised me of the fact that there were boats alongside, and that we were "lying dead," wallowing in the trough of a heavy sea.

Day was only just breaking, but we were astern the Admiral's vessel, and Admiral Jack, or "Fenian Jack," the title by which everyone knew him, was already aboard. He was sitting with a group of his skippers on the vessel's counter, and every now and again the midship rail kept rolling clean under water. A hot altercation was going on among these old sea dogs, the meaning of which it was at first hard for a stranger to gather. The Admiral was himself as perfect a model of a modern Viking as an imaginative mind could paint. His height, though somewhat masked by his great breadth, and thickness, still made him pre-eminent in the group. He was hatless and dressed in a heavy blue wool jersey, rough white duffel trousers, and big leather boots reaching above his knees. The light, crisp, curly hair and blue eyes, and the cleanness of his tanned skin proclaimed him a sea rover, without any need for the setting. As I saw the picture that morning I just longed for the brush of a master that I might put the scene on canvas.

At last I gathered what they were so eagerly discussing, for I had noticed that the Admiral's ship had no flag hoisted for allowing the vessels to put out their small boats to bring the fish on board. The skippers were fiercely heckling him, and trying to force him to signal the fleet for "boarding." There was every incentive for this course, for the bad weather had made cargoes scarce, and there were two days' hauls awaiting shipment. The catch would depreciate by the delay, while exceptionally high prices were ensured if they could get it up early. That meant that the owners would be pleased, and, as the men were paid by shares of the proceeds, naturally the whole fleet would be rejoicing. It was a great temptation to the Admiral to gain cheap popularity; and, alas! that was no small factor in enabling the ordinary man to retain his office. Moreover, every devil-may-care skipper in the fleet remembered that in the days when "Fenian Jack" was earning his sobriquet it would have been

unnecessary for anyone to urge him to do any mad thing on earth. Till recently, if there had been one trait in Jack's character more conspicuous than another, it was his contempt for the value of human life. The stories of the man's mad pranks, especially when he was drinking, were recounted even in a North Sea fleet, where daring deeds, careless of the aftermath, were the daily pap of men whose lives were always in their hands.

But Jack had recently turned over a new leaf. Even the owners ashore had realised with satisfaction, but without knowing or caring how the change had been brought about, that the man in charge of all their property at sea had become sober. His earnings had always been good. No chance for a man to attain the Admiral's berth unless his fish bills showed that his vessel was at top notch among the rest in its catches; and such had been the magnificent make-up of this man that he had been enabled to be first in work as in everything else which called for a dare-devil spirit. Often enough he would set his topsails when other men were taking in their first reef. His only trouble ever had been to say "no." Fortunately to help him in his new life he had a splendid wife at home, which had itself now become a place worthy of the name, while he himself was evidently stronger than his mates took him to be.

"I tell you I won't do it," I heard him say, "and that's all there is to it. You can make your lads go if you like, but it's not a fit day for boarding, all the same, and I tell you straight I won't hoist the flag."

"He's afeard of the law," I heard a dour-looking fellow who was on the outskirts of the group say to his companion. "He's afeard, I tell 'ee. The fleet is going to the devil nowadays."

"Damn them Methodies," the other replied, "they ain't got enough spunk between them to kick a dog."

But I noticed that Jack did not hear them, and it seemed that they did not mean he should. Meanwhile everyone's hand was against the Admiral, including our own skipper, who wanted badly enough to get his load quick and be off to market again, having no hankering to be kept waiting in this rough sea. Moreover his pay depended upon the number of trips he made, and our unfortunate voyage out had already lost

A REAL SEA FIGHT

him two turns, the other cutters having gone ahead of him while we were astray. The contestants got more and more venturesome as their tempers rose, and at last one of my dour friends called out loudly enough for Jack to hear him, "He's afraid now, I say, whatever he were once. There'll be letters going to the owners about this job, I reckon." After saying which he turned away. A flush which was discernible just for a second rose on Jack's face, and then, pushing his way through the throng, he followed straight after the speaker. Laying one of his hands on his shoulder, probably by moral as much as by physical "suasion," he twisted him round like a child. "Lads," he said, "there's none of you but remembers the days what Ned means; and you all know those was the days when Ned would have thought twice before saying what he has if he thought I was near enough to hear him." Then, with the rarest self-control he let the man go without saying another word.

"Come on, lads," he called to the men of his own crew. "Let's be off." And he was just moving to jump into his boat when his eye fell on me.

"Hallo! Be you the new doctor for the mission ship?" he queried with his usual genial smile. "If so, and you wants a passage to her, you're welcome to come right along."

In the heavy rolling sea, rendered untrue by the number of vessels passing close and lying around, his boat had already nearly capsized several times, while one of the others, which had put its forefoot over the steamer's rail as she rolled, was even now floating upside down alongside. And yet in spite of everything one or two boats, heavily laden with fish boxes, were on their way to the cutter, and could be seen every now and again as they rose on the top of a sea. After all, the skippers who had ordered their men into these boats were only like many another, thinking only of dollars, and putting no value on the lives of their men, or their own responsibility for them. For well they knew the fewer the number who risked it and succeeded, the higher the prices their fish would bring, while a false shame always kept the men from claiming their legal right to refuse to enter the boats when the Admiral's flag was down.

During the eight weeks spent in that

fleet I learned to know the Admiral in a way which would have been impossible in any other relation. Many a night I spent aboard his craft, and came to appreciate not only his physical pluck, which until his last voyage had made him so universally admired by the men, and so invaluable a servant to the owners; but also the real courage of the man's soul, which had enabled him to come out of endless difficulties which the shadow of his past life had brought upon him.

It was an anxious day, indeed, when "Fenian Jack," for the first time in history, signalled the fleet to heave-to on a Sunday morning to give the men a chance to visit the mission vessel, instead of showing his flags as usual to order the vessels to shoot their nets for the day's haul. And when later, under his Admiral's flag at the main, he hoisted the blue, white, and red flag of the mission, showing that he had gone aboard the hospital ship for service, and wanted the men to know it, it positively called for more courage in him than any of his previous acts of daring.

Beyond this, in fine weather when chance offered, he not only would come aboard for games and comradeship, in which games he joined with all the fun of a child and the energy of the man he was, but he never came alone, and more than one man in the fleet to-day owes his inspiration to a higher life to the simplicity and transparent earnestness of Admiral Jack. If he could not do any talking himself, at least he tried to lure his friends to a place where they might hear what experience had taught him meant so much.

At last our long voyage on the Banks without a sight of land approached its end. Thoughts of home, and of yarns around the fireside over many adventures, were often uppermost in our minds. But they were not unmingled with regrets for the breaking of bonds which even in these short weeks had grown very strong. For there is nothing like adversity and peril to bind men close together, a normal condition out there on those dangerous Banks, where the breaking seas apparently know no ruler, and the wilder wills of reckless men are unchecked even by the conventions of the land. There is no lack of peril out there to the bodies and souls of men that are men; and several of them, like the Admiral, we had learned

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to love because of their splendid physical courage, and at the same time eager desire at heart to really run a straight race, and fight a good fight in life.

It was a Tuesday morning, and after boarding fish for the last time we ran alongside to bid the Admiral good-bye. The fleet had lost ground in the night owing to a shift of wind, and we were too close in under the Holland coast. It was all-important that the fleet should claw to the windward and secure a good offing before they could shoot the nets. Moreover, some of the craft had fouled an old wreck during the night, and there had been a lot of gear to repair and refit. Yet the Admiral found time that morning to drop aboard to give us a parting handshake.

"What time will you leave, doctor?" I remember him asking.

"As soon as it's sundown and the men have left us for their own craft."

And then with a few more cheery words he was over the side again, and off to encourage his much-worked crew, by himself helping them with the net. Our own vessel, destined by many visitors for various needs, was as usual the last to follow the Admiral's lead into the wind's eye, and his flags were well down over the horizon from us long before nightfall.

Darkness found the hospital ship still laboriously working to windward, and we were just about to pay off and run for home, abandoning the final salute we hoped to give our friends, when suddenly the whole fleet tacked off the wind, much to our surprise; and as every vessel passed us it fired rockets and showed coloured flags in its main and mizen rigging. It was a beautiful sight. After thus being given the weather-gauge, we in turn ran free through the entire fleet, answering their rockets and flares with our own. Every vessel was outlined in fire. The whole thing had been planned by the Admiral with his skippers at their morning council held aboard the fish carrier, to give us a warm send-off. So completely were we taken by surprise that as the swinging lights of the trawler gradually faded into the distance we felt lumps in our throats as we went below to turn in.



Ten years passed away, in which I had cruised the seas with fishermen from the

Bay of Biscay to the Icelandic coast, and then to the Grand Banks and the Labrador coast. Jack's path and mine had never crossed close enough for us even to give one another the North Sea greeting of "What cheer, oh!" Only now and again a great flag of red and blue quarterings had reached me through the mails, to signify that Jack was still keeping his colours fast to the mast-head.

On my return this time to England I had been scheduled to visit the great fishing port at Grimsby, and to speak to the fishermen in a large new hall erected for their use. On my arrival an almost indecipherable epistle was placed in my hands. It was an invitation from my old friend, still Admiral of a large fishing fleet, though now all composed of steam trawlers, to take supper with him at his home after the meeting. I shall not easily forget the occasion. Jack appeared to be not one day older, while his home had the incomparable charm of "the place where love dwelleth." Yarns and recollections kept us up till the small hours over our pipes of peace; and then came confidences. When all had disappeared but the Admiral and his still better half, there came confessions of failures, times of almost hopeless temptations to despair, and of headwinds which had almost overwhelmed his craft on the voyage of life. But then always came again fresh efforts, renewed determinations, and every now and then decided victories. It was just the story which one might expect from a man that is a man.

When at last once more we parted, it was with the same old feeling of ten years before. The realisation of our own frailty had drawn us close together again, and we recognised more clearly than ever the infinite need of help from outside ourselves.



Once more ten years had gone by without our seeing each other. Jack, I fancied, was still commanding a fleet in the German Ocean; only they had been pushing down farther north on to the Grand Fisher Bank off the Norwegian coast, where in the winter months it was dark nearly all day. Individual vessels had even rounded the North Cape, and brought back full cargoes of fish from the sacred waters of the White Sea, on the North Russian coast. I had been



Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.

"Suddenly the whole fleet tacked off the wind ; and as every vessel passed us it fired rockets and showed coloured flags."

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devoting all my time to the North-west Atlantic. The last flag with the gay quarterings had reached me three years previously, just after my marriage. The usual large circle had been cut out of the centre and neatly replaced by a white insert. On this, woven in letters of red silk, were the words, "God is Love." Now, after three years' wear, it was long past flying. Since its arrival, not one word had reached me of Jack's welfare. No news, as a rule, is good news, and our paths lay so far apart that I had forgotten to make inquiries.

I had been lecturing all winter in the Western States and Canada, and was advertised to speak in Winnipeg on my way back to Labrador. Just before the meeting I was told that a woman wished to see me, and shortly after a widow in deep mourning was ushered into my friend's study. She brought with her a small parcel with a note attached, which she carefully placed in my hands. Mechanically I untied the parcel, without thinking of the note or its bearer, and there fell out into my hands an old, well-worn pair of seaman's binocular glasses. It was necessary to peruse the note to find an explanation. Then as I looked up, it suddenly dawned upon me where I had last seen this woman. Surely it was no other than the wife of my old friend, Admiral Jack.

There were tears in her eyes as she took my hand. "Doctor," she said, "Jack's gone home. He came on deck one dirty night, when his vessel was rolling in a heavy sea. He was standing close by the engine-

room when a sea struck the vessel; his foot slipped on the brass door plate and he was thrown heavily down into the engine-room. He struck his head as he fell on some pieces of the engine, and they only brought him home in time to die in my arms. Just before the end came, when he seemed no longer to know exactly what was going on around him, he suddenly sat up and called for his glasses, the ones he always used on the bridge. 'Give me my glasses, quick,' he called out, 'give me my glasses. I can see the lights. Yes, there they are!' and he pointed with his hand. 'There's the harbour all right.' Then he was quiet for a bit, but he still kept looking and looking, and pointing with his hand toward the light of the window. I wondered what it was he was seeing. Then, doctor, he just quietly took down the glasses and gave them back to me and lay back in his bed for the last time. 'It's all right, dear,' he said, 'all right. My ship's in all safe.' And after that he never spoke another word. But, doctor, it was the lights of the Land Beyond that Jack was seeing, I know; and it's everything to me now to feel that he got safe home at last. He had more struggles than most men, doctor, and perhaps more failures. But he never gave up, no matter how cast down he was, and all my joy now is to know that he won out at last. I know he would like you to have the glasses; so won't you keep them as a memento?"

They are now lying on my treasure shelf, and as my eyes rest on them I pray that when the time comes I too may be privileged to see what I verily believe Jack's eyes beheld.



HELPING DR. GRENFELL

In order to help in the work Dr. Grenfell is doing on the Labrador coast, THE QUIVER is endeavouring to raise £50 per annum. This will pay the cost of the equipment—sledge, driver, boatman, dogs, etc.—for Nurse Bailey, who is doing a splendid work at the little lonely station at Forteau, in Labrador. Many readers have already sent, but a few more pounds are necessary to complete the sum required for the first year. This is an opportunity to help a splendid work.

THE EDITOR.



"LEST WE FORGET"

On April 15, 1912, the "Titanic" struck an iceberg, and sunk in a few hours, with 1,503 of her passengers and crew.

THE ODE OF THE ICEBERG

INTO the silent seas,
Into the frozen North,
The voice of the Lord went forth,
And clear as spoken word,
The mighty icebergs heard,
And knew,
There was work for them to do
For their Lord.

Then the gentle southern breeze
That had whispered in the trees,
Came northward, and kissed the
chasm's frozen lips,
Gently, as mothers kiss the finger tips
Of the sleeping babe,
And softly melted the snow
Into the rifts below,
And set the icebergs free
To obey the Lord's decree.
Lord have mercy!

Oh, man has scaled the mountain,
And bridged the stormy main,
And delved into the bosom
Of the earth from which he came.
He has chained the roaring cataracts,
And caught the lightning's flame,
And made these things his servants,
For the glory of his name.
And man has sought the frozen poles,
And made them yield to him
The secrets they have guarded
From out the ages dim.

And now man rides upon the air
As birds upon the wing,
And bids the air his message bear,
For he is nature's king.
For oh, this man is very great
And the world is very small,
And will and work are lords of fate,
And man is lord of all.
Lord have mercy!

SONG OF THE WORKERS

WORK and will,
Work and will,
Each day brings us higher still,
Work and will shall mock at fate,
Work and will shall make man
Work and will! [great,

NOW build a ship; and fore and aft
Take every subtle measure,
And call upon each art and craft,
And search the world for treasure.
This ship shall be upon the sea
A palace ship for pleasure.

And did the legend say,
The straight and narrow way
Alone led to Heaven?
'Tis better to live here
On roses and good cheer,
In the end forgiven.

So the ship went a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And no man thought of danger,
Nor dreamt of God's decree.
Lord have mercy!

Watchman, what of the night?
Calm and clear,
Calm and clear,
Seven bells.

Calm and clear,
Calm and clear.
Is there no sign, no call?
No writing on the wall?
Only the jewelled stars in the sky,
Singing the praises of God most High,
And the music of the spheres
Rolling on across the years,
Unheard by mortal ears.
Lord have mercy!

"Ice ahead," hear the shout,
Put the good ship about
Helm hard a-starboard!
Send the signal's out:
"Help, a ship in distress!"
Only a touch, a little glancing touch,
A rasping, grinding touch,
And the flocs upon the sea
Had obeyed the Lord's decree
And passed on.

Lord have mercy!

Fling the signals into the air,
Bid it carry them everywhere:
"Help, help, a ship in distress!"
Thus far and wide,
Did man in his pride,
Call for help in his great distress.

Now let each man do his duty
And hold his shuddering breath—
First save the weaker woman!
"My God, can this mean death?"

Lord have mercy!

AND the Spirit of the Lord moved
on the face of the waters.

ANGELS' SONG

GOD of mercy and compassion,
God of majesty and power,
Look with pity on Thy children,
Help them in this awful hour.

Darkness falls upon their vision,
God forgive them now their pride
Sinking, dying, God forgive them
For the sake of Him who died.

In this darkest night of terror,
Let them look to Thee alone,
For their every sin and error,
May this night, oh God, atone!

AND now the ship is sinking,
And now the boats are gone,
While loud upon the waters
Is heard the dying moan.
But still above the moaning,
Across the frozen sea,
True hearts and brave are singing:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

It is the hour,
The God of power
Has known them,
And called them,
They come!
In their hundreds, in their thousands,
They come!
And faltering and grieving,
And trembling and believing,
They shall pass through the deep
waters

To kneel before the Throne.
Lord have mercy!

But oh, for the women and the
children,
On the cold sea alone!
Alone!

And oh, for the widows and the
orphans,
Left to pray for their loved ones
Alone!

Ye are weeping!
Trust them to their Father's keeping.

And while our hearts are aching
And while our eyes are wet,
We pray the Lord to help us
That we may ne'er forget
That God, our Lord, is very great,
And man is very small,
And His the kingdom, power, and
glory.

Who is God, and Lord of all.

ALICIA LITTLE.

SNARES FOR THE SOLITARY

Warning Words for those who Live Alone

By J. H. MACNAIR

"**W**ILLIE is so self-conscious," his father says, wrinkling his brows. "I wish we could get him out of it." And he looks enviously at the boisterous little cousins, without a thought beyond the occupation of the moment.

"You must not be always wondering what people think of you," the wise mother reprimands her schoolgirl daughter. "They don't really think much about you, at all! Just put your heart into what you are doing." And when one wishes to describe a thoroughly nice child, one says, "There isn't a trace of self-consciousness about him" (or "her" as the case may be).

The Value of Self-Criticism

Of course there is no doubt an excess of self-consciousness is morbidity, and we are perhaps prudent to discourage it so consistently in the young. But, on the other hand, it generally accompanies a sensitive and scrupulous temperament; and under the new name of "self-criticism," it is a very valuable asset to those who are nearing middle life—and most of all to those who, by fate or choice, will spend the greatest part of their time alone. The power to see ourselves as others see us is extraordinarily rare, once we have passed the thirties. It seems a mark of strange humility then, though it was treated as pure vanity in earlier years. And if one could cultivate as a rare flower what our guardians once sought to eradicate as a weed, one would not hear so much of "the selfishness of crusty bachelors," or the "tediousness of middle-aged spinsters."

For it is single people the danger comes nearest, that is to say, people living alone, for I include those who have been long childless widows or widowers. In a family, there is not so much room for fads to develop or for members to grow self-centred; and a criticism that cannot be resented is in the very air. But, as

one boy ingenuously put it to his fairly youthful maiden aunt, "Don't live alone! People who live alone always grow queer."

Now, for a moment we resent the dictum. It is a ridiculous generality, we say. But on running our thoughts round our acquaintance an uneasy conviction steals over us that the generality is not as ridiculous as it sounded at first. Mr. A. is an exceedingly clever man, but he does hate to be contradicted; he was not always so touchy. And Miss M. is most charming, if only she did not fuss quite so much; any arrangement with her has to be made days beforehand, and you dare not alter it whatever happens. Or old Sir J. eats so few things and all of them specially cooked, that it is more labour than pleasure to invite him to dinner; and once he was such a constant visitor and no trouble at all. And so on—with only a very few exceptions that shine brightly by contrast.

Am I Growing Queer?

If you are one of the number yourself, you will ask—at least I hope you will—with some alarm, "Can it be that I am growing queer? What can I do to prevent it? Or is it beyond my power to prevent, at all?"

If you are capable of asking that question, you need not really be afraid. The light of self-criticism is not extinguished within you, and you can kindle a torch that will cast your own shadow on the wall at your side. You are apt to grotesquely exaggerate your defects by that light, of course, but at least you are aware of them. And once you know the disease, the cure is half accomplished. Between the thirties and the forties peculiarities grow, and it behoves us to watch carefully. But up to the fifties it is quite possible to check them if you have a strong character; and some souls are perennially young

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and have power to see error and change their ways up to their dying day. Still, of course, the sooner you start pulling yourself up, the easier it is.

One of the worst faults and the most general is talking too much. One hostess of my acquaintance asked two interesting people, a man and a woman, to meet each other at dinner. They were both writers, and the man was an exceedingly sympathetic person. But what a fiasco! The dinner began at eight o'clock, and the word was courteously given to the lady visitor. From that moment she monopolised the conversation—if conversation it can be called that was practically a monologue! And at eleven when she departed, the hostess apologised, with tears and laughter in her eyes, to her circle of exhausted friends.

An Eye on the Clock

And yet, mark you, the offender was an unusually interesting person, with much to say that everyone would have been glad to hear, if it had not come in such deluges as to overwhelm. She lived alone, she had no one to share talk with her, and she had forgotten how to converse. For those who feel temptation calls them on that side, the practice of an eye on the clock and a time limit is very good discipline.

That kind of talker is usually a woman. The tendency of men under the same circumstances is to become anecdotal. And the funny thing is, the idiosyncrasy of women is to talk faster and faster; and of men to talk slower and slower. I do not know which is the more irritating.

Unwanted Advice

Then there is advice. When will people realise that their friends rarely *want* advice when they ask for it? And *never* want it when they do not. But there are obliging detached ladies—yes, I think it is mostly a feminine fault—who seem absolutely omniscient. They know a cure for every disease under the sun, far better than the doctor's. They wear the only healthy kind of underwear in the world; and they cannot rest till you have donned it too.

Those who do not become "bores" are very apt to become "sticks." They

were probably reserved to begin with, and being out of practice in their solitary life they end by having nothing at all to say.

"I'm awfully sorry to have to ask you," whispers the hostess; "but *do* you mind my sending you in with Mr. Hopkins? It is horribly hard to talk to him, but you'll do it if anyone can." And the nice girl chosen to be penalised thus, labours bravely at her uphill task all evening, and perhaps succeeds in engendering a pleasant conversation at the end. Or sometimes a less considerate host puts it thus to his wife: "You had better send in Miss Garrick with Hopkins. The one is as uninteresting as the other, and they may as well bore each other as anyone else."

Silent Selfishness

In most cases this is pure selfishness, and it is far more a masculine failing. These men cannot be bothered to make themselves agreeable, it is too much trouble. And they feel lonely and deserted by their old friends, when invitations cease to flow in as they once did. Men living alone get a morbid terror of trouble. Everything is a "nuisance" and a "bore." They find so few people interesting, worth the exertion of talking to. And it never occurs to them that they are fast growing exceedingly uninteresting themselves.

For male or female, the remedy is at hand. Whenever you meet anyone, make a point of finding out his interest and listening with a rapt expression to his enthusiasms. But I have a strong doubt if this kind is capable of improvement. "Too much fag," he will say. Only, let him look forward to be solitary and shunned in his old age.

It seems too obvious to say again—and yet it is one of the most frequent offences—do not talk of your minor ailments. I remember a pleasant summer morning in the beautiful grounds of a country house, spent walking with two intelligent elderly friends, who entertained me, turn about, with the different kinds of headache they had, what caused them, what prevented them, and how exactly they felt during their sufferings.

Both men and women are open to this next charge—of being over-inter-

SNARES FOR THE SOLITARY

ested in their food! Of course it isn't only those who live alone who yield to this, but it certainly grows faster upon them. I have watched a relation grow more and more attached to the table, till gradually it came to be a habitual thing to think of the meals his friends gave him, whenever he thought of his friends. It seems inconceivable; but he never writes a letter now without mentioning food.

Food Faddism

And it isn't only interest, it is faddism that increases. I knew one man—he was a Plymouth Brother to be sure, and that may have had something to do with it—who took his own tea with him when he paid a visit, and had his own particular cereal sent to his friend's house. I know a lady who confounds her loving, but not over-rich, relatives by her vegetarian tastes. It doesn't only mean that she eats no meat, but special dishes have to be cooked in a special way for every meal. A huge sigh of relief greets her departure. And I can remember that before she developed this trait, it was a mournful day that closed her visit.

What is at the root of the trouble with most people who live alone is that they have not quite enough to fill their time and occupy their thoughts. If you *must* live alone, you should cultivate tastes and interests till your plot is crowded with them. The most eccentric people, you will find on investigation, not only live by themselves, but cultivate leisure with assiduity. Now every man should have his business and every woman her pursuit. And if these leave time for thinking of personal comfort and tastes, and doing everything exactly the way that suits you best, then they are not enough and must be supplemented.

If you cannot garden, or write history, or bind books, or make clothes for the poor, or write letters to the *Mail*, or, in fact, *invent* anything for yourself to do, then, for any sake, get someone to do it for you. Join a golf club, or a bridge club, or a skating rink, or anything you like. And then you must take care you do not become a golf bore, or a bridge bore, or a skating-rink bore. The more and varied tastes you have, however,

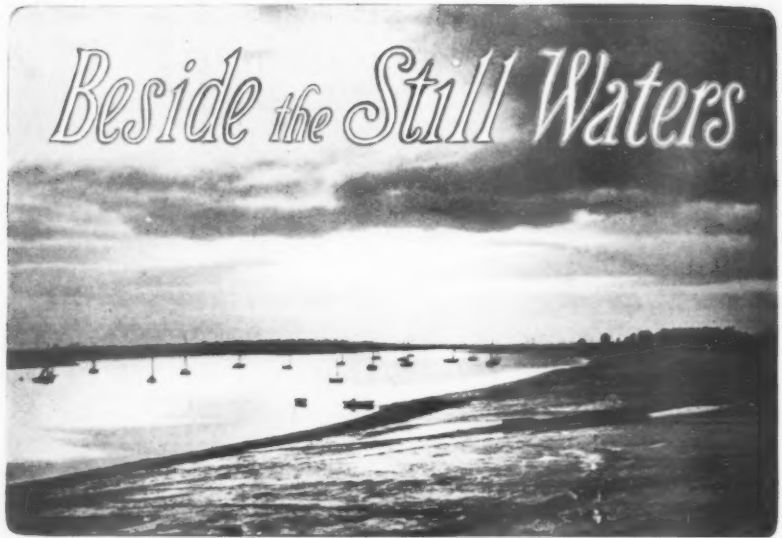
the less likely you are to bore yourself, or others. For it is a well-known fact that bores hate to be alone. They bore themselves worst of all. So if you find you are always seeking for company—beware!

Get a Companion

It is the truest thing ever written that man was *not* made to live alone or woman either. As the young Irishman said, expostulating with his friend, "If you *must* live alone, couldn't you get someone to live with you?" A companion will rub off more corners in a week than a month's careful watching and discipline will do. But if that is impossible, do not let your self-consciousness die. Have a frequent Lent, and make yourself uncomfortable on principle. Be loquacious if you are taciturn, and taciturn if you are loquacious. Eat meat if you are a vegetarian, and leave it out if you are not. And so the joints of your spirit will grow supple and not creak every time you move them. So you will have a greater self-content, and your friends greater joy of you.

And one last thing—a delicate thing to mention, but it saves so much to everyone. Have friends of all ages, but look to your contemporaries for company. If you want to be truly unpopular, insist on playing tennis with boys of twenty, when you know or ought to know that you are no longer equal to their lightning volleys, and that you only spoil the game. If you are a woman and want to be thoroughly miserable, go to a dance with a crowd of girls, just grown up, and learn slowly and bitterly that youth turns to youth as a rule. You would never do such a thing if you didn't live alone. You lose the sense of proportion and forget which is *your* generation. Call the young selfish, if you like, but remember you were just as selfish once. You belong to the older ones and you will find a welcome there.

We aid our sight by glasses when we find it not so keen as before, and our consciousness is apt to need glasses too. It is better to see, even if it takes a little courage, than to go blindly along, blundering where we are not wanted, or breaking little trifles of other people's comfort.



The Saints

*THE souls that in a trance exhale
Are not the saints whom God allows,
And none because his blood was pale
Hath knit a nimbus for his brows.*

*The saints desire no peace apart;
They pour it on the troubled town
By entering every day their heart
To lash its snarling panthers down.*
—FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.



Life through Struggle

LIFE may easily become much too easy. We heard the other day of a lady who, in mistaken compassion, cracked a cocoon so that the butterfly might the more easily escape; but when the pampered creature emerged, it was sickly and colourless, and soon died.

The painful effort of escape was essential to its strength and splendour. Through great tribulations must we struggle into the higher life of the spirit.—W. L. WATKINSON.



THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Weaver's Design

WHEN on a visit to Venice we were much interested in witnessing the making of lace. We sat down by the old lacemaker for a long time and watched her at her work. Fifty or a hundred bobbins or spools hung around a cushion, in which there was a forest of upright pins. Every bobbin hung by a thread that ran toward and among the pins. What we noticed at first was the worker throwing one bobbin over another, as though she were playing with them. But she was not playing. She was working out a design. How the lacemaker knew which bobbin to pick up and where to toss it seemed an inexplicable mystery. Yet out of the great complex of pins and threads and tossings there came a beautiful pattern of lace, orderly, regular, admirable.

Is there not a parable here of how God, the Divine Weaver, deals with us? He takes our days and hours and moments; He orders us here and there, makes us do this and suffer that; but, though we realise it not, always keeps us attached, like the lacemaker's thread, to a definite purpose. At the time we are unable to see what He is making. But afterwards, as we look back, we can see the wonderful pattern and perfect work of the Weaver. Just what He is working out for us and with us now we do not discern. But by all we see of His past workings and wisdom, shall we not trust Him for the future, that He will, indeed, "make all things work together for our good"?

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

The Voice of Nature

WHY did our Lord go "every night" into the mountain? And why was it His custom to walk so frequently in the garden? It was because He felt the boon companionship of Nature, the friendly helpfulness of the vast and the beautiful. Mountain and garden were allies of the spirit, silent Greathearts who ministered to Him in the pilgrim way. He sought the mountain when He was pondering over great decisions; He was found in a garden "in the night in which He was betrayed." He heard wondrous messages in her voices; in her silences, too, He listened to mysterious speech. He read the evangel of the lilies. He understood the language of the birds. He read the face of the sky. He shared the secrets of the soil and the seed. He walked through the cornfields on the Sabbath Day, and the ears of corn ministered to a richer Sabbath peace. He stooped to hold intercourse with the grass of the field. The wind brought Him tidings of other worlds. The vineyards gave Him more than grapes and wine; they refreshed and strengthened His soul. Everywhere and always our Saviour was in communion with His willing and immediate friends in the natural world. Nature was to Jesus a blessed colleague in the soul's commerce and fellowship with the Highest.

—REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.



IN every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; know that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it.—JOHN RUSKIN.



A Song of Thanksgiving

WE thank Thee, Lord, for youth—
Its sunny hours with song and gladness fraught,
For May-tide dawns, for earth renewed with flowers—
Dear tokens of Thy tender care and thought!
In very truth,
We bless Thee for the glowing spring of youth.

We thank Thee, Lord, for love,
The sacred love of mother, child, and wife,
But, most of all, we bless Thee for Thine own,
Which brought Thee down to this, our pilgrim life.
Our hearts we lift
In glad thanksgiving for Thy priceless gift.

We thank Thee, Lord, for faith,
The faith which leads us upwards to our God,

Which mounts to Heav'n at times on tireless wing,

At others, creeps along a weary road.

Lead us aright,

Content to walk by faith, and not by sight.

We thank Thee, Lord, for death,

Which opens the gate to everlasting life,

Where faith and love are perfected for aye,

And rest comes sweet, exchanged for toil and strife.

In joyous breath,

We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast conquered death.

—MARIAN ISABEL HURRELL.



Mechanical Religion

RELIGION, as it is often taught and practised, has a dangerous tendency to become a merely mechanical and conventional thing. Worse still, it may even become a delusion, either when it is made an end in itself, or when it is regarded as a solution of all mysteries. . . . It is clear that Christ Himself thought many of the orthodox practices of the exponents of the popular religion wrong, but He did not for that reason abjure attendance upon accustomed rites. . . . The mistake is when a man drifts into thinking of ceremonial worship as a practice specially and uniquely dear to God; every practice by which the spiritual principle is asserted above the material principle is dear to God, and a man who reads a beautiful poem and is thrilled with a desire for purity, goodness, and love thereby, is a truer worshipper of the Spirit than a man who mutters responses in a prescribed posture, without deriving any inspiration from them.

The essence of religion is to desire to draw near to God, to receive the Spirit of God. It does not in the least degree matter how the individual expresses that essential truth. . . . The more firmly that a Church holds the necessity for what is unessential, the more it diverges from the Spirit of Christ."—A. C. BENSON.



The Abuse of Friendship

DON'T flatter yourselves that friendship authorises you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Hilary Craven is engaged to Robert Merrick, an honourably connected but penniless young man who has gone out to Canada to seek his fortune. Hilary's mother has from the first disapproved of the match, and before Robert starts she makes him promise not to write to Hilary for a year. Meanwhile she does her best to make other arrangements for her daughter, with the result that Mr. Lydgate, a local Squire of great fortune, proposes to the girl. Of course Hilary has to refuse him.

The year at last comes to an end. But Merrick has not prospered as well as he expected. The harvest was bad, and he has had no end of trouble with his cousin, Horace Gregory. Horace was a ne'er-do-well in the old country, and with a view to his reclamation, his father has bought a Canadian ranch, called "Brackens," making the two cousins partners in the venture. Merrick does the work, and Horace loafs and drinks. It is in such circumstances that Robert writes to his fiancée. He tells her plainly the facts of the case; but, in a passionate postscript, says he wants her badly. Hilary takes him at his word, and, despite her mother's non-consent, prepares to go to him. The way is unexpectedly opened by her obtaining a situation as companion for children for the voyage across the Atlantic; Mr. Cyrus Wheeler, an American, is her employer. He treats her well, and pays her train fare out West.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BACK OF BEYOND

ROBERT MERRICK, on his hands and knees, half under his reaper and binder in the middle of his biggest wheat-field, felt inclined to curse his luck. At the most critical moment on a glorious harvest day, with two three-dollar-a-day harvest hands idle on the field, it was maddening to have something go wrong with the thing—something their combined forces could not grapple with.

Robert, though interested in machinery, had no technical knowledge of it, and he had spent a good hour under the binder without making the smallest impression. He rose presently, wiped the streams of perspiration from his face with his shirt sleeves, and looked round at the recumbent figure of his cousin Horace, who, in the shade of a big sheaf, was enjoying his pipe.

"Don't worry about the beastly thing, Bob," he said casually. "It's too hot to work. I'd have knocked off anyhow about now. I've had enough of it."

Merrick did not get angry, though tempted. But what was the use?

Nearly two years' experience of his cousin

Horace at close quarters had enabled him to weigh up the man, and he expected nothing from him now. He had, by sundry threats, compelled him to work for two steady weeks at the harvest, and another would finish the cutting of the crops, which lay absolutely dead ripe in the noonday heat. There was no time for delay. He regarded the disabled reaper, the placid horses, the idle men, and bit his lip.

"Somebody will have to go to Brailsford and fetch out Fitkins. Will you, Horace?"

"Oh, yes—don't mind. And am I to bring him back?"

"Yes, of course—Fitkins, or somebody. Meantime I'll go over to Alec's and get his advice. Probably it's something quite simple—some small nut or bolt we don't get the hang of."

"Won't to-morrow morning do, Bob? You're a bit of a slave-driver, don't you know?" said Horace, putting another plug in and apparently in no haste to rise.

"No, it won't. Get up, you lazy beast, and go and get the rig. If you weren't so darned lazy you'd ride."

"In this swelter? No, thanks," said Horace as he picked himself up in his most leisurely fashion. "I'll take the buggy and

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Jake. There isn't anything to fetch back except Fitkins, is there? So I wouldn't need the double rig."

"The pair would do it quicker," suggested Bob, and with a grunt Horace began to move towards the homestead.

In his old, weather-beaten tweed trousers, flannel shirt, and slouch hat he was not a pretty figure. It was the orthodox garb of the Western farmer, but, somehow, Horace did not look the part. There was no alertness in his gait, no grit or stamina in his figure as it slouched up the gentle slope by the side of the alkali lake to the house. "Degenerate" was written all over him, and the three days' stubble on his face gave him an evil and even a repulsive look.

Merrick had not yet lost pride in himself. If he did not shave every day, at least he was always tidy and presentable, though, of course, like his work. His arms, bare to the elbow, were as brown as mahogany stain, and his face was equally so. But his eye was clear and fearless, and his figure, somewhat lean and spare, was well held and even graceful. He had cast off a little of the veneer beyond a doubt, but the real man remained.

Horace sauntered into the house, took a survey of himself in the little, cheap-looking mirror in the living room, and, though it was not a handsome vision that met his gaze, he decided not to waste time in shaving and changing his garb. It was not a market day, and probably he would not meet with many people who would criticise him.

To look up Fitkins or somebody equally capable, make a call at Scanlan's Bar, and get home again as fast as he could—he guessed that was the programme for the afternoon.

About ten minutes later Merrick, still intent with a kind of dogged perseverance on the disabled machine, beheld the rig and pair, with Horace under the shade, flying down the soft track and sending the dust in clouds about the fields.

"Like as not he'll come back as drunk as a lord, but I can't afford time myself," he muttered to himself. "I'll just go over and ask Alec to come and have a look at it."

Although it was hot, the horses were fresh, and they took Horace into Brailsford in an hour and a half. The little town, built on the high bank of a very respectable river, which was an asset to it, was

very still and drowsy in the afternoon sunshine, and as he drove up the main street there was not much life to be seen. The very dogs, lying under the awnings, seemed too hot and exhausted to cock an ear or utter one warning bark.

Although a great thirst was on Horace, he conscientiously drove right past Scanlan's Bar, and made first for the implement maker's.

His shop was situated in a side street on the way to the railway depôt, and as Horace drew up he saw the thin line of smoke in the distance that indicated the immediate arrival of the solitary train.

Only one from the east stopped at Brailsford in the day, and the west-bound express passed it in the night, only stopping for passengers by notification.

He was fortunate in finding Fitkins at home, who, however, said he could not possibly go out to Brackens himself, but that if Horace chose to wait in the town for an hour or so he would send his son Jake, who was the best mechanic in the place, and who would be back from his present job in the time specified.

"All right," said Horace, in no way averse to the arrangement. "I'll just outspan at the King Edward and drop in at Scanlan's."

Fitkins nodded, the information being quite superfluous. Everybody knew just where to find Horace Gregory when he came to Brailsford.

By the time he had stabled his horses and made his way to the bar the train had deposited its passengers, who were four in number. Three of them were natives who had been on a trip to Winnipeg; the other was a stranger—a lady—who, alighting at the queer, crude little platform, stood looking about her in sheer bewilderment.

The station at Brailsford was, as yet, very primitive, though there had been some talk that the C.P.R. would presently erect one which would be more in keeping with the growing prosperity of the town. The wooden shanty that had been erected at first still stood on the side track, and all the arrangements were of the most primitive order.

An old, fly-blown omnibus with two dilapidated long-tailed horses that had once been white, but were now of a sickly yellow colour, waited for prospective passengers for the King Edward Hotel.

The lady, who wore a very light-coloured

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dust-cloak, and had her head swathed in a creamy veil, looked so foreign to the district, that the driver of the omnibus debated within himself whether he dared approach her.

The dilemma was solved by her approaching him.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Brackens Ranch, where Mr. Merrick lives?" she asked with a certain air of hauteur which was very English, but which did not fail to impress the ostler of the King Edward Hotel.

"It's twelve good miles, marm," he said, looking at her curiously.

Fully aware that Brackens was a bachelor establishment, he found it a little difficult to locate this elegant stranger. He decided, however, that probably she was Merrick's sister.

"Is there a place where I can get a trap of some kind to drive me to it?" was her next question.

"A rig, do you mean, marm? Oh, yes, we've got 'em up at our place. Perhaps you'd better get in the bus, and we'll go up there now. What about your baggage, marm? Ain't you got none?"

"I thought it would be here," she answered. "It was expressed through from Pittsburg some days ago."

"Ain't come yit—has it, Sam?" he cried to a man in shirt sleeves leaning against the lintel of the little booking office door.

"What ain't come?"

"This lady's baggage from Pittsburg."

"Ain't seen it," answered Sam, without so much as taking his half-burned and very evil-smelling cigarette from his lips.

The lady turned her back on him in strong disgust.

"I will get into the omnibus," she said haughtily, and, grasping her dressing-case in her hand, she approached the weird-looking vehicle in which two depressed elderly women had already seated themselves.

At this moment Fitkins the implement maker, who, on the arrival of the train, had popped over from his warehouse to inquire whether somebody's binder had come by it, volunteered an item of information to the bus driver, who approached the door with a cheerful grin.

"There's a bit of luck for you, marm. Boss Merrick's rig is in the town this afternoon, this party says, so you won't need to go farther than the hotel with me."

Her face, which the heat of the train and the fatigue of the long journey had robbed of much of its healthy English colour, flushed hotly at this unexpected information.

"Does that mean that Mr. Merrick is in the town himself, do you know? Just ask him."

The ostler went back to Fitkins and returned with the message that Merrick himself had not driven, but that his cousin, Horace Gregory, was in charge of the team.

The stranger lady thanked him, and, having thus disposed of the passenger traffic for the day, he got on the box, and they trundled up the wide straggling street, with its little frame-houses set down here and there in irregular confusion.

A double row of maple trees, too recently planted to afford much shade as yet, gave a somewhat pleasing aspect to the side-walk, but both they and the grass banks beneath them were scorched and brown, and were thickly coated with the white dust which permeated everything, and which was kept out of the houses with as much difficulty as the mosquitoes.

There were few people about, and not a child was to be seen. Hilary was struck by the latter fact. In an English town of the same size there would have been many children playing in the streets. Brailsford impressed her as being the most lifeless place she had ever entered. The main street, which was very wide and only one-sided, as far as shops and dwellings were concerned, the other dipping sheer into the gully where the river flowed, looked drowsy too. All the sun-blinds were drawn, both on windows and verandas, and deep awnings were out in front of all the shops. And over all lay the glare of a sun so brilliant, yet so pitiless, that Hilary longed for the grey skies and the cool, wet wind that came creeping up to Clampsey Downs from the sea.

After her two fellow-travellers had eyed her for a considerable time, one of them spoke.

"From the old country, I guess, marm?"

"Yes," answered Hilary.

"Only jes' come out, eh?"

"A few weeks ago."

"Do you like Canada? Fine country, ain't it? Better weather than you gits in the old country? Never bin there myself, but I've heard as how it rains there mostly six days out of seven."

"Not quite so bad as that," answered



... 'Don't worry about the beastly thing, Bob,' he said casually. 'It's too hot to work.'—p. 592.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

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Hilary spiritedly. "And it strikes me that you wouldn't be the worse for a good day of English rain here."

"Not till the wheat's in, marm," said the woman steadily and without the vestige of a smile. "Goin' to Boss Merrick's, you air. Well, it's a nice place. I bin theer in Joe Brackens's time. Joe's made 'is pile and gone out West."

"It is a good place, then?" said Hilary inquiringly.

"Oh, yes. But Joe, he was born in these parts, so it come easier to him like. Air you Boss Merrick's sister? I heerd as how 'e had a lot in the old country."

"No," answered Hilary, tightening her lips, "I'm not."

There ensued a silence which was not again broken, for presently the omnibus stopped, and the two got down.

"Well, good-day. If you're agoin' to stop at Brackens we'll see you in Brailsford quite a few times, I guess. Nice little town, ain't it? I ain't seen anything down East to beat it."

The woman nodded, and, taking her companion by the arm, they toddled off.

In two more minutes the omnibus reached its final destination and drew up before the veranda of the King Edward Hotel. About half a dozen men, dozing in rocking-chairs, in various stages of undress it seemed to Hilary, awoke into some semblance of life on the arrival of the daily stage.

The proprietor, in the inevitable shirt sleeves, sauntered out and made a bow to the lady.

"She's for Boss Merrick's. Horace is down, ain't he?" inquired the ostler in an off-hand way.

The proprietor raised his eyebrows.

"Yes, he's over to Scanlan's. Hi, Pete, you go to Scanlan's and tell Mister Gregory there's a lady come off the cars inquiring for Boss Merrick. Won't you step inside, marm? Hot day, ain't it? You don't git weather like this in England, you bet."

Hilary was so weary of the iteration, and so altogether sick of everything, that she wanted above everything on earth to answer tartly that she was thankful to say they didn't. But she merely inclined her head, alighted, and stepped across the veranda, secretly enraged because not one of the men lounging on the veranda offered to rise or to show her the smallest respect. She had not yet become accustomed to the manners of the free West.

Inside she was met with the smell of beer and tobacco, and the sanded floor was adorned with spittoons of various sizes and shapes. The whole place was, in her estimation, nothing better than a low tap-room, though it was considered one of the up-to-date hotels of the newer West.

The proprietor led the way along the corridor and opened a door which gave entrance to a small parlour furnished in red plush, the windows well-curtained and so closely blinded that it was half twilight in the room. The smell of new upholstery and varnish with the sun beating on it, was as powerful, in its way, as that of beer and tobacco.

Hilary asked whether she might have one of the windows open.

"Sure, marm. But we find it better to keep 'em shut till sundown. Then we cools off, but anything to oblige."

The guttural tone in his voice made her wonder whether he was German or Scotch. Certainly, his appearance, with his heavy face adorned by a huge black moustache, was distinctly foreign.

"Can I get you anything, marm? A glass of ale, or soda, or a cup of tea?"

"I should be thankful for a cup of tea," said Hilary. "Did you say they would fetch Mr. Gregory?"

"Pete's gone to tell him, marm, but he ain't easy to shift from Scanlan's."

With which cryptic answer he took himself off, leaving the door wide open.

Hilary carefully closed it, walked to one of the windows, and drew aside the curtains and pulled up the blinds so that she could open one of the casements. But when she saw that it looked upon a manure heap in a stable yard, where the flies were black, she hesitated. Then she sat down, the picture of indecision and anxiety, and, throwing off her wrap, revealed her trim figure in its fresh blouse and neat travelling skirt. Opening her chatelaine bag, she proceeded to count out her money, and, incidentally, to try to reckon up whether she had enough to take her back.

She was physically tired, and her head ached, and when the tea came, though it was green tea and had a bitter taste, she drank it greedily. It had the effect of an immediate stimulant, and things began to look a little brighter.

She had been travelling in the greatest luxury for the last few weeks—a bad preparation for the comparative hardships of

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the far West, and, unfortunately for herself, she was entirely destitute of any sense of humour.

Perhaps there is no gift more valuable to a woman-settler than that. Carrie Ingram had it in considerable degree, and through means of it she had not only secured a good deal of fun for herself, but had lightened things for her serious-minded husband.

Hilary Craven was extremely sensitive, and a trifle inclined to morbidity by reason of the comparatively lonely life she had led and the lack of sympathy between herself and her mother. She was, indeed, more slenderly equipped than most for the life of the pioneer. Yet settlers in the neighbourhood of Brailsford could hardly be designated pioneers. Indeed, they might be said to live in a state of high civilisation in comparison with those who had come before them, or with those bolder spirits who had pushed on to the confines and were literally hewing out their fortunes amidst the scrub and the bush.

But to Hilary it all seemed crude, unfinished, indescribably ugly, and she was wishing very heartily that she had not come.

As she sat there in that stuffy little parlour, which was considered quite a palatial waiting-room in Brailsford, she seemed to realise, as she had never yet done, at once the magnitude and the indescribable folly of the step she had taken. She had acted on the spur of the moment, inspired by the quixotic desire to show Merrick how complete was her faith in him.

He did not know she was coming, and she was now about to prove him to the uttermost. But, at the back of her mind, there lurked a feeling that she had not paused to consider how she might, by her rash act, place him at colossal disadvantage, might tax his resources and his environment beyond their power to fit the case.

Now, as Hilary sat in stillness, there crept to her inner consciousness the dreadful fear that, after all, her mother might have been right, and that she would presently find that not only was Robin not ready for her, but that he did not want her at all. It was that dreadful shape in the background which caused her to empty on the table the contents of her purse, and of the private reticule she carried under her skirt, and to count out her possessions.

Behind all her fears there stood erect and strong, like Gibraltar Rock, the massive

figure of Cyrus Wheeler. No woman in a new country who had a friend like him could feel herself stranded. She had arrived at the conclusion that things were not so bad, when the door was opened without ceremony from the outside, and two figures appeared—the landlord first, and behind, the scarecrow figure of Horace Gregory, looking very red about the eyes and a little uncertain both in gait and in speech.

Hilary rose quickly, grasping her money and feeling for the first time that she was actually a woman alone in a strange and evidently half-civilised country.

In that disreputable figure she altogether failed to recognise Horace Gregory, whom she had last seen looking well-groomed and handsome in evening dress at the house of his uncle at Hale End, when he had come down for the week-end to bid the family good-bye.

Horace, at sight of Hilary Craven, whom he had no difficulty in recognising, became instantly sober, and had the grace to look ashamed of himself.

"Miss Craven, how do you do? What is the—what is the meaning of this? Does Bob know you're coming—but, no, he can't—he's busy with the harvest, and he had no letters last mail. Where are you going?"

"I came for the purpose of going out to Brackens," answered Hilary, and she looked sick, if ever woman did. "But, perhaps, now I've seen you, I had better not."

Horace was not thin-skinned. He merely grinned as he affected to take a glance at himself.

"I believe I am not an encouraging spectacle, but I had to come off in a hurry from the field about a bit of broken machinery, and there wasn't time to clear up. Of course, you must come out and see what Bob says. I'm just ready to go. I've got the man with me to mend the binder, and I'll have the horses in in a minute. Just wait here, will you?"

Hilary nodded consent. She had no alternative, and Horace was evidently anxious to be gone. He stopped at the bar, called for a gin and bitters, and, drawing his hand across his mouth, said "By Gosh!"

But though they crowded round him gaping for information about the elegant lady in the parlour, none was forthcoming. Horace was far sunk, it is true, but he had still some sense of decency left.

There was quite a crowd about the

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veranda steps of the King Edward Hotel when the rig came round from the stable yard and Hilary emerged to take her place in it. To her it seemed the most extraordinary turn-out she had ever seen—a sort of cross between a hay-wagon and a brake—and the horses in the shafts, unkempt and heavy, bore no resemblance to the animals behind which she had been accustomed to drive.

But, once in her seat, and with her face turned away from the staring little town, she discovered that she was quite comfortable, and that the horses could cover the ground fast enough.

It was now getting towards the evening's cool, and all work was suspended for the day. As they crossed the high, wooden-trestle bridge spanning the river and turned sharply to the right, Hilary had a fine view of the little town perched on its heights,

and she found it at that distance undeniably picturesque.

Presently they left the heights behind, and saw in front of them the great wheat plains, level and unbroken, like the surface of some vast inland sea. The wideness of the prospect sank into Hilary's soul, but such a silence lay upon her that she had no desire to ask a single question. Horace seemed equally disinclined for conversation, and presently Hilary was startled by an abrupt movement on the part of the mechanic who occupied the back seat. He leaned over and took the reins out of the hands of Horace, who, she then saw, had fallen asleep.

"I guess it's the heat and Scanlan's gin," said young Fitkins cheerfully. "Don't you worry, marm. I'll take the team. Not but what it could find its way to Brackens by itself. Rare good 'osses Boss Merrick do keep. Some of 'em ses it's his one extravagance."

Hilary's glance of unmitigated disgust at the huddled figure by her side might have awakened him. But no—Horace slumbered peacefully on, while a somewhat desultory conversation was sustained

between Hilary and the mechanic. She found him a friendly, inoffensive sort of youth, with a good knowledge of Canada, and a willingness to answer all her questions to the best of his ability.

By the time they reached the last section and he pointed to the homestead at Brackens, standing sheer and lonely against the rim of the alkali lake, Hilary had begun to have an elementary knowledge of Canadian farm life.

And she was afraid—mortally afraid, so sick at heart, indeed, that almost she felt tempted to get down and walk every foot of the way back to Brailsford Station to wait for the East-bound train. It was ominous, perhaps



Drawn by
Harold Copping.

"Behind, the scarecrow figure of Horace Gregory"—p. 597.

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prophetic, that her baggage had failed to come through in front of her. Perhaps it had been so ordered by some invisible force which understood that the far West was no place for her.

"Here we air. I guess we'll find Boss Merrick inside, either 'avin' his supper or gittin' it," said the mechanic facetiously.

Hilary did not answer. Her breath was coming thick and fast now, and a red spot burned in each cheek. A few more moments, and all would be over. She and Robin would meet face to face here, at the very heart of things, where life was stripped of all its veneer!

Would love be strong enough—his or hers—to survive the crucial test?

Across the soft, dry turf rolled the rig, giving forth very little sound upon the amber air, and presently it swept in fine style into the wide space at the back of the house. Here there was no veranda, but a short flight of steps led to the kitchen door, which stood wide open. On the topmost step was a tub of water, and over it bent a half-dressed figure making his evening ablutions.

Presently he threw up his head, dashed the water from his eyes, and turned round to see whether Horace had actually brought the mechanic back with him.

But Merrick's eyes travelled no farther than the slight grey figure on the front seat, and through his clenched teeth he uttered only two words—"My God!"

CHAPTER XIV

INGRAM TO THE RESCUE

IT was a ghastly moment, which never afterwards quite vanished from their remembrance. Horace Gregory, now perfectly sober and recalling the instincts of a gentleman, turned decently away. But Robin, without speaking a word, dashed into the house in search of a towel to dry his face and a jacket to supplement the discrepancies of his attire.

His face had paled perceptibly, and Alec Ingram, cooking some rashers of bacon at the stove, turned to look at him somewhat anxiously.

"Thought I heard the machine," he remarked, clinging still to the Scottish idiom which calls everything on wheels a machine.

"Is Horace back?"

"Yes. For Heaven's sake go out, Alec,

and speak to—to the lady he has brought back with him."

Ingram drew back the frying-pan from the heat of the wood and stared.

"A lady, did you say?"

"Yes—she's Miss Craven, from England. Your wife knows about her—the girl I was engaged to. She's come out on her own. She'll never get over this."

"Mighty me!" said Alec, and, wiping his hands, he went out in his shirt sleeves to greet the stranger.

She was still sitting on the front seat of the rig, staring in front of her with a sort of dazed expression. The colour was very high in her face.

Ingram, who, by request of his neighbour, had come over to help with the damaged binder, and who had, so to speak, got it on its legs again, had volunteered to cook their supper and eat it with them. He was dressed in a tweed suit, which, though shabby, had once been good; also, he had a linen collar to his shirt and a respectable tie—which does wonders for a man.

In Hilary's eyes he was the first man fit to be spoken to whom she had seen since she had arrived at Brailsford.

"Good evening, Miss Craven," he said easily as he came forward. "My name's Ingram. I'm a friend of Merrick's. He'll be out to talk with you presently. Rather stolen a march on him, haven't you?"

Hilary, with a quick nervousness, beckoned him nearer.

"Mr. Ingram, would these horses be able to drive back to Brailsford now, at this very moment?"

"Oh, they could do it, I dare say, but they're not going to. I'll get my rig and take you over to my wife. It isn't far, and Bob can come over after. Or, stop—I'll just take the rig as it is, and Bob can bring mine when he comes."

Ingram, quietly observant, knew that it was a critical moment, and that if something was not done at once there might be a desperate issue.

Hilary shook her head.

"There isn't a train from Brailsford to-night, even if you get there, and I suppose you sampled the King Edward," he remarked, following the trend of her thought as if her mind had been an open book. "Just sit tight till I get my cap. It's only a couple of miles. I'll tell Bob, and you'll see him at our place probably inside of an hour."

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He stalked back into the house, and Hilary heard his feet ascending a bare wooden stair. Merrick's room was at the back. Sitting on the side of an unmade bed, he was struggling into a decent suit when Ingram put his head round the door.

"Look here, Bob. I'm taking Miss Craven over to my mistress—yes, now. She isn't fit to speak to you, nor you to her. Come over later. It'll be better as things are that she shouldn't come inside the house just at this moment. It micht gi'e her a turn, not bein' used to batchin' an' such like."

Merrick, in the anguish of the moment, immediately saw the reasonableness and the wisdom of the suggestion.

"You're right, Alec. Take her away, and take her quick. I'm wishing for the moment I'd never been born."

"Oh, you'll get over that, and so will she," answered Ingram with his big, kindly smile.

He made his way downstairs again, only to find Hilary standing within the veranda door taking a survey of the living room.

Those who know what the time of harvest is like on a Canadian farm, especially on one where there are no womenfolk, do not need any description of the place.

There was no time to clear up till the late evening. All the crockery used at the various meals was permitted to stand about the kitchen unwashed, and the table, guiltless of a cloth, presented a sorry spectacle.

"Come, Miss Craven! It's hardly fair. You've caught the lads—fairly caught them! Come, and I'll show you the other side of the farmer's life when he has a home and a good wife in it. You see what lots of our best young men have to put up with here, and what is the greatest need of the country."

Hilary, with a strange expression on her face, followed him meekly, climbed to her perch again, and, in a minute after, Merrick, from the upper window, watched the team going once more down the slope. Hilary did not once look back, and the expression on Merrick's face was one of absolute dismay and chagrin.

"If Alec hadn't chanced to be here, in God's name what should I have done? And what on earth does it all mean?" he said to himself.

Then, half-dressed as he was, he took his way downstairs to hear what Horace had to say.

"Rum go, Bob. What's the next move

on the board?" he inquired with a vacant grin as he leaned against the doorway.

As young Fitkins, not devoid of curiosity, was hovering in the background, Merrick directed him to the corner of the field where the binder stood, and suggested that he should go while the light lasted and get tackled to his job.

"Now, tell me where you met her and every single thing that happened since."

"Met her? I didn't meet her anywhere. I went straight to Fitkins, and he couldn't or wouldn't come himself, told me I should have to wait an hour for Jake, who was at another job. So then I went to Scanlan's for a drink, and they fetched me from there, telling me there was a lady at the King Edward wanting to go out to Brackens. I went fast enough then, you can bet your bottom dollar."

"Were you sober?"

"As sober as I am now," answered Horace virtuously. "What do you think? If I hadn't been I'd have had the good sense to keep out of the way. Oh, I haven't put any spokes in your wheel. But it is a rum go, isn't it?"

Merrick said nothing, but ground his teeth. It was an occasion on which he might have been excused the use of a little strong language, but he was not a swearing man.

"Have a good damn, and be done with it, Bob," said Horace encouragingly. "It's an uncommonly rum go. Suppose you'll have to marry her now. How did her people ever let her? It's the queerest thing I've ever heard. Say, though, didn't she look sick? I never saw a woman look sicker."

Merrick turned indoors once more to complete his toilet, while Horace, ready for some food, proceeded to finish the frying of the bacon.

When Merrick came downstairs he looked more like himself, and he had made such a careful toilet that Horace could not resist twitting him with it.

"The Dandy Fifth, and no less! It's a pity she saw us in our deshabelle, isn't it? Never mind. When she sees you now she'll forget about the other. Have something to eat?"

"Couldn't. It would choke me. I'll just see what Jake's about and send him in to supper."

He walked off with quick, nervous steps in the direction of the field, forced himself to take an interest in the mechanic's ex-

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planation regarding the defaulting binder, and did not even seem to be put out on receiving the information that it would take two days to get the broken part replaced.

There is little or no twilight in Canada. The quick night descends almost immediately on the track of the disappearing day. It was quite dark, though the stars were rioting gloriously in the vivid sky, when Merrick got Ingram's mare between the shafts and set out for his neighbour's farm.

More than an hour had passed since the Brackens rig had been skilfully steered across the dry stubble of Ingram's biggest wheat field to the front of his house. Hilary had sat like a statue by her escort's side for about half the journey, Ingram doing his best to make a little desultory conversation, pointing out various landmarks on the way, and giving her as much heartening information about the country as was possible. He was not, however, rewarded for his pains. She either answered in monosyllables or not at all.

But Ingram was Scotch to the backbone, and any day of his life preferred a reticent person to a chatterer. He knew that the girl was upset, and it was his honest, kindly way to desire to help. He had no doubt but that Carrie would put everything right. His absolute, unbounded faith in that delightful specimen of feminine humanity was certainly as strong as his faith in the God

of his fathers. That Carrie should ever fail him in any crisis of his life was a possibility that he had never once contemplated.

Suddenly Hilary seemed to wake up.

"There are a lot of lies about Canada sent home to England, Mr. Ingram."

Ingram laughed



"Mr. Ingram, would these horses be able to drive back to Brailsford now, at this very moment?"—p. 599.

Drawn
by
Harold Copping.

"Oh, yes, because it's the business of some to make them. They get their living by it."

"They ought to be shown up. Will you tell me what *you* honestly think of it?"

"With all the pleasure in life," he answered. "I think it's the biggest thing God ever made in the way of countries. It's a hundred countries rolled into one, you see, and it has therefore got all the drawbacks as well as the resources of every blessed one. That's what makes it such a tremendous

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problem to handle, and that's why it takes, and will take, so much heart-break in the making. Take the climate, for instance," he continued when she did not answer. "We've specimens of every known variety of weather, from the Arctics to the Tropics. The mistake that a lot of us make—and you won't mind my saying that you English folks are the chief of sinners in this respect—is in looking for and demanding the things that have been left behind by emigrants."

"Oh, but it is so raw, so horribly raw and sordid and——"

"Lacking all the comforts of the Saut-market," laughed Ingram in his big, friendly way. "You got a bad sample to-night, Miss Craven, but you're far too sensible a woman—you must be, if you're going to belong to Bob Merrick"—he hardly noticed that she gave a little shiver by his side and seemed to draw herself away—"you're far too sensible a woman to let one instance, one rather depressing picture, prejudice you. It's the very worst spirit to bring to Canada. In fact, the man or woman that brings it had better get back as quick as possible. We have no use for them here. The only way to tackle life in a new country is to make the best of everything and to try to improve what you don't like. Then everything else falls into line."

"Does your wife like it?" inquired Hilary, rather interestedly.

"You'll see her in a minute or two, and she'll tell you, and you may take her word as gospel about Canada. She doesn't belong to the sect of paid liars."

He laughed hugely at his own joke—the big, hearty laugh of the man whose house was builded on a sure foundation.

"There she is, see, on the veranda steps. The sun's gone in and you can get a good view of the house. The bairns are beside her. They don't like when I don't get home to my supper."

"Have you some children?"

"Aye, two, wee Colin and Maggie. An' I wish I had a round dozen; so does Carrie. They're the very light o' my ee, Miss Craven, if you'll excuse a bit of Scotch. And in Canada, 'blessed is the man that has his quiver full of them.'"

"It's a very pretty place, much prettier than—than Robin's," she said with difficulty. "You have so many trees."

"The man that was here afore me started plantin' them, an' I've looked after them,

that's a', whereas Brackens thought o' nothing but making his pile. But Brackens is by far the better place, and the house, if it was done up, is nearly as big as mine. There's the little shack, see, where Carrie and I came first, and where the bairns were born."

Hilary's eyes followed the direction of his pointing whip, and rested on a small, white-washed house nestling in a bower of green.

"Did she come with you at first?"

"Aye. We were married in Dundee and started from Glasgow the next day."

"I'm sure that is the best way—indeed, the only way," said Hilary, and the conversation was brought to an end by their quick arrival at the space before the door.

Hilary, looking eagerly with a small, tremulous smile on her lips, beheld a small, plump woman with an open, kindly face, and a wealth of beautiful, rippling brown hair, waving her hand in the friendliest way, and as if not at all surprised.

"This is Miss Craven, isn't it, Alec?" she said, putting down the small girl and advancing with both hands outstretched. "Every day when I get up I say to myself—don't I, Alec?—'I wonder will she come to-day?'"

She was ready, when Hilary sprang to the ground, to take both her hands, and, after rather a hesitating look, she lifted her face and gave her a kiss.

Hilary was very stately and dignified, and in her general style reminded Carrie of the young ladies in the Laird's Castle in the Carse of Gowrie. But in Canada all are equal, and Carrie's one desire was to befriend her and make her feel at home.

"I wondered what was keeping my man," she said as she slipped her hand in Hilary's arm. "Colin, come and take off your hat nicely to this bonnie lady. These are our bairns, Miss Craven, Canadian-born."

There was something about Hilary that drew little children. Maggie permitted herself to be lifted in her arms, and Colin, having saluted in the proper manner, seemed inclined to linger by her side.

Seeing her thus engaged, Ingram took the opportunity to whisper a word in his wife's ear.

"She wants bucking badly—bucking and plenty of it, Carrie. She's in two minds whether to run away. If I hadn't been on the spot to prevent it she would have run away."

"But where's Bob? Didn't she see him?"

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"Yes, my dear, in his shirt sleeves and washing his face. Oh, it was a ploy, but I'll tell you efter, my woman," he said, and, taking the horses' bridles, led them away.

Carrie, with no diminution of her smile, approached the veranda steps.

"Yes, every morning I have said to myself, 'Will she come to-day?' and my spare bedroom has been ready for you since May."

"But I don't understand," stammered Hilary. "Why should you make a spare bedroom ready for me—a woman you had never even seen?"

"Oh, but Bob Merrick is like a brother to us, and he told me about you, and I said—I'm not sure whether I hadn't a bet of a pair of gloves on it with him—that you would start out whenever you got his letter. And we had it all arranged that, if you should come without sending word and so without giving him any chance to go to the coast to meet you, you would just come here and stop till you could be married. Of course, you'll be married from this house—that was settled long ago."

Hilary rose rather quickly and let her hand drop on the bairn's sunny head. But her own was turned away. She did not like to say to this kind, cheery woman that she had already made up her mind that Canada was no place for her, and that she would return at the earliest possible moment by the way she had come. It had all disappointed her so horribly! There had been nothing to soften or take the edge off what was undoubtedly a crushing blow. She had beheld the desolation and sordidness of Brackens at a moment when she was least fitted to accept or minimise it. Fresh from all the dignified luxury of a Pittsburg millionaire's house, she had come with ideas a trifle uplifted. She was very young and very impressionable, and had been parted too long from her lover.

"Come inside, and I'll hear all about your journey while we are at supper. Our harvest is nearly over, thank goodness. After you've been at Brackens a while you'll learn what the harvest means to us Canadian housewives. But I'm well off this year, for Alec's hired man is a married man, and his wife is a good cook. They live in the shack, and we have the house to ourselves."

She pushed open the door, which opened from the veranda into the living room—a

large, pleasant place, half kitchen, half sitting-room, where a big table was bountifully spread and was brightened by a glass of vivid scarlet geraniums in the middle. Carrie's window-boxes were flourishing as ever, and the heather had not only survived, but had done its best to show a little purple bloom for auld lang syne.

"This is nice," said Hilary, struck by its air of homely comfort.

"Oh, it's all right. We try to make a home. It's what we women are for out here. The poor wretches who batch need all our pity. I'm sorry you went to Brackens first. I know what it would look like. Usually Bob keeps it all right, but just now he has to be among the wheat early and late, and Horace Gregory is nothing but a big, lazy tike. I suppose you know Horace?"

"Oh, yes, I had seen him in England. He drove me over from Brailsford."

"Oh, he did!" said Carrie with a small, significant pressure of her lips. "Was he—was he sober?"

"Not altogether, I think. He fell asleep half-way, and another man—a sort of mechanic, I understand, he had gone to fetch—took the reins from him."

"Oh, you poor thing, what a welcome! Never mind. It's going to be all right. Come and see your room. Bob won't lose any time in getting over, I know."

It was a beautiful room on the upper floor, twenty-five feet long, with three long windows opening on a balcony. It was furnished simply, and the chintz that had been brought from Scotland had the pattern of the thistle on it. The bed was hung with it, and the softly tinted green walls and carpet of a darker shade showed it up beautifully.

"This is my Scotch bedroom, and I'm terribly proud of it," said Carrie, smiling all over her face. "I only got it really finished this spring. I'm expecting my father and mother to come from Scotland for the winter. You are the first to handsel it."

Hilary's face relaxed so far that she could smile and admire everything.

"Now I'll just leave you and run down and make the tea," continued Carrie. "You must be hungry if you've had that long drive from Brailsford and not a bite to eat."

She opened the wardrobe door, indicated the drawers in the big dressing-chest, and with a nod and a smile disappeared.

Hilary walked out on the veranda, and,

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as it was not yet dark, swept her eyes across the far vista of the prairie, wondering which of all the homesteads dotting the plain was Robin Merrick's. The raw material for home-making was there, waiting for her transforming touch. What Carrie Ingram had done she could do, and must, if she was going to accept a Canadian fate.

But was she? Did she care enough for Robin Merrick to give up all that she knew was within her reach both in England and in America, and, accepting all the limitations and hardships of his lot, make a home for him there in the wilderness? That was the crucial point, the only one that mattered, and she was not sure.

There was no need for her to ask whether Carrie Ingram was a happy woman. Contentment was written all over her face. It beamed from her eyes and vibrated in her voice. But then—Carrie was different. Hilary's practised eye had placed her at once. Probably she had given up nothing, but, on the contrary, had gained both socially and otherwise by her emigration to Canada.

When Carrie presently came to summon her to supper she had put off her hat and her dust-cloak, and the candle-light shone on the piled masses of her hair and on her beautiful face, touching her with a kind of unearthly beauty which rather startled Carrie.

"My dear, excuse me, but how bonnie you are! You look like a queen!"

"I don't feel like one," said Hilary with a small, dreary smile.

"Oh, but it'll come. Stop till you've been at Brackens a bit and we've sent Bob Merrick up to the Legislature at Ottawa, and you go there for the season. That would be your fitting place. Only, the hard row has to be hoed first. Bob will be here immediately. Alec thinks we should wait supper, and he's just gone out to prospect for the buggy. But I'm sure you need a bit. Come."

Hilary suddenly, and with a small, convulsive gesture, grasped Mrs. Ingram's arm.

"Oh, Mrs. Ingram, I—I don't want to go down. Don't you know I'm afraid—horribly afraid? I don't think I can see Robin tonight. Couldn't you tell him I am tired? I am sure if I see him I'll just say horrible things to him, and probably we'll part for ever."

Carrie's fresh cheek paled, for at the moment her alert ears caught the jingle of harness.

"It's only that you are tired and overwrought, my dear," she said soothingly. "After you've had a good meal and a talk with Mr. Merrick you'll be all right, and everything will look different. I don't think it will be possible for us to leave you up here. They've come, my dear. Don't you hear Bob's voice? And there's his step at the door!"

[END OF CHAPTER FOURTEEN]



Just Hatched.

Photo by Sport and General Illus. Co.

THE UPLIFT OF INDIA'S SUBMERGED MILLIONS

By SAINT NIHAL SINGH

This is not a missionary article. It is simply an account, by a native, of a remarkable movement taking place among the Hindus themselves. The proverb states that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery"; undoubtedly this is a striking tribute to the good example of Christian institutions.

TO-DAY no socio-religious problem is receiving more attention from the Press and public of India than the uplift of those hapless humans who are known as the "depressed classes."

These people number over 50,000,000 souls, and are scattered all over the peninsula. Everywhere they are considered to be outcasts, and are treated worse than are lepers in England. Contact with their shadows (not to speak of their persons) is deemed contaminating. Their financial stability, as a rule, is as low as their social status. They are densely ignorant and much given to over-indulgence in intoxicants. Their morals are far below what they might be and ought to be.

These teeming millions literally constitute the dregs of Hindu society. Until lately their very presence altogether was ignored by their own community, and the only people who took any interest in them were the Christian missionaries, who sought to give them the solace of religion, the benefits of literacy, and the stimulus to better their material condition. But during the last few years India, all of a sudden, has awakened to a realisation of the iniquity of the treatment that for centuries it has meted out to the depressed classes, and has set out to supplement the foreign effort with indigenous endeavour to uplift the submerged millions.

Imitating the Christians

This change signifies a great revolution in the Hindu ways of thinking and doing

things; because, it must be remembered, for decades the Hindus spent all their breath flinging taunts at the Christian missionaries, sarcastically declaring that all but a very

negligible percentage of Indians they succeeded in enticing to their ranks were people of the lowest castes, who embraced the religion of the Teacher of Nazareth purely for economic, and not at all for conscientious reasons. They indiscriminately spoke of native Christians as base born. But of late years, as the number of Indian converts to Christianity increased with wonderful rapidity, the Hindus have been growing too terrified to content themselves with these gibes, and are supplementing their verbal sallies with a campaign to reclaim the depressed classes so that they will not be tempted to flock to the

missionary standard in order to escape the ignominious treatment that their own religion and society have for centuries meted out to them.

The Brahmos in Bengal and Southern India, the Aryas in the United Provinces and the Punjab, and the Sikhs in the last-named Province, all have been busy during the last decade or so organising propagandas to effect just what the missionaries have been doing ever since they came to the land of Ind for the amelioration of the lot of the depressed classes.

As years pass by, the agitation to accord better treatment to the social outcasts is gaining votaries and enlisting sympathy even in hitherto conservative quarters.



Rev. V. R. Shindé, B.A.

Founder of the "Depressed
Classes Mission."

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Societies and associations banded together for the sole purpose of uplifting the depressed classes are springing up in all parts of the country, and the native Press is giving a great deal of space to invite the attention of the high-caste Hindus to the wretched plight of their base-born brethren, and inspire them with the determination to right this cruel wrong.

One of the most notable instances of work carried on through Hindu agency for the uplift of the pariahs is that which is being done by Mr. K. Ranga Rao, in South Canara, in the Madras Presidency. This gentleman is a Madras Hindu by birth and a lawyer by profession. Finding that the depressed classes round about Mangalore—

his headquarters—were but a little above animals, about fifteen years ago he set out to try to civilise them and ameliorate their wretched condition. He not only has the distinction of being one of the first Indians to advocate such a reform, but he also founded and still maintains institutions which are unexcelled by similar efforts put forth by his countrymen. A survey of his activities will make it possible to form an idea of what the natives of Hindustan are doing along this line.

Mr. Ranga Rao's Work

The first thing Mr. Ranga Rao did was to establish at Mangalore a school where the children of the low castes could be given elementary instruction in the three R's, taught what was right and wrong, and encouraged to cultivate habits of cleanliness, truthfulness, temperance and frugality. At first it was hard to persuade the youngsters to take advantage of this institution, not because they looked with suspicion upon the aims and motives of the founder, but because they had no conception of the benefits that would accrue to them from schooling. However, with great difficulty, a few boys were induced to join the class, and the number slowly grew, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Ranga Rao, who went to the homes of the depressed classes, gathered them in groups about him, talked to them as if he were one of them, and counselled them to improve the prospects of the rising generation by educating their young ones. As a further incentive, he offered not only book-learning to the children who would attend the day school, but also promised to provide them with the midday meal, clothing, and all school requirements in the way of books and stationery.

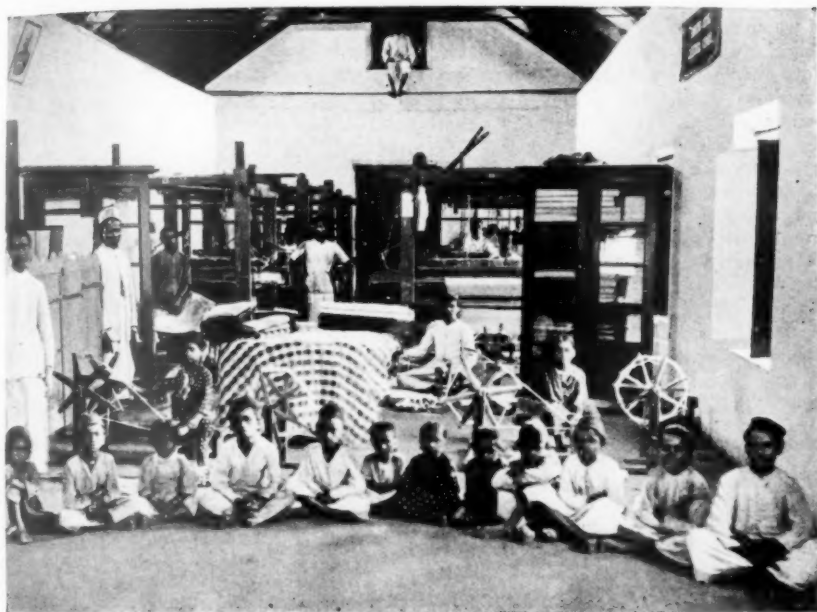
Among the Children

Some time afterwards Mr. Ranga Rao supplemented this



Devil Dancers belonging to the "Depressed Classes" of Mangalore.

THE UPLIFT OF INDIA'S SUBMERGED MILLIONS



Interior of the Industrial Institute started by Mr. K. Ranga Rao, and maintained by the "Depressed Classes Mission," Mangalore.

day school with a hostel for young men of the depressed classes, where they were given good clothing and food and a comfortable home, and taught good manners and morals. They were given soap and forced to take a daily bath, and not allowed to drink liquor or smoke tobacco. They were made to refrain from visiting the homes of their parents, the idea being that the boys, when they finally returned to their community with good habits of thought and conduct firmly established, would act like leaven on the lifeless mass, and be the means of raising the whole people to better ways of living.

For Older Folks

While the children were thus being educated, the Indian philanthropist sought to do something to civilise the older folks. He found that the only thing he could do was to take hold of them singly or in small groups, and talk with them in their own language, endeavouring to impress upon their beclouded minds the necessity of cutting down their drink allowance, if they could not give up

liquor altogether, in order to economise against a rainy day and keep out of debt. He also tried to teach them habits of personal cleanliness and the first principles of morality. He dilated upon the advantages of their uniting in a strong community.

Mr. Ranga Rao also started an industrial institute for the benefit of the depressed classes. He installed fly-shuttle looms, operated under the direction of a capable Indian Christian, who devoted his entire time to teaching weaving to selected pariah youths.

Model Colony

In addition to all this he established a model colony upon twenty-six acres of ground, to further advance the work amongst the low-born members of his community. The land was parcelled out amongst a number of families and the poor people given small advances to enable them to build huts. The patches of ground were rented on a permanent tenure, and the income from the leases set aside to be used for the good of the tenants. Twenty-one families already

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have become residents of the colony, eighteen of whom have registered their leases as evidence of their intention to remain there. Four wells have been sunk. The scheme contemplates the sinking of fifteen wells, the building of sixty homes, the construction of a school for the children of the tenants, and a hospital and asylum for the blind, crippled, and infirm.

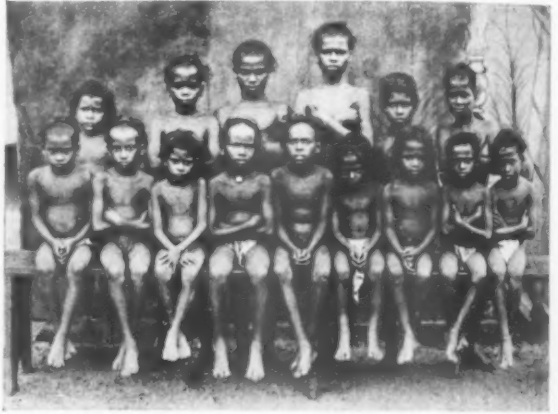
Just recently Mr. Ranga Rao has affiliated his institution with the "Depressed Classes Mission of Bombay," which was started at Parel, near Bombay, on October 18th, 1906, and now has branches in Thana, Manmad, Mahabaleshwar, Dapoli, Poona, Satara, Kolhapur, Akola, Amraoti, Indore, and Madras, besides the one at Mangalore. Almost all of these branches are manned by Indians, and possess institutions similar to those that have been described.

Mr. V. R. Shindé, B.A., a Brahmo missionary, who received a part of his religious training at a theological college in England, founded the "Depressed Classes Mission," and continues to be the soul of the enterprise. Unlike many Indians labouring in the cause of uplifting these teeming millions of miserable people, Mr. Shindé does not attempt to disguise the fact that he received much of his inspiration from the study of similar efforts of the Christian missionaries, whose methods, he unhesitatingly affirms, he has adapted to suit his special requirements. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the "Depressed Classes Mission," as well as other Hindu associations established for the purpose of uplifting the pariahs, pays a great compliment to the Christian missionaries working in the Indian field.

Christian Work

How the depressed classes, under the guidance of the missionaries, really do benefit, morally and materially, is to be seen at its best in the "Punjab Canal Colonies,"

where there are several villages exclusively populated by erstwhile low-caste Hindus. One such settlement is Martinpur, colonised a little over a decade ago by seventy Indian Christian families who were selected by Dr.



What "Depressed Classes" Boys looked like before Mr. Ranga Rao took them in Charge.

Martin, a venerable missionary, from many districts and taken to the new colony. Government helped the project by making a free grant to the workers of 1,260 acres of land on the same basis as they had given several hundreds of thousands of acres to Hindus and Mussulmans. Some of the families were given one "square"—a little over 27 acres; others were given only half this area; while the two village head-men were allotted two "squares" each. To-day the entire population of Martinpur is about 1,000, including the relatives and helpers of the seventy families that originally settled in the place. Barring a few shopkeepers and menial labourers, all the citizens acknowledge Christ as their Saviour.

Although most of the Indian converts to Christianity in this town, before their conversion, were themselves members of the depressed classes, or are the direct descendants of pariahs, to-day not one of them follows the professions prescribed for low-caste Hindus. The *chukras* (sweepers) have given up this work, and now leave the scavenging to be done by the *hamains* (menials). The *chamars* (leather workers) no longer skin dead carcasses, tan hides, and

THE UPLIFT OF INDIA'S SUBMERGED MILLIONS

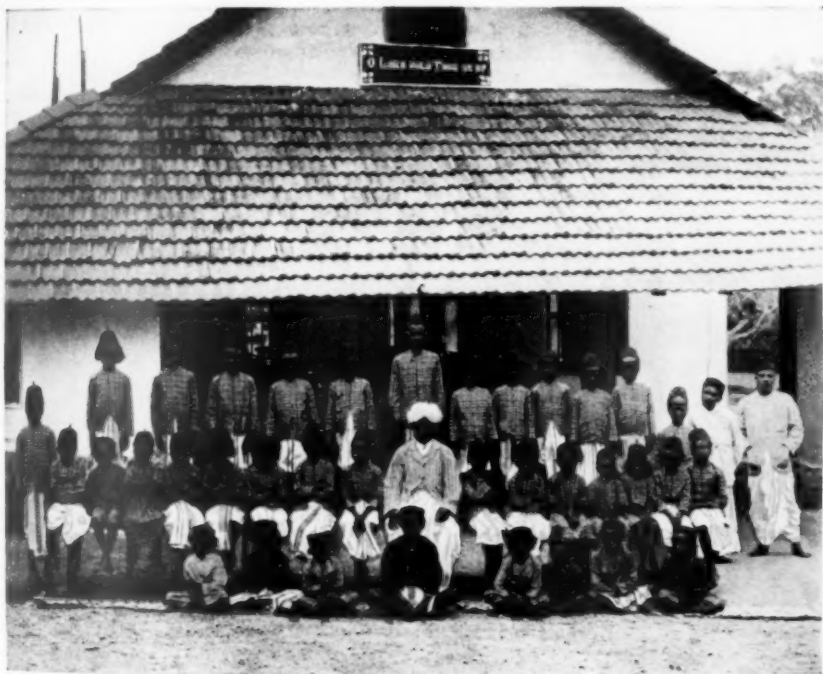
make shoes, all these being considered "unclean" trades. They have delegated the work of butchering to other hands. All of the Indian Christians are engaged in farming, either as landowners, tenants, or farm labourers. Strange to say, these cultivators, totally lacking in the hereditary knowledge of agriculture, have picked up a good, practical proficiency in farming, and cultivate their fields almost as well as do their neighbours, who are the descendants of farmers, and have the advantage over them of inheriting skill from their forbears.

As a result, scarcely a member of the community is in debt. On the contrary, almost as a unit, the residents of Martinpur are prosperous. The ornaments of the women are

built houses instead of in the wretched huts that once sheltered them. They own a fine new church building, five-sixths of the cost of constructing and furnishing it being contributed by the villagers themselves. They have been so diligent in adopting sanitary measures, beautifying the streets of the town with shade trees, and initiating other public works of utility and value that the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab has praised them for their progressiveness.

"Christ's City"

Not far distant from Martinpur is Isanagri—literally, Christ's City—inhabited largely by converts recruited from the depressed classes, and engaged in farming.



What the Children of the "Depressed Classes" looked like after a Year under Mr. Ranga Rao.

made of gold or silver instead of being cheap imitations of these precious metals. The cultivators own their own plough cattle, buffaloes, cows, and goats, and all the animals are well fed and well cared for. They have good things to eat, and live in substantially

Only a few of these sometime low-caste people are able to read and write, and in external appearance they look much the same as other cultivators of the surrounding district. Yet when you meet them you cannot help remarking that they possess

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more than the average amount of intelligence. They are interested in newspapers, which are read to them by those who are literate. Their homes are decorated with photographs of themselves or their friends, and with engravings and half-tone prints—an unusual thing amongst Indians of their class. Though the houses are built of mud bricks, yet they look quite substantial, and are fairly comfortable, and in some of them you find a chair or a wooden stool, while a few even can boast of a timepiece—luxuries absent from the homes of Hindu or Moslem cultivators. Books also form a feature of the furnishing of some of the residences.

These men, every one of them bearing in his mentality the mark of centuries of repression and social ignominy, gathered together in this little village, founded a brief ten years ago, have organised a model Church government. The villagers hold themselves responsible for the salaries of the pastor, his assistant, and an itinerary preacher, who carries the Gospel to the farmers of the neighbouring districts, each contributing one-tenth of his crop—some in

kind, others in cash. The chapel is a mud structure, unprepossessing so far as its exterior is concerned, but inside bright and cheerful. Its walls are decorated with crosses. No benches or chairs are provided, but the worshippers squat cross-legged on the floor and listen to the services. Sitting thus, with their heads uncovered and their turbans lying beside them, they form a picturesque congregation. They now are bending all their energies to collect funds from their own community and the converts in the near-by towns to erect a brick chapel. Besides supporting their church, they maintain two schools, one for boys, the other for girls, fifty of the former and thirty-three of the latter attending these institutions. The Government pay a small subsidy toward each academy, but the village elders meet most of the expenses.

Similar progress can be traced in favour of other villages of the Punjab colonies settled by low-caste converts, but the instances that have been noted will suffice to give an idea of the progress that is being made there.



THAT WHICH ABIDES

ONE carved from shapeless block of stone

What men call Wingèd Victory.

His broken work is still our own;

His name is lost to history.

One sought in costly tapestry

To weave his deeds in thread of gold,

That all men might his prowess see;

But lo! his work is naught but mould.

One made men slave to build for him

The Pyramids, to give him fame;

And, though they stand agèd and grim,

Forgotten is the builder's name.

One act of Mary Magdalene—

Who washed her Master's feet with tears—

Still keeps her love and memory green,

And will, while Time shall weave the years.

Trust not your name to stone or art;

Trust not that bronze your deeds recall.

For Time shall rend these things apart;

One deed of LOVE outlives them all.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.



The Garden of Hyacinths

By Kathleen Bayliss

"IF you please, miss, Parker wants to speak to you in the garden."

Cynthia Garnet rose from her solitary breakfast with a little sigh, and opened the long window that led on to the terrace of March Place.

The very freshness of coming spring was in the air; but the woman's step was listless as she crossed the lawn, and the face under the soft cloud of faded hair was rather sad. This was one of her bad days; when conscience cried out on her uselessness, and headache emphasised her lack of energy, and the great well-kept garden looked lonely in the sunlight.

Close at hand, but carefully hidden from sight by high walls, and the branches of tall trees, there was life in plenty; life filling mean streets, life toiling, suffering, and loving in mean houses. But March Place was a survival from the time before the grim town had spread itself over a once lovely country, and inside its borders the delicate gentle woman, the last of her own race, lived a life as entirely apart from her neighbours as if she were in another planet. But sometimes she wearied of peace and stillness.

At the far side of the garden, close to its boundary

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"Romance came in person"—p. 614.

wall, the old head gardener and his boy were standing in consultation under a wide-spreading beech tree.

"'Tis n't safe," Parker was saying. "These winds have tried her summat; and, if we don't have her down, her'll be com-

ing down on some of we. Morning, miss!"

"Good morning. You think the beech ought to come down; but why?" Cynthia frowned slightly. "It is so beautiful, and it would leave such a big gap. The people in those houses in Clegg Street would be able to overlook the garden."

"'Tis a pity, but I don't see no other way. 'Tisn't safe, miss, and if her fell, her might take the wall, too. You'd best let us have her down afore the leaves come on."

"Well, if it must be—and I suppose you know best, Parker—you had better do it at once; but I am very sorry." Cynthia turned to go. "You will see that the hyacinths are bedded out early next week," she said.

After that, for two days the garden echoed to the sounds of saws and axes, and tiny

wedges of white wood and flakes of bark lay on the smooth turf, while strange whisplings and tremblings ran through the boughs above, already flushed with the pulse of returning life; then came a crash, a ruin of branches, and the gap that Cynthia dreaded was made in her protecting screen.

The next morning a girl came to a window, high up in one of the dreary houses in Clegg Street, and stood there with parted lips, and eyes bright as if they saw a miracle.

"Oh!" said Sara Trevor; "oh, how wonderful!"

Miss Garnet's order had been obeyed; and the hyacinths stood there in their hundreds—white and cream, rose colour and blue, slender spikes like altar candles, sturdy stalks, laden with bell-shaped blossoms. The girl was so absorbed in the wonder of these fairy flowers that had sprung up in a night that she scarcely heeded a knock at the door.

"Good morning," said a cheery voice, when Sara at last turned to admit the doctor.

"Why, this is good! You look better."

"I am; but look at my new medicine!"

Pleasure had thawed her habitual reserve. Dr. Edginton strode across to the window, with some curiosity.

"Ah!" He was himself a flower-lover. But the garden puzzled him.

"Whose is it?" he asked.

"Why, March Place, of course; you see, none of the houses between have gardens."

He ran over in his mind the street of small shops that stretched for a quarter of a mile, then turned sharply, and rose to the dignity of a road with tiny villas bordering it. In the midst of the villas stood March Place; but, though Dr. Edginton had dined at March Place, he had never seen its garden.

"They cut the tree down yesterday," said the girl. "But it didn't fall till evening, and then, this morning, I had this lovely surprise. Oh, look! Isn't that Miss Garnet herself?"

Cynthia crossed the lawn, and bent down over her flowers; and a glow, of which he was quite unconscious, lit the tired eyes of the man who watched her from the high window. He could not see her face clearly; but the figure, moving in its soft blue dress, was a very graceful one, and to John Edginton Miss Garnet was always beautiful.

"Do you know her?" The girl at his side was watching his face eagerly. Life grows monotonous at the end of three weeks

THE GARDEN OF HYACINTHS

spent in one room; besides, Sara was eighteen, and a reader of novels—quick to discover romance, or to invent it if need be.

"Yes, slightly; we have not met for some time."

"She looks very nice," said the girl.

"She is——!" He stopped; "nice" was such a paltry adjective. "She is a charming woman," he said.

Sara was delighted; this was better than a printed story. "I knew she must be," she said happily. "I do wish I could tell her how grateful I am for the sight of her flowers."

"Do you?"

His eyes were still on the slight figure, half hidden now behind the branches of the trees, which framed the green strip of garden visible from the window. "Then, if you wish it, I will tell Miss Garnet. I hope to see her at the Mayor's reception to-day."

"Oh, would you? Would you really tell her?" Sara flushed with delight. "She won't be offended if I do send her a message, will she? She doesn't look that sort."

"No," said the doctor. "She isn't that sort; and I will certainly tell her."

"I'm more than a bit of a fool," he told himself, as he went downstairs. "I hadn't intended to go to this affair; but, anyhow, it can't do much harm to deliver that poor little thing's message."

Cynthia Garnet was rather surprised to see Dr. Edginton that afternoon in the Town Hall; for he rarely attended social functions. She was still more surprised when he came towards her.

"I have a message to give you," he said. "Won't you come into the tea-room and let me try to find you a chair?"

And Cynthia followed him, with a little glow of excitement, to which she had long been a stranger, warm at her heart.

"A message for me?" she said, when they sat together at a tiny table. "But who can it be from?"

"From someone you do not know," he said, smiling at her bewilderment. "But a message of thanks, none the less, and I must add to it my own thanks for a little fresh colour in the cheeks of a patient."

"One of your patients?" she queried.

"You are sure that I do not know her?"

"No; but she asked me to thank you for the pleasure your hyacinths have given her."

"My hyacinths! Ah!" A sudden light

broke on her. "Does she live in Clegg Street?"

"Yes, Sara Trevor is her name; when she is well, she serves in a third-rate draper's shop; but now she has been ill three weeks, so perhaps you can guess what the sight of your flowers meant to her. I found her a different creature this morning."

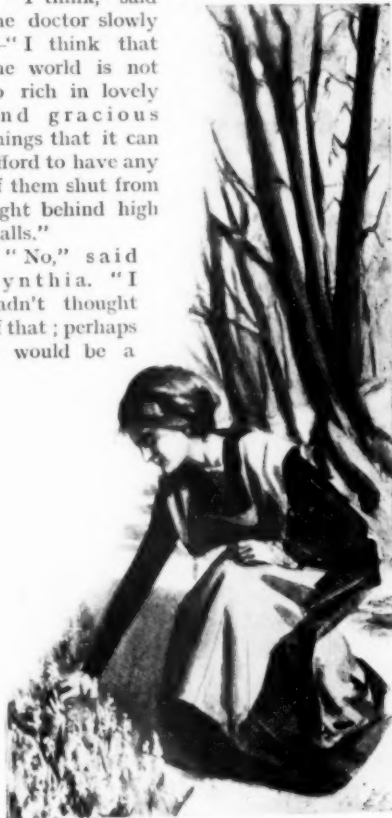
"I am very glad," said Cynthia. Her white fingers were plaiting the fringe of the tablecloth; suddenly she raised her eyes. "I have just given orders for a high trellis-work to be put up to fill the gap left by the tree that had to come down. . . . You think me selfish?" Her eyes were wistful.

"I think that I have no right to criticise you," he said.

"But, nevertheless, you do so. Come, I would rather you told me. You think——?"

"I think," said the doctor slowly—"I think that the world is not so rich in lovely and gracious things that it can afford to have any of them shut from sight behind high walls."

"No," said Cynthia. "I hadn't thought of that; perhaps it would be a



"Cynthia bent down over her flowers."

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pity to have the trellis-work put up just yet. I will tell Parker that I have changed my mind."

"You will do that? You will sacrifice the privacy you love?"

"It doesn't matter in the least," she said. "I can sit in another part of the garden. But, Dr. Edginton, I want you to take me to see this girl, so that I can ask her to come and make a closer acquaintance with my hyacinths. May I come with you when you pay your next visit to Miss Trevor?"

"I shall be delighted to take you there," said John Edginton.

So, to Sara, an afternoon or two later, Romance came in person; Romance wearing soft furs and laces, and bearing a sweet burden of flowers. And, if Miss Garnet's gentle charm hid a certain shyness, the little shop-girl's spontaneous delight in the pale tea-roses and fragile lilies of the valley quickly revealed a common ground where the two might meet as flower-lovers. When Cynthia and the doctor left her, Sara went to the window with eyes that were misty.

"I think she is good enough for him," she said. "Oh, I hope she will make him happy."

Outside, Miss Garnet and her escort walked nearly to the doorway of March Place without speaking. At last he said: "Do you know that you have given a



"I shall be pleased to serve you in all things," he said."

great deal of pleasure this afternoon?"

"Don't!" He was surprised to see that her eyes were full of tears. "To think of that poor child, shut up in that dreary room for so long—and I, her neighbour, knowing nothing, caring nothing. Oh! don't tell me that I gave money—money that I did not want—that's nothing to do with the matter. Oh! how you must hate and despise me!"

"No," said the doctor, in an odd voice. "I do not—hate you."

They had come to the door of her house. He held out his hand, and said good-bye rather hurriedly, as if afraid lest if he stayed longer he might say too much.

But Cynthia opened the door. "No," she said; "you must not go yet. You say that you don't hate me; and I am glad—very glad—because," a trembling smile made her face look suddenly very young, "because I am despising myself very heartily just at present, and it is not a pleasant feeling; but, believe me, it was partly my ignorance. Will you—will you help me to mend my ways?"

"I—!" The doctor hesitated; then he looked into her eyes, sweet eyes, full of an appeal, and of something else that set his pulses hammering to a strange tune.

"I shall be pleased to serve you in all things," he said.

Then he followed her into the house.



The HOME DEPARTMENT

SPRING CLEANING

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THE modern housewife is undoubtedly a complex person—she does many things which her grandmothers left undone, and, thank goodness, she leaves many things undone which her grandmothers did. But in whatever degree the shades of these worthy dames would wish to write her down as a failure in the art of household management, her modern education has thoroughly impregnated her with one important truth, namely, that good health is the greatest of all blessings, and that people cannot be strong and well unless the houses they inhabit are systematically and scrupulously clean.

The Annual Upheaval

The old-fashioned annual upheaval, popularly known as "spring cleaning," was a function anticipated with dread (especially by the men-folk of the family), and looked back upon as a period of supposedly necessary but unspeakable discomfort. This state of affairs has, in the majority of cases, ceased to exist, and although a thorough overhauling of our houses and their contents is still required—especially at this season when the first burst of sunshine reveals the ravages caused by winter weather and the continual use of coal fires—the regular weekly or fortnightly cleaning of all the rooms in our dwellings has robbed the present-day spring cleaning of most of its ancient terrors.

Method and forethought, two distinguished traits in the modern housewife's character, combined with a Spartan determination to carry through the business in hand in the best and least uncom-

fortable manner—these are the qualities which will produce the happiest result. If they are rigidly practised there need be no chaos or friction, no irregular and badly-cooked meals, and, above all, no hysterical wife or tired-to-death and fractious maid-servants.

Spring cleaning—we use the old name for want of a better—may be divided into two parts: first, the mistress's personal preparations, and second, the manual labour of the actual cleaning.

When to "Spring Clean"

Of the two the first is by far the more important, and should commence a clear fortnight in advance of the date selected for the beginning of the second part of the proceedings. It is, of course, hopeless to wait until fires are no longer required, for our delightfully uncertain English climate has always some little surprise in the form of a "cold snap" in June, or other similar confusion of seasons, in store for us, and as outside helpers such as cleaners, chimney sweeps, and carpet beaters become so busy that their services are neither easy to obtain nor satisfactorily thorough if their aid is not secured early, the wise housewife sets about her preparations not later than the end of March.

First inspect your Cupboards

Her first task is a thorough inspection of the contents of all cupboards in the house, linen, store, and silver, and the turning out of her personal belongings, wardrobes, chests of drawers, and ottomans. Every article must be taken from its

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resting place, all rubbish eliminated, the shelves and drawers brushed, dusted and re-lined with new white paper, and the insides of cupboards wiped with a cloth slightly damped with water to which a few drops of some agreeable disinfectant have been added.

My own bed and table linen having suffered much from the evil effect of accumulated dust (the result of an ill-fitting cupboard door), I am tempted to wander from my subject in order to remind my readers that the shelves of linen cupboards should always be fitted with covers which will protect the contents and keep them in a state of spotless cleanliness. The finished length of the covers, which can be made of print, gingham or any closely woven cotton material, is the same as the shelf, but the width is about half as much again. The material should be hemmed all round, and crocheted or brass rings attached to the outer edge. (The crocheted rings are best, as they can be washed with the covers.) A few little nails are inserted in the edge of the shelf over which the rings are slipped. The covers are then turned back, and the edges tucked round the linen. The dust which accumulates on the surface of the covers will soon prove the necessity for this precaution, especially when the family is small, and the stock of linen large.

All chests containing spare stores of blankets, curtains, and general household belongings must be turned out, the contents inspected, and, if possible, shaken in the open air before they are re-arranged. During this tour of overhauling a notebook and pencil will be found useful, for many little requirements will be noticed which, if not written down at the time, are sure to be forgotten.

Unobtrusive Preparations

The same system of unobtrusive preparation must continue through every room in the house, until the kitchens, pantry and scullery are reached. The presence of the maid in charge of each department will then be necessary in order that she may account for, and point out to her mistress, damages, and any needed replacements or repairs. Even the saucepans and other cooking utensils should be carefully examined, particular

attention being bestowed on enamel ware, for dire may be the consequences if any particle of the lining becomes cracked off and is swallowed with the food cooked in such a pan.

It is impossible for even the best maids to perform their tasks unless they have proper appliances at their command, and during the spring cleaning a greater number than usual will be required. Plenty of towels, cloths and dusters, rubbers and polishers are essential; brooms and brushes in usable condition, and above all, dust-sheets in quantities must be available.

Curtains, Chintzes, and Carpets

We are not all blessed with sufficient incomes to allow us to be the happy possessors of a complete duplicate set of curtains, chintzes, and bed draperies, so we must make up our minds to dispense with these embellishments for a few days before the cleaning commences. I say *before* for two reasons, firstly because, as I remarked before, the later one leaves the work the busier the cleaners become, and secondly because there is no greater incentive to further labours than the refreshing sight of a completely finished room. Some persons prefer to wait until the whole of the spring cleaning is over before the fresh covers are replaced, but personally I thoroughly believe in adding the dainty details as soon as each room is ready to receive them. For this reason all such renovations as re-covering pin, chair, and sofa cushions, mending photograph frames, re-enamelling, etc., should, if possible, be accomplished before the cleaning is commenced. Articles sent to the cleaners must be well looked over, tears mended, and any required tapes or curtain rings sewn on.

It is a good plan to arrange for several of the carpets to be beaten at the same time, for the sake of both economy and convenience, and the sweep will probably be better pleased if he can attend to two or three chimneys instead of making a special visit for each separately.

Consider your Maids

The ordinary routine of turning out the various rooms can be stopped during the week preceding the general cleaning, and the maids can utilise these days in

SPRING CLEANING

performing many little duties which will save time later on. They will, of course, be glad of a few hours in which to turn out their own possessions, and dust and re-paper the drawers and turn out the cupboard in their own rooms and the kitchens, but one fine morning should be devoted to scrubbing all the soiled linen baskets, wicker chairs, and paper baskets, after which these articles should be stood out in the open air to sweeten and thoroughly dry.

A Complete Time Table

The final and most brain-taxing preparation on the part of the housewife is the formulating of a complete plan of the entire spring cleaning. This plan must be written down in black and white—an amazing help to good management—and each day, almost each hour, be apportioned off for its particular duties. Four days of cleaning in each week are sufficient for the most industrious of workers—that is from Tuesday to Friday inclusive.

Monday must be left free for the washing of cloths and dusters, brooms and brushes, and Saturday is always a busy morning for the cook, whilst the other maid or maids will find ample scope for their energies in attending to the silver and straightening up the house preparatory to the Sunday's rest.

Work from Top to Bottom

If this plan is adhered to there need be no chaotic disturbance, the rooms can be kept well dusted and tidy, and the cook can prepare certain dishes to provide the family with good wholesome food, without which not even the most willing of workers can successfully accomplish her tasks. It is hardly necessary to state that the work must commence with the topmost rooms of the house, and be continued downwards with precise regularity. Every piece of furniture that can be removed from the room must be carried out, leaving as much dust as is possible behind. The pictures are lifted from the walls, well dusted and brushed behind, the glass washed with a slightly damp window leather and polished with an old silk handkerchief; if the frames are of wood they may also be polished with furniture cream or beeswax and turpentine; when

clean they are taken out of the room, stacked in some safe place and covered with a dust sheet.

If the bed linen is to be replaced this must be shaken and folded, but there is no great extravagance in a pair of clean sheets and a fresh pillow-case, and these little comforts add so much to the feeling of satisfaction in a spring-cleaned bedroom. It is not always possible to arrange for clean blankets, but given a fine day they can be well shaken and hung out of doors for a few hours, as can also the eider-down quilts and heavy curtains.

How to clean Blinds

The blinds must be taken down. Holland blinds can be dry-cleaned at home in the following manner: Brush them well and spread on a long table; sprinkle thickly with finely powdered bath-brick, roll them up and leave for several hours, then brush vigorously and dust with a soft clean cloth. The laths of venetian blinds must be washed with a cloth wrung out in warm soapy water, rinsed, dried, and polished with a duster; the tapes should be well brushed.

Mattresses and pillows are beaten and brushed; if the weather is propitious, they may be taken out of doors. All ornaments, silver, brass, china, toilet ware, chairs, small tables—in fact, every article that can be conveniently taken out of the worker's way—should be removed. If the carpet has not already been taken up this is the next thing to depart, and the dust that has accumulated underneath it should be at once swept away. The bedsteads now demand attention; the metal portions, particularly the places where the iron laths cross, must be well cleaned, the frames dusted, and, if wood, polished, and swathed in dust sheets. The walls are next brushed with a clean duster tied over the head of a long soft broom, no nook or cranny being overlooked. Whether the woodwork is painted white or some colour, every inch of it must be washed; if enamelled, cold water only should be used, as soap and soda take off all the gloss.

Some Useful Hints

The floor is next scrubbed, and, while this is drying, the mantelpiece, if of marble, is cleaned with one of the various soaps

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that are sold for the purpose, and polished with furniture cream. When brushing the stoves mix a little turpentine with the blacking; and if some laundry blue is put in the water used for washing the windows they will present a brilliant surface and keep clean much longer than if plain water were used. The furniture should be carefully examined, and if any spots or grease marks are found they can be removed by washing the article with vinegar and warm water, or cold tea, both of which leave a good surface for future polishing.

When the floor is quite dry, the carpet, which, let us hope, has been returned from the beater's, may be re-laid, and the furniture placed in position and polished. The crisp fresh curtains and bed draperies are next arranged, the beds re-made, the pictures and other ornaments restored to their places. This is the most delightful hour of the day, everything in the room spotlessly clean, the polished surfaces shining and sparkling!

The Importance of Forethought

But such a happy result can only be obtained by the exercise of forethought and planning, without which no scheme, whether connected with household or any other management, can hope to succeed. As with the bedrooms, so with the other rooms of the house. Books, great harbourers of dust and microbes, must be taken from their shelves and cases, gently banged together (brushing does not get rid of the accumulated dust), and wiped with a dry cloth. The cases and shelves must be wiped with a cloth moistened with water and disinfectant, the glass doors cleaned and polished on both sides. Leather cushions and chair seats should be sponged with warm water, dried and polished with furniture cream.

Furniture that is upholstered in velvet, tapestry, or brocade may have the covers cleaned with petrol or benzoline. Owing to the exceedingly inflammable nature of both these spirits the cleaning should, if possible, be done out of doors; on no account must they be brought near a fire, nor into a room where a gas or lamp is alight.

Oil paintings can be cleaned thus: The surface is first washed with cold water in which a little soap has been dissolved. This is applied very gently on a soft rag and afterwards washed off with plain cold water. When the paint is quite dry moisten a piece of old soft linen with boiled linseed oil (the best quality), and apply this with a rotary motion to the paint. It must be remembered that very careful treatment is necessary, any but the most gentle touch bringing off the paint and spoiling the picture.

"All Hands to the Pump"

In conclusion may I remind my readers that spring cleaning is a time of "all hands to the pump," and even if the mistress and daughters of the establishment have no regular household duties to perform, it will be greatly to their advantage to assist the maids on such an occasion. The finer parts of the cleaning, such as washing china, cleaning silver and brass, ornaments and pictures, and all the "finishing touches" may be undertaken by them, in addition to laying the table for meals and dusting the rooms which have already been cleaned.

There is no reason why the usual discipline of regularity and punctuality should be relaxed, nor should untidiness of toilette be permitted, but in other respects the ordinary work may be simplified, especially as regards meals, and the maids be notified that an extra hour of rest may be enjoyed if they care to go to bed earlier than usual.

It is not hard work that upsets either the constitutions or tempers of people, not even if there is an extra amount to be accomplished. It is muddle, mismanagement, and haphazard order that cause fatal friction amongst the members of a household. Spring cleaning *must* be done, and to be done agreeably it *must* be prepared for, planned for, and the approved system properly carried out. Without these precautions it is a time of intense discomfort to all concerned, whereas, well managed, all should go smoothly, and the result be unmitigated pleasure to everyone who has participated in the work.

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

OUR NEW FEATURE

I THINK I can hardly do better this month than discuss the new feature of the Guild of Home Workers which we are introducing in the hope of being of practical service to the many workers and would-be workers who read our pages, and who, often living in isolated districts with but little chance of seeing new styles and new ideas, yet have plenty of talent and energy which they would fain prevent running to waste, and both of which they are naturally anxious to turn, if possible, to account.

"I am sure I could earn money," wrote a lady to me recently, "if I could only find an outlet, but in our neighbourhood everyone seems to do the same sort of work, and competition is consequently keen for any orders there may be going. Could you, dear Winifred, advise me how to proceed in this case?"

This writer's tastes lay in the direction of fancy work, as she informed me. She was evidently skilled with her needle, and so I advised her to try some other branch, such as the making of fine lingerie, for which the demand is steady and in which both trade and private orders are to be had.

Practical Women Wanted

I do so want to make a practical woman of the home worker, and to try to persuade her to abandon the too well-beaten path, in which she is only one of a huge army of women all anxious for the same kind of work, and all, consequently, receiving the same low rate of pay. To make money she must sell what the public wants to buy. The public likes to do its own fancy work, the nice easy kind of work that is pretty to

do and to look at when finished. What it does *not* want to do, and what it *will* pay someone else to do, is the plain, more difficult kind of work: the renovation, the alteration, the fine handwork, which takes real skill. If our Guild is going to be the useful feature which I hope and think it will be, we shall need members who can supply the public's requirements. Very often there are people living in your particular neighbourhood, did you but know it, who would so gladly employ someone close at hand if they only knew that worker existed. Over and over again I have had this fact demonstrated to me.

Success Undreamt-of

I had a letter from a lady quite recently living in Shropshire, who had, on my advice, tried to form a local connection and to get a local shop to take her work. She wrote that she had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes, though had she known it there was the chance waiting all the time. Your chance may be waiting; it probably is. Opportunities, remember, are shy things; they seldom come twice. So don't delay, but to-day see what possibility there is for you close at hand.

I have no doubt but that through the Guild we shall be able to bring many near neighbours into touch. In acknowledging subscriptions of membership I will put the town or district, so that anyone casually looking through the list month by month can see at a glance if the worker is near enough to be of use to them.

And here I want to say a word to those who have work to give and who want orders executed. It may possibly mean a little

THE QUIVER

more trouble to write to THE QUIVER to find you a worker, but remember it is a real act of kindness on your part to do so. It is only a little thing, after all, and though it is possibly true that it is less trouble to go into a shop and give an order, it is not quite the same thing as bringing hope and pleasure into a quiet life which depends mainly on the thought and goodwill of people who have money to spend and orders to give. I recently persuaded a lady to give such an order to some workers in the Shetlands, and the result was most satisfactory. It certainly meant the expenditure of a little time and trouble, but is not the essence of true charity the spending of ourselves? There is a certain moral ease in dropping a coin in the beggar's hat held out under your nose, but in itself the action costs you little. That you want a blouse made, or some knitting done, may seem somewhat remotely connected with charity, but it is an act of kindness which I hope many of my readers will perform during the year. Another act of true beneficence would be to bring the Guild and its aims before the notice of their friends, who also may have orders to give, or who know of workers to whom it would be a boon.

"The Quiver" Guild of Home Workers

The following are the rules of the new Guild:

1. Any reader who is a bona fide home worker, i.e. does not work for the trade, or earn a living by her work, is eligible.
2. The annual subscription is one shilling.
3. A register is kept in which the names and addresses of all Guild members are inserted, together with particulars of the kind of work they undertake, or, if employers, the kind of work they offer.
4. "Winifred" reserves the right of refusing membership to any applicant at her own discretion.
5. Each member of the Guild has a number, and the numbers will be published monthly in the magazine, with the initials of the member and a brief notice of the kind of work she seeks. For example, "A. T. 15. Dressmaker."

Replies to notices must be enclosed in a blank stamped *unfastened* envelope with the Guild number at the left top corner. This must be placed in another envelope addressed to "Winifred," who will forward the letter to its destination.

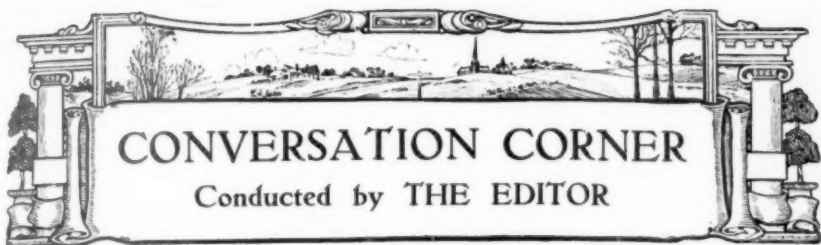


LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

EASTER has come and gone. Spring is in our midst—and still many of the members of the League of Loving Hearts have not sent in their New Year subscriptions! I want not only the old members, however, but hundreds of new ones. One shilling is the minimum subscription, and the coupon will be found in the advertisement section.

The following is the list of charities among which all the funds of the League are divided. These Societies are doing splendid work, and well deserve our support:

- DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
- RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
- CHURCH ARMY, 55 Bryanston Street, W.
- SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
- MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
- THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
- LONDON CITY MISSION, 3 Bridewell Place, E.C.
- ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73 Cheapside, E.C.
- CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
- BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72 Cheapside, E.C.



"Lest we Forget"

THE month of April brings with it the anniversary of the *Titanic* catastrophe, and I make no excuse for recalling it to the minds of my readers in the words of the poem given on another page. The lives of the majority of us are spent in the uneventful years—the days and weeks of small happenings, of petty strivings. But big on the horizon of our common life there looms suddenly from time to time some great event that quickens the blood and stirs the pulse, that brings us face to face with the elemental things. The year 1912 seems to have been unusually fraught with such happenings. It was just a year ago (March 25th) that the heroic Captain Scott penned his last words, after accomplishing his great ambition, words which have since become historic: "For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks—we know we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."



The Product of Struggle

HAVE such sacrifices been in vain? God forbid! Hard as it sometimes is to understand calamity, yet nothing is clearer than the fact that some of our finest traits of character and life are the product of stern struggle. A recent writer points out that the golden era of American literature precisely synchronises with the thirty years preceding the emancipation of the slaves; the great American writers, too, seem all to come from that small quarter of the States known as New England—from the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, who faced trial, danger and death for freedom and conscience. It is the tremendous struggle, the heroic life and the uncomplaining death that have so often elevated humanity and

lifted us all to higher, better things. So the vast procession—the early Christian martyrs, the grim fighting Covenanters, the conscience-impelled Pilgrim Fathers, the men who fearlessly went to their death in the *Titanic*, Captain Scott and his brave comrades, Dr. Arthur Jackson, of Manchuria, whom I mentioned last month—they pass before our eyes and thrill us with their heroism.



Living Heroes

BUT, as I have pointed out before, the heroes are with us still. Out in lonely Labrador there are men, and women too, who are waging grim warfare with cold and ice; missionaries of the Cross all over the world are living lives of daring. And mothers here in our midst, maybe, are fighting just as heroic a battle, but against poverty, misery, and despair. Let us support the heroes wherever we find them, and let us make our lives heroic, too. . . . This is the substance of what I wrote last month, I know. But we need continual reminders. Our QUIVER Labrador Fund, I see, for instance, has not yet reached the £50 that shall provide Sister Bailey with the year's supplies that she needs for her work out there in Forteau. And our League of Loving Hearts is badly in need of reinforcements just now.



Pulling Together

IT will be remembered that last autumn I made an appeal to my readers to help me to increase the circulation of THE QUIVER. I asked then for an extra 10,000 copies a month. Readers all over the world responded most kindly, and whilst I have not exactly reached the desired goal, I am pleased to say that the permanent increase in our sales for the first months of this year has been between 2,000 and 3,000 per issue. To tell the truth, this increase has been the cause of some embarrassment in the publishing office. The publisher had a certain amount of faith, yet not sufficient to provide for an increase which I assured him was to

THE QUIVER

come, but which, at the time of giving the printing order (some months before publication), had not materialised. The consequence was particularly marked with the February issue, when it was found that the number printed was barely enough to supply the initial demands of the trade, and that actually there were no free copies for the Editor's use! Of course, the printing order has been suitably increased since. Still, I want to give the publisher another surprise with the May number, and I am quite willing to risk being left without copies for my own use, inconvenient though that is!



For Mothers and Daughters

THE fact is, my May number is to be of quite an exceptional character. I am calling it a Mothers and Daughters Number, for most of its contents are to be given up to the consideration, in one form or another, of the Mother and Daughter relationship. I think I may as well tell my readers the history of this idea: Not long since I was delighted to receive from a friend of yours and mine—a very celebrated writer, whose books have been read by hundreds of thousands of women the world over—the MS. of two articles, simply headed "Mothers and Daughters." This well-known author is a mother herself, and had felt strongly impelled to write on what is undoubtedly one of the most pressing problems of home life at the present time. She accordingly wrote these articles, but when she had finished she felt that they were of such an intimate character that she dared not let her own private friends know that she was the author of them. She therefore sent them to me for publication in THE QUIVER, but with the proviso that her name should not be used. Of course, I would strongly have preferred to give her name, but after reading the articles I quite understood her position in the matter. Accordingly, "Mothers and Daughters," by this anonymous writer, finds first place in my next issue.

But the subject was of such importance that I felt I ought to ask other authors to contribute their views. They gladly responded; and so we get the "Mothers and Daughters Number."



A Full "Quiver"

HERE are some of the items I have in hand for this May number: Mrs. Elizabeth Sloan Chessier, M.B., who is well known to my readers, contributes "Friends

or Rivals?—the Problem of the Mother and Daughter Relationship." An educational expert writes on the question, "Does the Education of Girls fit them for Life?" A London physician deals with "The Problem of the Nervous Child," and Mrs. St. Clair writes on "How to Arrange a Wedding."



The Girl without Accomplishments

I HAVE obtained a remarkable piece of autobiography from a woman now occupying a high position in life. This I am calling "The Girl without Accomplishments." It is the self-told story of a plain, timid, and self-conscious girl, overshadowed by five elder and charming sisters, who yet discovered a royal road not only to social success, but to the love of a good and great man. This true story of a modern Cinderella will appeal to everyone.



Stories of Mothers and Daughters

EVEN in the fiction the idea of the number will be carried out. Miss Helen Wallace has written for me the story of a modern mother and daughter, and an illustration to this will form the picture on the cover of the issue. "If Youth but Knew" is the title. Then there is a stirring tale of the French Revolution period, revealing the heroic quality of a mother's love. This is called "The End of the Road," and the author is Miss Violet M. Methley. "The Day of Freedom," by Miss Mona Maud, treats of a mother whose last remaining daughter has just married, and how she feels when she has all her girls "off her hands." "Love or Money," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey, tells the story of four girls and only one invitation.



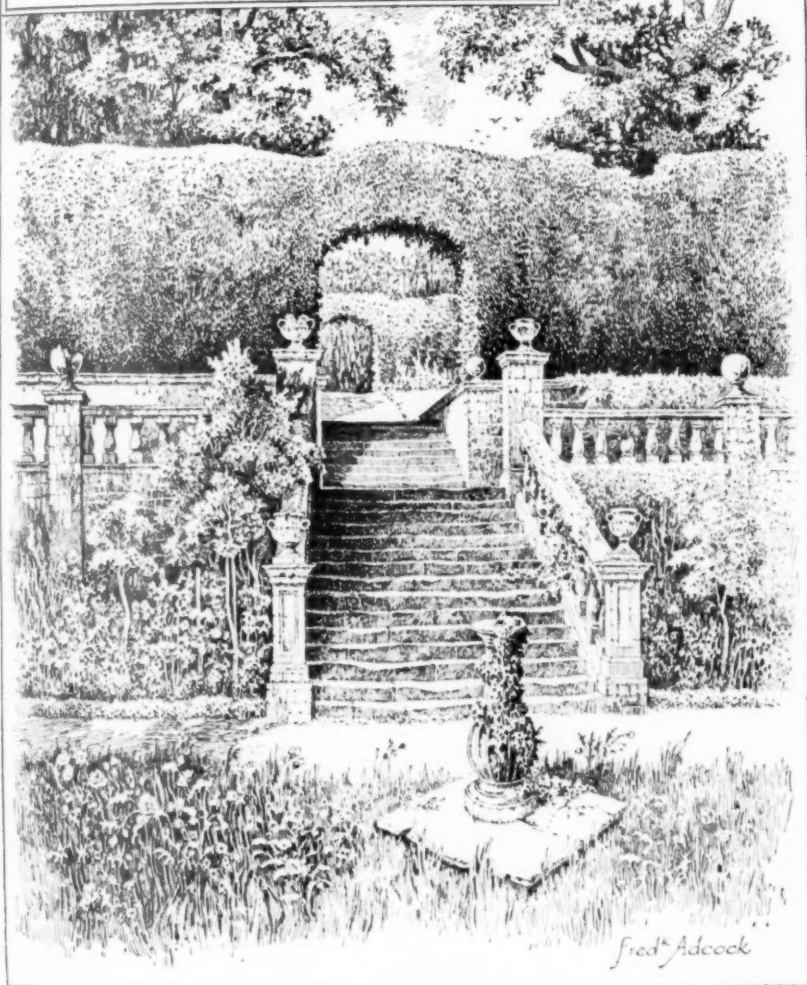
The True Story of "The Rosary"

MOST people would be frankly incredulous if told that the authorship of a poem so recently written, and so popular, as "The Rosary," is in dispute, and that an English gentleman—not R. C. Rogers to whom the piece is ascribed—claims to have written the words that inspired Mrs. Barclay's book. Yet that is the case, and an article, also in my May number, will show that the claim is indisputable. The romance of the MS. words of this song would frankly be rejected as impossible if put in the form of fiction. But, as readers will see for themselves, the incredible has once again been solid fact,

The Editor

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,
 Roses with thistles straggled for espial,
 And vagrant plants of parasitic breed,
 Had overgrown the Dial.

Hood



OUR MOTTO COMPETITION

First Prize: £20 in Goods

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Twelve "Teaettas" & Twelve Volumes

By THE EDITOR

WEDNESDAY, April 30th, is the latest date for receiving entries in our Text and Motto Competition. Doubtless there will be some who will leave the matter until April 26th before they start on the execution of their mottoes; but it is safe to prophesy that their entries will be either never received or consigned to the miscellaneous group of nondescripts that defies classification.

No, all those who are going to do anything good must start at once, if they have not already done so, and must work with a will during these few remaining weeks.

Of course, competitors' work is pouring into THE QUIVER office now, every day increasing the volume of postal packets. Within the next few days the number is bound to be increased largely, as, without a doubt, many of my readers will utilise the Easter vacation for the purposes of the competition.

I have received a number of letters relating to the competition, which I have endeavoured to answer as fully as time will allow. There should be no uncertainty in the minds of the competitors after all I have written on the subject, but perhaps it would be well, for the sake of those who may have missed previous notices, to emphasise one or two points again.



The Question of Originality

Several correspondents are exercising their minds on the question of originality. Of course I want competitors to send me original designs. But at the same time I recognise the limitations of human nature. Most people in making lettering will require some "copy" of the old

English text, or whatever style of type they desire to adopt. I see no reason why this should not be done, though indeed it is quite another matter when a correspondent writes asking me if I can tell her where to get a ready-made design which she can reproduce! Do the best you can. Originality will be noticed by the judges; faultlessness of execution, too, will count. In fact, no competitor will be ruled out on some technical "artistic" ground, but common sense will be used in this, as in former competitions. As I said before, the main object of the competition is to help people, and a motto that is likely to have "a mission in life" will favourably commend itself to the adjudicator.



How to Send

Before packing, please look over the rules again, to see if you are not infringing any of them. They are quite simple, but must be observed.

As far as possible, entries should be sent in flat. The mottoes should be placed between pieces of cardboard or strawboard, and care should be taken to make the string secure. Little points these—but how many transgress!

Be sure to attach the coupon to the design. Each entry must have a separate coupon; but otherwise you may send in as many as you are able to finish.

On the label outside, beside the address, do not forget to write "Competition." This saves the package straying into the Manuscript Department.



How Many?

The question that is in the front of my mind just now is, How many entries

OUR MOTTO COMPETITION

shall I receive? I have the facilities for dealing with just as many thousands of mottoes as my readers can send in; there are hundreds of hospitals and other institutions that will gladly take whatever our readers can send. So shall we do our best to make the total as large as possible? Now is the time; every one sent in, although it may not get a prize, is sent on a mission of help and cheer to some poor lonely or suffering souls.

The Prize List

The FIRST PRIZE will be an order for TWENTY POUNDS on Messrs. Boots, Cash Chemists.

The fortunate winner will be able to visit any one of Messrs. Boots' establishments and select goods to the value of £20; or, if this is not convenient—if the winner lives abroad, for instance—the Prize may be selected from the lists issued by the firm.

Other Prizes

The SECOND PRIZE in this competition will be a similar order on Messrs. Boots for TEN POUNDS' worth of goods.

For each of the next twelve in order of merit I am giving a "Teaetta" Tea-maker—a similar device to the "Caffeta" Coffee-makers which were so much appre-

ciated in our last competition. The "Teaetta" is the simplest and most perfect tea-maker known, and avoids the evils of tannin-poisoning.

As Consolation Prizes, I am offering twelve handsome volumes, making twenty-six prizes in all.

The Rules

All competitors must observe and abide by the following rules:

1. The text or motto may be upon any material—paper, board, wood, linen, canvas, etc.—and drawn, painted, or worked by any process—water-colour or oils, cotton or silk, or any other method. But the cost of the materials used must in no case exceed One Shilling, and the finished article must not be more than 3 feet in its longest dimension.

2. Each text or motto must be accompanied by the special coupon (which appears in the advertisement section), with the name and address of the competitor.

3. The entries must be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., marked "Competition," and sent carriage paid. They must be received by the Editor not later than April 30th, 1913.

4. The decision of the Editor is final.

"CASSELL'S FAMILY CIRCLE"

I should like to give a very hearty welcome to a new penny weekly magazine, "Cassell's Family Circle," the first number of which appeared on March 13th. It aims at providing all that is best and brightest in the Family Circle of toiling millions. Says the Editor, "Because in the small trials as well as in the great crises of life, the absence of God from the home spells despair and disaster, the golden thread of religion runs through all these pages—the religion of the Founder of Christianity, throbbing with life and light and joy."

I hope this new magazine will be a power for good in the land.



THE COMPANIONSHIP • PAGES •

Conducted by ALISON

Motto. By Love Serve One Another

*How, When and
Where Corner,
April, 1913*

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

May has become a gala time with us in our Corner, and I hope when you have my letter next month that you will find in it news as glad as any we have yet had to tell. I will not give you any further hints; but prepare yourselves for something which, unless I am greatly mistaken, will be to most of you specially delightful.

Perhaps the May letter, though, will be a wee bit too grown-up for our very small members, so I am going to tell them a little story to-day as compensation. Possibly the big folks will want to skip it, and go right on to our correspondence. Well, if they do, I shall not mind, so long as the others are content.

It is just a little story that was whispered to me one sunshiny afternoon in the silences of the Snowdon hill-sides. I was walking all alone, but not feeling in the least lonely, for there were so many beautiful things all around, so ready to tell me lovely stories. How I wish I could repeat them all! If you find any defects in this one, you must remember that we grown-up people do not always hear this kind of story as well as little children. And when you go, if you do go, in the summer-time, to the same place, maybe you will hear it better.



The story is called

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF SOME LITTLE FERNS AND MOSSES

The homes of the Ferns and Mosses were in Wales. They lived in cool crevices and on sloping banks, low on the hill-side, by a

waterfall. There it was green and shady, and always lovely, whatever the weather.

Even in winter all the little Ferns and Mosses living in this wonderful glen were quite happy, though they missed the summer gaities. They just tucked themselves away cosily under a covering of soft brown leaves and there slept until they felt the warm touch of the spring sunlight. Then up they sent, quick as could be, dainty fresh fronds to meet it. And that gave joy to all who visited the waterfall. At least, to all who had eyes to see the tiny beauties on the banks as well as the majestic glory of the Fall.

And all the while, summer and winter alike, the clear glad water from the mountains leaped and romped and danced over the great grey rocks. And the Ferns and Mosses thought the sounds it made must be some of the most beautiful music in the wide world. And so it is. And life was very happy for all the Ferns and Mosses in that lovely glen.

One day an adventure came into the lives of some of the Ferns. Quite suddenly they found themselves being lifted, gently and with care, out of their crevices. Then they were laid together in a soft green bag, with brown and red and white and green Mosses. There was a tiny Oaklet, too, and some gay Bell Heather, for company. These were friends and neighbours; but, oh! it was horribly strange to be moving, moving, moving! And then, before they were used to that queer sensation, they were being lifted up again. But soon came the comfort of soft water about their roots, and it tasted very like the moisture from the hills in which they revelled every summer morning. By and by, too, they were at rest, close by one another. They could see the stars that had

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

twinkled to them so often, and the moonlight shone upon them in a homely fashion.

With the morning came experiences for the little Ferns that were very trying. They were moved again, and presently it was all dark around them, and stuffy and airless.

"Oh, dear!" murmured a wee Ladder Fern, "I'm just choking! What shall I do? Oh, dear!"

And he sounded horribly unhappy.

"Patience, patience, little one, and lie quiet; then you will feel better."

"Oh, I can't; what is happening to us? Where are we?" cried the little Fern despairingly.

And once more the clear, calm voice of the Lady Fern beside him answered:

"I do not know where we are at this moment, but if you will lie still, I will tell you what I do know. The hand that lifted us away from our darling homes—you remember it was a gentle hand, and how quickly it pressed the damp, soft Mosses about our roots, so that we should not feel dry and lonely—well, it was the hand of a Lady. And she whispered to me why she needed us. And it is for a real bit of loving self-giving, such as the Master of the Flowers said He might ask from us. And, oh, I'm so glad, so glad, He has chosen me for it. So will you, when you think. Well, we are travelling fast now to London, a big place of houses and streets where, the Lady says, are many tired people and little children who have no idea of what it is like amid our sweet dwelling-places in the hills. She is sending us to one home that has only a single small room in it, stuffy and narrow, not a bit resembling our dear, breezy glen. In that home there is a Little Girl whom we and the Mosses are to make joyous by our beauty, and by our happy messages from the mountains. She has been ill, and cannot run and play as do the jolly children we have seen in our glen. She is crippled, has to sit still day after day. And the Lady said we should be taken by her from this dark box, and spread out where she could watch us all the time. And we are, she said, to whisper lovingly to the Little Girl, and tell her all about the glen and the great trees and rocks that sheltered us; and about the dancing waters and the wonderful music, and all the lovely things we can think of. We must give her all the love we can, and the Lady's love too; and we are to stay

with her as bright and as fragrant as we can keep, until the Master of the Flowers says it is time for us to sleep again."

All the little Ferns and Mosses were joyful when they knew of this honour that had come upon them. It was not long before daylight came with a flash, and two tiny, twisted hands were lifting them, and fresh water was around their roots once more. Then they felt soft lips pressing kisses upon their green fronds, and they knew the Little Girl with the blue eyes was glad to see them. They saw that the Lady's story was true, that the hands could move hardly at all, and that the home was poor and ugly.

However, there was no chance to notice much besides, for the Little Girl was whispering:

"Oh, little Ferns and Mosses, I love you! I love you! Tell me about where you come from, and all the beautiful secrets the Lady says you have for me. And oh! I love you. Thank you for coming to me."

It took days and days and days to tell those secrets, and to talk all about the beautiful glen. But the little Ferns and Mosses were so eager and busy, and so joyous in their service that they did not find the hours long, nor feel their tiredness at all. To them it seemed only a short while that they had been with the child when the Master of the Flowers came, softly saying:

"Well done, my little Ferns and Mosses. You have loved Winnie, my suffering child, and taught her some of the secrets that you learned from Me. You have helped Me bravely and well. Sleep now; quite sweetly and safely, until I waken you once more."



New Members

Now, will you, please, give a welcome to these new members?

Marjorie Harrison (age 13; Salisbury) says:

"I enjoy reading the Corner very much, and always look forward to the coming of *THE QUIVER* every month. I shall be pleased to help in any way I can."

Margaret E. Dowell (age 12; Glasgow) writes:

"I would very much like to join the Companion ship. I am at the Girls' High School, and like it very much. I can swim, and last year won the first prize for the breadth race, and this year I won the third prize for the length race. I like reading *THE QUIVER* very much."

Mrs. Walker sent a gift for our children

THE QUIVER

from her son, *Robert* (age 10; New Deer), and a kind message of encouragement in our work together. We shall hope for a letter soon from Robert himself.

Daisy A. Munro (age 20; Aberdeen) sent me a long, kind letter, hoping she was not too old to join us. And, of course, I say "No."

Gordon Jones (age 16; Penygroes) is another addition to our Group round about Nantlle, for which *Essyllt Prichard* is working so hard.

Mabel Marples (age 20; Hartney, Canada) is a friend of *Annie Anderson*. "She has been sending me *THE QUIVER* lately," writes Mabel. "I should like to have a badge."

Martha Reid (age 8; Doune) says she has been reading our Corner for about a year, and asked for a collecting book.

A. Gladys Jenkins (age 13; Erith), *Daisy M. McDonald* (age 12; Lochmaddy), *Daisy Hollis* (age 9; Worthing), *Mary E. Lee* (age 14; Royton), *Elsbeth M. Anderson* (age 17; Tooting), *Elsie Davidson* (age 17; Heaton), and *M. B. Dalal* (age 23; Baroda, India) are all new Companions, from whom I hope to receive letters before many weeks are gone.

Marjorie Griffiths (age 16) and *Jessie Hutton* (age 17) are new friends for us in Australia. Writing from Melbourne, Marjorie says:

"I have read the Companionship pages ever since the H.W.W.C. started, and have been so interested in them that I thought I should like to join. My friend also decided to join, so I send in the two coupons. We live in the eastern suburbs of Melbourne, and only five miles away from each other, which we find just nice cycling distance. The suburb in which I live is about six miles out of Melbourne, but it is almost like country here. We have an excellent view from our house of the Yarra, which is a mile distant from here, and also of the mountain ranges where our country-house is situated. My friend and I go to the same school in Melbourne, and have been studying for examinations which are just over. With all good wishes."

Notes and News from other Friends

Janie Crawford writes apropos of her school in Edinburgh:

"Isn't it nice? there is another Companion here, *Winnie Johnston*, from Orkney. She saw my badge, and I saw hers, but I do not think there are any others here."

We all hope there will be soon, though, Janie!

And from Orkney came a jolly letter, about most exciting games played in the holidays, from *Winifred Johnston* herself. She adds as a postscript, this:

"Tell *Grace Connelly* that I simply adore riding, and also sailing!"

Margaret Davidson asks if I should like to hear

"about the old parish church of Corstorphine. It is a very interesting old church, and is in regular use. The roof is of stone, and there is an old sand-glass and other curios which can still be seen, although they were moved from the church when it was renovated a few years ago."

I am particularly interested in old churches, Margaret, so I shall look forward to your letter about this one very much. Your handwriting is so excellent that it makes reading your letters a real pleasure.

Allie Maclean tells me how they celebrated the christening of her new baby brother on Hallow-e'en, and also about a delightful Christmas. She adds, at the end of her letter:

"We have a lot of snowdrops here, and I am selling some for the Fund, and hope to be able to send you some money soon. I have 2s. 4d. already."

There's a good idea for our Companion gardeners!

I have just been to see the Snowdrop Garden. You remember about it? It was so lovely in the sunshine.

Two Prize Letters

You will all be interested to read of *Inez Aguilar's* experiences in the great storm that swept across her part of Jamaica; and the long letter from China which follows will also entertain you. I think you would all vote that these two letters should have our Letter Prizes for this month:

MY DEAR ALISON,—Very many thanks for your letter. I was just glad to receive same with all your good wishes and kind inquiries. You asked me to let you know how we all fared through the cyclone. Well, this would be a long letter if I were to write a full account of the storm, but it might interest you if I tell you a little of what happened. On Friday, November 15th, the weather was very sultry, but it was not so bad then as to prevent my going to a practice in the afternoon; but during the night such a rain came! It kept on coming off and on all day Saturday, and by 3 p.m. it began to blow, and that blowing did not abate until Monday morning [the 18th, between 7.30 and 8.30 a.m. On Saturday night it was just awful, but on Sunday night things became much worse: by 10 o'clock we had to get up and dress, leave the upstairs and go downstairs, the water was just beating in at the back of the house, panes of glass out of the windows went, and immense trees were uprooted.

We had a most miraculous escape from a large tree, which fell just near the house, the root was about 6 to 7 ft. away from our step; all it did was to break half the banister off the front step. Every tree (with the exception of a few that were sheltered, and the thatch trees) was leafless, and everywhere for miles around had a bare and most sad and wrecked appearance; the sea-spray came miles up, and many people in the town had sea-water as far as their necks;

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES



Dora Athron.

they had to leave their homes and shelter elsewhere.

We are now worshipping in a shed, our church is partially destroyed. We have a lot to be thankful for, and in time to come vegetation will be better. Very few lives were lost, and all the Companions' homes (except where Elise Lewis lives) are all right, or very slightly damaged. Nearly all our out-buildings went. . . . I must be bringing this lengthy letter to a close, but before winding up, I must thank you again in the name of all the Sav. la Mar Companions for your kind inquiries; and I am sure they all would join with me in wishing you a Happy and Prosperous Year. May our Corner have a splendid year, and the three little children get on well. With all good wishes, believe me, yours very sincerely,

INEZ AGUILAR.

MY DEAR ALISON,—I have just come home for my Christmas holidays, and on the day of my arrival at Swatow, I received a Membership Card from you. I was so pleased with it, and knew that you have kindly let me join the "H.W.W.C." I enjoy so much reading the other members' letters, and I think they must be very nice girls and boys. Will you please introduce me to some of them? I would like you to find me some friends who I can exchange post-card views with. In return, I'll send them the views of Hong Kong, which are very pretty. Swatow is not so nice as Hong Kong, but since my home is here, I think it is always nice. I came home on the 21st, and the holidays only last for a month. Isn't it sad? All of us like holidays, don't we? I am sure my other friends will agree with me. Perhaps some will not. I have a big room all to myself, and I decorate it in any way I please. I have framed the Membership Card you sent me, and have also hanged it up with the others. I shall be glad to tell you that I am also a member of the Ministering Children's League and the Girls' Friendly Society. I joined them when I was at school in Singapore. I still like the dear old place, and am very sorry to leave my friends all behind. I wonder if I tell you all sorts of things you will be interested or not? If so, please tell me, and

I will do so. I am sending you four shillings for my card, and please, a badge, too. I see that you like us all to have one, and I shall try in every way to help others. I like the badge to be a brooch, and silver enamelled. The money over is for our Fund. I shall try to send some more money next time when I write again. I will try my best to get some educated Chinese girls to join our Scheme, and by the time I am sure we will have quite a number of members in China. If any of our members wish to write to me and ask me about China, I shall be awfully pleased to tell them. We are having dreadful cold weather; I am simply shivering under my coats. I hope by next time I shall be able to send you my photograph. I have not had it taken yet, but will have to do so, as my friends in America are begging me to send them each one. I have not seen our December number yet, and hope before long it will reach us. I enjoy so much reading the letters. A few days ago, while reading an old number of *THE QUIVER*, I saw your photograph, and have cut it out and put it on my mantelshelf, where I can see it every day. I am glad to say that although I do not know you personally, and have not seen you, yet I have a photo of you.

How is our little Violet in Canada? I do not know the names of the other two. I hope little Violet is happy and enjoying herself amid the snowy ground and weather. I expect England is having the same weather. But we do not have snow in Swatow. The cold wind is quite enough for me. Even this makes me feel like going to bed. Hong Kong is just as bad as Swatow, and although I stay between these two places, yet the weather is not different. In summer Hong Kong is much cooler, being on the hill, while Swatow is rather flat. I am taking my Junior this year, and when I go back to school I am afraid I will not be able to write to you often. I have asked my mother to let me have *THE QUIVERS* after she has finished with them, and send them over to our



Margery Webb-Williams and Madge Williams.

THE QUIVER

college in Hong Kong. Am glad to say that she has promised to do so. I think I must stop now, wishing every Companion a Happy New Year, and the same to your dear self. With love, yours sincerely,

DOROTHY J. S. LIM.

Thanks also for Communications to

Edith Penr, Elsie Burke, Jeannie Findlay, Jessie H. Anderson, Kathleen Burke, Isabel Hale-Stenton, Gladys West, Erica Welsh, Mrs. Berwick, Miss Hutcheson, Essyllt Prichard, Dora Stewart, Lizzie Ballinghall, Mary West, Arthur Smart, Josephine Lihou, Irene and Eric King-Turner, Dora Athron, Annie Morton, Isabel Young, Janet Chessar, Evangeline Steel, Norah Townend, Kathleen Burges, Lizzie Palmer, Ivy Slessor, Maud Armstrong, Freda Cartwright, Alice Evans, Marjorie Heard, William Laidlaw, Elizabeth Morton, Vera K. Andrews, Doris Parker, Charlotte B. Williams, Frances Corbett, Kate and Ethel Edwards, Margaret Begg, Arthur Owen, Phyllis Steel, Hilda Otway, Mrs. Gregory.

Concerning Correspondents

I am receiving more and more requests for correspondents, and I should like to be able to help you all as far as I could in this way. And I will try to do so, but I have come to the conclusion that it will be wisest for me to act as a medium, just as I do in regard to letters for our children, at least in the first stages of these friendships. I cannot enter into long explanations of my

reasons here, but your mothers and fathers will, I am sure, understand and approve. So will those of you who want to write to individual members of our Companionship, send your letters, already stamped, and addressed as to name, to me here, and I will forward them immediately. I have quite a long list of girls and boys in England wanting correspondents abroad, and some Companions abroad wanting correspondents in England. If all of you, wishing to exchange letters, will write to me about it, I will try to fix matters for you, acting myself as your postman!

While I am writing this, I am hoping to have a big, big batch of entries in the Livingstone and the Ideal School competitions; please do not let me be disappointed. For this month I offer extra Letter Prizes, leaving you free to write about anything you wish. But let your letters be bright, newsy, and such as will give pleasure to those Companions living farthest away from your homes, wherever they are, and wanting to hear about your work and play and the country you live in.

Till our May month, good-bye, with every loving wish for each one of you.

Your Companion Friend,

Alison.

RULES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The Coupon is in the advertisement section. The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

- (a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.



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Priceless Boon to the Stout

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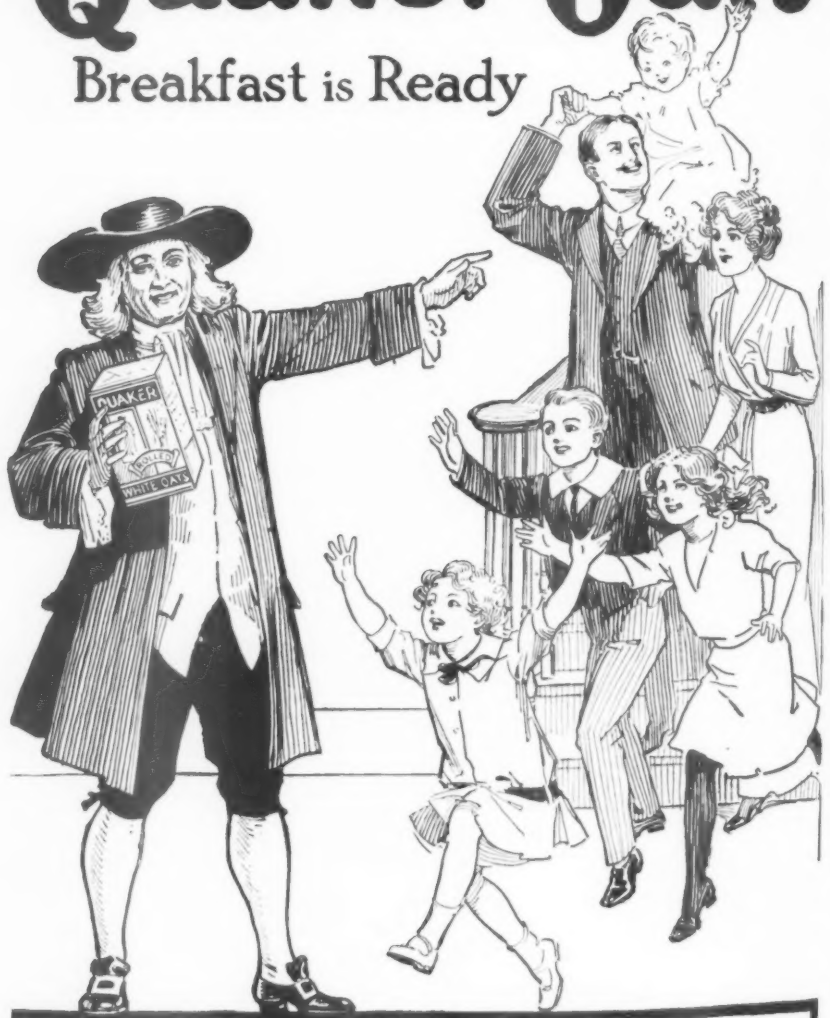
The fleshy parts, now devoid of useless fatty deposits, becoming firm and vigorous and outwardly proportionate.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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THE CRUTCH AND KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Giving a Name

"GIVE a dog a bad name, and—" well, we know the rest. It is all very good to quote that "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," yet, if it were called a *Skunk Plug*, beyond question its value would depreciate in Covent Garden. No one burdened with the name of Bloggs, however gifted he might be, could ever hope to attain the honour of being Poet Laureate.

How much there may be in a name is evident from the long and loving discussions indulged in by father and mother when a new baby pops in; the mite must be called something, since mere numerals are scouted, but what that name shall be is a crux which almost turns the hair grey of those who have to settle it. There is a recognised system of naming Government vessels and merchant liners, and the first baby is generally called after the father or mother, but there is small rule beyond this, for the nominators are up against the dead wall which hinders them from discerning the future and the relevance of the name to the fully developed nature.

A Prize for a Name

One thinks of these things on learning that an esteemed member of the Council of the Ragged School Union has offered a prize of £5 for an accepted suggestion of a better name for that old and most merciful organisation, of which Sir John Kirk is the head. It is over fifty years since the Earl of Shaftesbury—"The Good Earl"—put his imprimatur on the title "Ragged School Union," and no description in three words could have been more appropriate. For everything to which the Association was bending its kindly hand and heart was ragged at that time, very ragged. The children it sought to help were ragged enough in all conscience, the rooms they met in were ragged, the slums in which the work was done were architecturally ragged to a degree, and every blessing had to be wrought out in the most raggedly do-the-best-you-can-in-the-circumstances fashion. The ragged regiment which Falstaff declined to lead through Coventry was quite well equipped in comparison with the class the workers of the R.S.U. had to toil amongst fifty odd years ago.

But some have thought that the times

having changed so much, the old title should be changed too, and it has been suggested that "The Shaftesbury Society" should take its place. It is a title that in itself is dear and deserved, but it is too vague to any but those who are versed in biography, and it could be applied to scores of organisations having no more to do with philanthropy than Tattersall's has to do with Bible reading.

If anyone wants to win the proffered £5, I fancy he will need to be careful to avoid the "Shaftesbury" appellation.

"Ragged"

Two things lie at the bottom of any desire to have the name of the Ragged School Union changed. The first is an idea that the title has now happily become a misnomer. It is a great mistake; there is almost as much raggedness among those the R.S.U. is out to help, as ever there was. The mere mention of a dozen of the hundred branches of work carried on would suggest this of itself: "Ragged Churches and Gospel Services in and out of doors," "Drift Meetings," "Visitation and Instruction of Home-tied Cripples," "Free Breakfasts," "Penny Dinners and Soup Suppers," "Clothing for the Ragged and Boots for the Shoeless," "Sick Nursing and Aid to 'Out-of-Works,'" "Casual and Gipsy Gatherings," "Lodging-house Visitation"—and much, very much, more of the same kind. It would be strange, indeed, if the people who are sought for in these classes could claim exemption from the generic title of raggedness. If anyone be otherwise minded, I would suggest his attendance at any of these meetings; he will be quickly, if sadly, disillusioned.

The other idea underlying the desire for changing the name of the dear old organisation arises from a kindly feeling that even the poorest do not like to be classed among the "ragged." All honour to the good spirit that prompts this feeling, but the friends who indulge it overlook the fact that the title is protective in its way. It is the very lowest stratum the R.S.U. has aimed at all along, and is aiming at still—those who, poor things, have long since lost all the gentle vanities which go so far to maintain self-respect. Such as still cling to this are not beyond the reach of many other good and

THE QUIVER

helpful associations; but the poor, the tattered, and those that have no helper, it is for such the Ragged School Union is mercifully out to help, and a nobler call it would be hard to conceive.

In thus "argifying the p'int," I am not caring two straws about any specific nomenclature; it is the work and not the words that concerns me, but having seen the offered prize in print, I know others must have seen it too, so my brotherly spirit has been roused to mark some pitfalls in the way of the well-meaning but unwary.

Meantime, I have been neglecting my main business—the Crutch-and-Kindness League. It is distinctly among the ragged, and the reason is not far to seek, if anyone will give but a thought to the difficulty of poor folk, with a crippled child to care for, finding food, clothing, and shelter for both themselves and their little suffering charge. The League then, in a word, has for its aim the solacing of the lonely and sad lot of these ailing crippled children by each member taking on him or her the privilege of writing a letter, once a month at least, to one of these little prisoners of God. This is the gist of all else the League asks.

Space forbids my saying more this month, but a stamped envelope will bring from Sir John Kirk all further particulars. The address is 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss A. M. Abbey, Royston, Herts; Miss F. E. Adcock, Hampstead, London, N.W.; Miss J. M. Aitken, Alloa, N.B.

Miss Joyce Backwell, Hull, Yorks; Miss Frances Hope Ball, Highgate, London, N.; Miss Lydia Barber, South Norwood; Miss S. Bates, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire; Mrs. Binns, Morecambe, Lancs; Miss E. Brandon (Girls' Club), Redhill, Surrey; Miss Jeannie Brown, Nigg, N.B.; Miss Beryl Byles, Brown's Town, Jamaica.

Miss Mildred Crimp, Ermington, Devon; Mrs. Cross, Nenagh, Ireland; Miss C. E. Cussans, Fawley, Southampton.

Miss Olive Davie, Roslyn, Dunedin, N.Z.; Mr. C. L. Dixon, Blackheath Park, S.E.; The Misses Ducken-Auburn, Melbourne, Australia.

Miss Eustace, Luton, Beds.

Miss Mary Ffolliott, Hythe, Kent; Mrs. Frislon, Forest Hill, London, S.E.

Mrs. Gaubert, West Wimbledon, Surrey; Master James and Miss Mary Gilbert, Sheffield, Yorks; Miss Frances Goldring, King's Langley, Herts.

Miss Alice Hammond, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex; Miss E. J. Harrison, Kew, Melbourne, Australia; Misses Tui and Audrey Hastings, Roslyn, Dunedin, N.Z.; Miss G. R. Higgs, Harbledown, Kent; Miss Edith Hinton, Tipton, Staffs.

Miss Florence Jay, Ipswich, Suffolk; Miss Honor Johnson, Ripon, Yorks.

Mrs. Lett, Dudley, Wores; Mrs. Lewis, Berkshire; Miss Ethel Limebeer, Highgate, London, N.

Miss Macky's Class, Otahuhu, N.Z.; Miss Macnamara, Hove, Sussex; Miss Martin, Newmarket, Cambs; Miss A. Mason, Ashwick, Norfolk; Miss Millicent McClellan, Duffield, Derby; Mrs. Morton, Waltham Cross, Essex.

Mrs. L. W. Neel, Jersey, C.I.; Miss Grace New, Dunster, Somerset; Miss Newth, Brighton, Sussex; Miss Louisa Newton, Hitchin, Herts.

Miss Ogilvie, Ancrum, Roxburgh, N.B.

Miss Molly Palmer, Royston, Herts; Miss Ruth Parker's S.S. Class, Upper Walthamstow, Essex; Misses Doris and Kathleen Parsons, Bristol, Glos; Mrs. Pratt, Ottery St. Mary, Devon.

Mrs. Randall, Royston, Herts; Miss Constance Roberts, Melbourne, Australia.

Miss I. Stalker, Glasgow, N.B.; Miss A. L. Staynes, Warminster, Wilts; Miss Strangroom, Clapham, London, S.W.; Mrs. Sutcliffe, Chippenham, Wilts.

Mrs. J. R. Taylor, Taranaki, N.Z.; Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Barnoldswick, Lancs; Miss J. S. Thompson, Dublin, Ireland; Master Hugh Thornborough, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss J. B. Titley, Maida Hill, London, W.; Mrs. Tuck, Newquay, Cornwall.

Miss Ulyatt, Skegness, Lincs.

Sergeant C. Valentine and Friend, 7th Dragoon Guards, Trimulgherry, India.

Master Charles Walker, New Deer, Aberdeenshire; Mrs. Watson Walker, Rottington, St. Bees; Miss E. Baldwin Welsford, Exmouth, Devon; Miss R. Wood, Waverley, New South Wales; Master Bernard Woods, Royston, Herts.

Misses Florence M. and Dorothy M. Yard, Clevedon, Somerset.

Miss Jessie Cochrane, Miss Quenie Beazley, Miss Connie Muir, Miss Vida Beazley, and Miss Ida Muir, Hokianga, N.Z. (Group 103.)



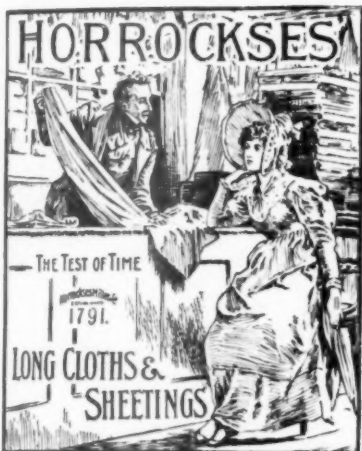
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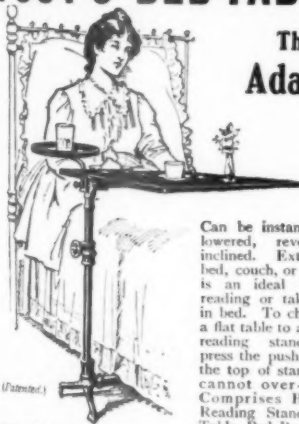
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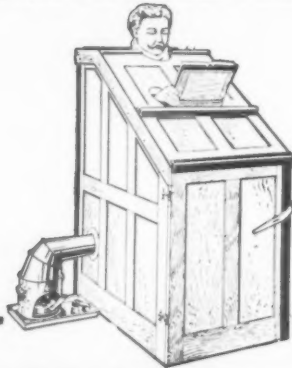
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SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

APRIL 6th. JACOB AND ESAU

Genesis xxv. 27-34; xxvii. 1-45

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) A contrast in brothers. (2) A scheming mother. (3) Deceit and its consequences.

IT never pays to leave God out of account. That is putting the truth in its lowest aspect; but regarding it simply as a matter of worldly policy, it is fatal to our best interests to scheme when we ought to be praying, to make our own plans when we should be trying to get into the line of God's will. All this is clearly emphasised in the lesson, and the message contained in the passage needs to be remembered to-day.

Sin and its Punishment

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States of America, recently related the following experience in the columns of an American magazine:

"A number of years ago I was engaged in cattle-ranching on the great western plains. There were no fences. The cattle wandered free, the ownership of each being determined by the brand: the calves were marked with the brand of the cows they followed. An animal passed by on the round-up would the following year be an unbranded yearling or 'maverick.' By custom these mavericks were branded with the brand of the man on whose range they were found. One day, when riding with a newly hired cowboy, we came upon a maverick. We roped and threw it, and proceeded to put on the brand.

"I said to him, 'It is So-and-So's brand.'

"He answered, 'That's all right, boss; I know my business.'

"In another moment I said, 'Hold on; you are putting on my brand!'

"That's all right," answered the cowboy; 'I always put on the brand of the boss.'

"Oh, very well," I answered; 'now you go to the ranch and get your pay. I don't want you. If you will steal for me, you will steal from me.'"

In stooping to dishonesty the cowboy discharged himself, and in taking part in the schemings of his mother, Jacob was condemning himself to a long period of exile and unhappiness.

APRIL 13th. JACOB AT BETHEL

Genesis xxviii. 10-22

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) God's meeting with the fleeing Jacob. (2) The place of Divine revelation. (3) Jacob's vows.

Where God is

IN his flight from the anger of his brother, Jacob came to the place of Divine revelation. God meets with different men in different ways and in different places, and His revelations are always with a purpose.

In the month of May, 1903, the late Lord Kelvin was present at one of a course of lectures on Christian Apologetics at University College, London, and in thanking the lecturer he said, "We only know God in His works, but we are absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a Directive Power. . . . Do not be afraid of becoming free-thinkers. If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to the belief in God which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion."

The truth is that the man who has eyes to see and ears to listen can find God at every turn; but there are occasions when God gives a special revelation of Himself for a specific purpose, and it was one of those special revelations that came to Jacob when it seemed as if he was far from God and had put Him entirely out of his thoughts.

The Divine Guide-post

Although he was unconscious of it at the time, Jacob had reached a crisis in his career. God met him and turned his thoughts and actions into a new channel.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., heir to the largest individual fortune in the world, related a month or two ago the following experience, illustrative of the way in which God still comes to His people. "There came a time in my life," he said, "when I met a grave crisis. My happiness and usefulness in this world depended on my decision. I prayed every night for four years. One morning, just before dawn broke, I awoke and felt just as sure which road to take as if there had been a big sign to guide me. I got up from my bed, lighted a lamp, and wrote a letter committing myself to that course."

THE QUIVER

APRIL 20th. JACOB'S MEETING WITH ESAU

Genesis xxxii. 3 to xxxiii. 17

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Jacob returning from exile. (2) In fear of Esau. (3) How God protected Jacob.

DR. JOWETT once expressed to his friend, Dr. Berry, his difficulty in knowing how to act in a certain situation. "What would you do if you were I?" he asked. "I really don't know," answered Dr. Berry; "what day is to-day?" "Tuesday," "When must you give an answer?" "Friday." "Wait on the Lord," said Dr. Berry. And on Friday the answer came.

Jacob was guided in the hour of his perplexity, and the troubles which he feared did not come near him. God showed Jacob that He was at the helm of affairs, and that He neither slumbered nor slept. This recalls the Eastern story of a poor woman who applied to the Sultan to compensate her for a heavy loss she had sustained. The Sultan asked the woman how it had occurred, and she replied, "The things were stolen while I slept." The Sultan asked, "But why did you sleep?" "Because," she answered, "I believed you were awake."

Love for an Enemy

Jacob and Esau had for a long time been enemies, and it seemed as if that unhappy condition of things would continue. But in the overruling providence of God they met not as enemies but as brothers, and the old bitterness was forgotten in the new love which sprang up between them.

A Union soldier, bitter in his hatred of the Confederacy, lay wounded at Gettysburg. At the close of the battle General Lee rode by, and the soldier, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loudly as he could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The general heard him, dismounted, and went towards him; and the soldier, as he afterwards confessed, thought he was going to kill him. "But as he came up," said the soldier, "he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and, looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live for a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last

hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

Love conquers when all else fails.

APRIL 27th. JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT

Genesis xxxvii.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) A glimpse into Jacob's household. (2) The cruel brothers. (3) Joseph a slave in Egypt.

THE law of retribution is one of the most terrible in the world. Jacob, as a young man, deceived his father, and now, when his own family had grown to manhood, they practise deceit upon him. But the cruelty of the brothers, although it does not lessen the sinfulness of their conduct, was all in the line of God's purpose and will.

The Path of Suffering

It is true of many that they learn in suffering what they teach in song, that the pathway of suffering leads to a place of usefulness and power. God had His own purpose in permitting Joseph to be led into Egypt as a slave, just as He has for His children to-day some wise object in the afflictions that come to them.

John Bright has put on record how for him the pathway of suffering was the way into a new sphere of service for his fellow-men. He was almost in despair, "for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Colnden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time, he looked up and said, 'There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.' I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and from that time we never ceased to labour hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made."





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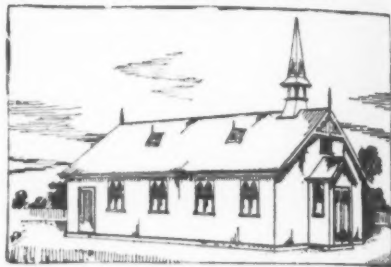
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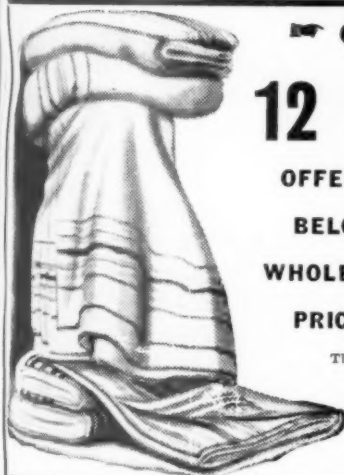
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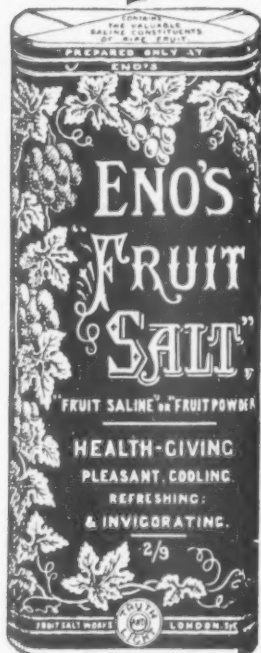
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